

84 VAISHNAV VAARTA



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Preface

The *84 Vaishnav Vaarta* is a precious collection of stories about the first 84 disciples of Shri Vallabhacharya Mahaprabhuji, the founder of Pushtimarg. These stories show how ordinary people—young and old, rich and poor, men and women—became close to Lord Krishna through love, devotion, and selfless service.

Each story shares the unique way in which a Vaishnav met Mahaprabhuji, received his grace, and lived a life full of divine love. Some were kings, some were farmers, and others were simple householders—but all were touched by the Lord and became special souls. Through their lives, we learn that anyone can become close to Krishna, no matter who they are or where they come from.

This book is written in simple English so that children, families, and anyone new to Pushtimarg can easily understand and enjoy these stories. They are meant to inspire love for God, kindness towards others, and faith in the power of bhakti (devotion).

We hope that as you read each story, your heart is filled with joy and devotion, just like the Vaishnavs whose lives are shared in this book.

Story 01 Damodardas Harsani



84 Vaishnav Story 01 Damodardas Harsani

Once, in a quiet town, there lived a kind and generous man who helped many people. He longed for a child, so he served a holy devotee with great love. The grateful devotee gave him a blessing and said, “You will have three sons. The first two will be ordinary, but your youngest will be very special, like the Lord Himself.”

Years went by, and the man became the father of three sons. The youngest, Damodardasji, was born in the year 1473. The moment he was born, the whole house was filled with a soft, glowing light. There were special marks on the baby’s forehead and his arms were long. Everyone who saw him felt that something wonderful had happened.

When Damodardasji was still a baby, an astrologer came and looked at his stars. He said, “This child’s blessings will help many souls find happiness and peace.”

Damodardasji grew up with a bright and gentle heart. His face glowed, and his nature was always calm and loving. From the time he was very little, he always thought about Shri Mahaprabhuji, his future guru, and dreamt of seeing him one day.

Damodardasji did not care much about food, clothes, or sleep. He often sat on the balcony, looking at the road, hoping to see Shri Mahaprabhuji walk by. His father worried, wondering how his youngest son would live in the world while always being lost in such loving thoughts.

After his father passed away, Damodardasji’s two older brothers wanted him to take his share of the family wealth, but Damodardasji did not even listen. He was so lost in thoughts of Shri Mahaprabhuji that he did not want anything else. His uncle took care of his share until he might want it.

Damodardasji missed Shri Mahaprabhuji so much that he became very thin and weak. His mother was worried and called many doctors, but nothing helped. One day, the same holy devotee who blessed his father came again. He saw Damodardasji and explained to the family that Damodardasji was not sick, but his longing came from a deep love for God.

The holy devotee started living in a small hut by the lake, not far from Damodardasji’s home.

One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji walked past on the main street. Damodardasji saw him and was so filled with happiness that he quickly jumped from the balcony to touch Shri Mahaprabhuji’s feet. At that moment, he was bursting with love for Shri Krishna.

Later, Shri Mahaprabhuji went to visit the holy devotee by the lake. The devotee saw Shri Mahaprabhuji and ran to bow at his feet, leaving his body to find eternal peace and happiness.

Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly called Damodardasji by the name Damalaji, which means “pure.” It is said that when someone’s love for Shri Mahaprabhuji becomes even deeper than love for Shri Krishna, that person becomes very pure. Damodardasji was given this name because his love was pure and complete.

Once, Shri Mahaprabhuji was sitting by the river Yamuna, resting under a tree and thinking, “How will people be able to find God in such a difficult age?” Just then, Shri Krishna appeared and said, “Do not worry. Whoever receives your special blessing will be freed from all troubles. They will be close to Me. You should help divine souls by accepting them.”

That night, Shri Mahaprabhuji wrote about this meeting with Shri Krishna. He wrote that anyone who receives the Brahma Sambandh mantra from him will become pure, and everything offered to Shri Krishna will become special.

The next morning, Shri Mahaprabhuji asked Damalaji, “Did you hear anything last night?” Damalaji replied, “I heard Shri Krishna’s voice, but I could not understand it.”

After giving Damalaji the Brahma Sambandh mantra, Shri Mahaprabhuji told him, “This path has appeared for you.” He meant that this special path is for all divine souls like Damalaji.

Once, in Jatipura, while Shri Mahaprabhuji was resting with his head in Damalaji’s lap, Shri Krishna appeared nearby. Damalaji gently stopped Shri Krishna from coming closer, worried that the noise might wake his beloved guru. Shri Krishna obeyed and waited quietly. When Shri Mahaprabhuji woke up, he was surprised to see Shri Krishna standing far away and asked, “Why did you stay there?” Shri Krishna answered, “I wanted to come closer, but your loving

disciple Damalaji did not let me.” Shri Mahaprabhuji started to scold Damalaji, but child Shri Krishna quickly said, “Please do not be upset. Damalaji was only caring for you as a true disciple should.” Shri Mahaprabhuji then happily picked up Shri Krishna and gently pinched his cheeks.

When it was time for Shri Mahaprabhuji to leave this world, he asked Shri Krishna three times to allow Damalaji to remain on earth so that he could teach the Path of Grace to his sons, Shri Gopinathji and Shri Gusainji. Because Damalaji’s heart was full of his guru’s teachings, he was the perfect one to teach the children.

After Shri Mahaprabhuji left, one day Shri Gusainji asked his mother about his father’s special path. She told him to ask Damalaji. Shri Gusainji visited Damalaji and was welcomed with great love. Damalaji answered all of his questions, sharing the knowledge of the Path of Grace. Even though Shri Gusainji is known as an incarnation of Shri Krishna, Damalaji still taught him. In the Path of Grace, Shri Krishna and his devotees meet as equals, bringing joy and comfort to each other.

One day, Shri Gusainji asked Damalaji, “What do you think of my father?” Damalaji answered, “Shri Mahaprabhuji is even greater than Shri Krishna.” Shri Gusainji was surprised and asked why. Damalaji explained, “The giver of the greatest gift is even more special than the gift itself. Your father gives the precious gift of Shri Krishna, so he is even greater.”

Another time, Shri Gusainji was joking with friends. When Damalaji entered, he reminded everyone, “This path is not for jokes. It is for those who feel true love and longing for Shri Mahaprabhuji.” Shri Gusainji agreed and thanked Damalaji for his wise words.

After performing a special ceremony for his father, Damalaji visited Shri Gusainji. Shri Gusainji asked for a gift, as was the custom. Damalaji promised to give him the meaning of one and a half lines from Shri Mahaprabhuji’s writings. He later

explained the deep teachings, and after that day, Shri Gusainji did not allow Damalaji to touch his feet.

But soon after, Shri Mahaprabhuji appeared to Damalaji in a dream and said, “Every day, bow and touch Shri Gusainji’s feet.” From then on, Shri Gusainji only let Damalaji touch his feet after hearing this divine command.

Even after Shri Mahaprabhuji left this world, he gave his loving sight to Damalaji every third day, showing him the wonderful play of Shri Krishna. If three days passed without seeing Shri Mahaprabhuji, Damalaji’s heart would ache with longing, so Shri Mahaprabhuji visited him often, to bring him peace.

Shri Gusainji often left half his seat for Damalaji to sit beside him. One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji appeared to Damalaji and asked who he thought Shri Gusainji was. Damalaji replied, “He is your son.” Shri Mahaprabhuji then revealed, “He is my very own form.” From that moment, Damalaji never sat on the seat again and saw no difference between Shri Mahaprabhuji and Shri Gusainji.

To this day, Damodardasji, called Damalaji, remains the perfect example of a true Vaishnav, whose gentle heart was always filled with the love and teachings of Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Poem: The Gentle Love of Damodardasji

Damodardasji’s heart was bright,
Longing for Shri Mahaprabhuji’s light.
He waited each day, looking out with hope,
Trusting his love would help him cope.

He cared not for riches, sleep, or food,
Lost in love, gentle and good.
His longing grew, his body thin,
All he wished was to see his guru again.

When Shri Mahaprabhuji passed his way,
Joy filled Damodardasji that day.
With love so deep, pure, and sweet,
He fell with joy at his guru's feet.

Damalaji's heart was always true,
Teaching the path to those who knew.
He shared pure love, gave wise advice,
And saw his guru in every life.

The story reminds both young and old,
True love for God is greater than gold.
When hearts are gentle, kind, and pure,
Grace and joy will always endure.

Story 02 Krishnadas Meghan



84 Vaishnav Story 02 Krishnadas Meghan

A long time ago, there lived a kind and gentle soul named Krishnadas Meghan. He listened and learned from his yogi guru and spent his days in deep prayer and meditation. One day, while his guru was meditating, he felt in his heart that Shri Krishna had come to earth, but he did not know where. When he told Krishnadas Meghan about this, Krishnadas Meghan felt a great desire to find the Lord himself.

With his guru's blessing, Krishnadas Meghan set out on a long journey, traveling far and wide to find Shri Krishna's true form. After many years, he finally met Shri Mahaprabhuji. As soon as Krishnadas Meghan saw him, he felt a deep love in

his heart and knew at once that this was the Lord he had been searching for. He bowed down, became his disciple, and followed Shri Mahaprabhuji everywhere.

One day, while Shri Mahaprabhuji and his followers were walking in the mountains to visit the wise Shri Veda Vyasa, a huge rock came rolling down the hill. Krishnadas Meghan bravely jumped in front of Shri Mahaprabhuji and stopped the boulder with his own hands. Shri Mahaprabhuji was pleased and offered to grant him a wish.

Krishnadas Meghan made three simple wishes. He wished that the teachings of Shri Mahaprabhuji would always stay strong in his heart, that his words would always be pure, and that Shri Mahaprabhuji would visit his old yogi guru and bless him. Shri Mahaprabhuji granted the first two wishes but said he could not visit the yogi guru because only those chosen by Shri Krishna can follow the Path of Grace.

Later, Shri Mahaprabhuji visited Shri Veda Vyasa's cave to discuss deep spiritual ideas. Krishnadas Meghan waited outside for three days without leaving. When Shri Mahaprabhuji came out, he asked, "Why did you wait so long?" Krishnadas Meghan smiled and said, "I have nowhere else to go but to your feet." Pleased by this, Shri Mahaprabhuji again gave him a wish, and Krishnadas Meghan asked for the same three things. Again, only the first two were granted.

At the edge of the Ganga Sagar river, Shri Mahaprabhuji once thought how nice it would be to have some murmura (puffed rice). Krishnadas Meghan quietly crossed the river, found some murmura, roasted it, and brought it back to his guru. When Shri Mahaprabhuji saw the murmura, he was very happy and offered to grant another wish. Once again, Krishnadas Meghan wished for the same three things, but Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and said, "Why not ask to see God's beautiful form?" Krishnadas Meghan only wished for what would keep him true and pure.

One day, with Shri Mahaprabhuji's permission, Krishnadas Meghan visited his yogi guru. When the yogi asked if Krishnadas Meghan had taken a new teacher, Krishnadas Meghan explained that it was by his guru's blessings that he had found the Lord. To show the truth, Krishnadas Meghan picked up burning coals in his bare hands and was not burned. Still, the yogi guru did not believe. Krishnadas Meghan felt sad and returned to Shri Mahaprabhuji, where his love and faith grew even stronger.

Sometimes, when Krishnadas Meghan spoke about his experiences with Shri Krishna, people who listened could not remember a single word. Shri Mahaprabhuji laughed and explained that only the pure of heart can truly understand the sweet words of a real devotee.

Once, Krishnadas Meghan asked Shri Mahaprabhuji, "What does Shri Krishna love the most?" Shri Mahaprabhuji answered, "Shri Krishna loves milk treats, but even more, he loves the love and devotion of his followers." Krishnadas Meghan then asked, "What does Shri Krishna not like?" Shri Mahaprabhuji said, "He does not like confusion and fighting, so Vaishnavas should always keep peace."

As time passed, Krishnadas Meghan learned many deep lessons from Shri Mahaprabhuji. He learned that not everyone sees Shri Krishna's special pastimes because their hearts are not ready. By keeping the company of true devotees, thinking about the great stories of devotion, and serving with love and humility, anyone can come closer to Shri Krishna.

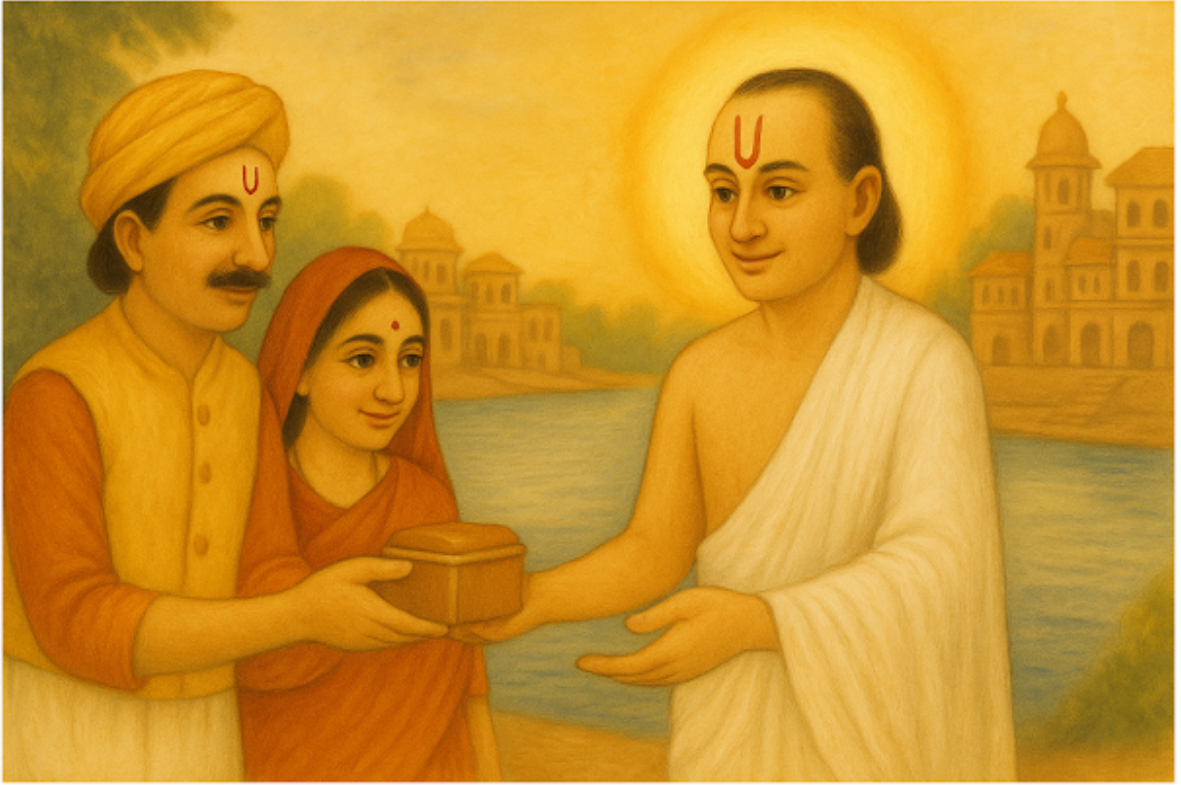
Krishnadas Meghan's devotion was so deep that when Shri Mahaprabhuji left the world, Krishnadas Meghan could not bear to be away from his guru and soon left his own body, joining his beloved Shri Mahaprabhuji in the Supreme abode.

Poem: The Three Wishes of Krishnadas Meghan

Krishnadas Meghan searched far and wide,
With faith in his heart as his only guide.
He found Shri Mahaprabhuji, gentle and wise,
And followed him gladly with love in his eyes.
He wished for a heart that would never stray,
And words that were pure each and every day.

He wished for his guru to see this path true,
But Shri Mahaprabhuji knew what he could do.
Through service and love, through courage and care,
Krishnadas Meghan showed faith everywhere.
True love for Shri Krishna will always be best—
Pure words, gentle hearts, and passing each test.
Remember, dear children, what matters most dear—
Keep love in your heart and your conscience clear.
With kindness and truth, let your journey begin,
For faith, love, and service will always win.

Story 03 Damodardas Sambhalavare



84 Vaishnav Story 03 Damodardas Sambhalavare

Later, while taking another sacred bath at the river, Damodardasji found a little copper box in the water where the Yamuna and Ganga meet. That night, Shri Krishnaji came to Damodardasji in a dream and told him, “You must find the person who can read the words on this box. That person should be your guru.”

The next day, Damodardasji showed his copper box to many holy people, but no one could read it. Then, he met Seth Purushottamdas, who told him that only Shri Mahaprabhuji could read the box and shared wonderful stories about his guru.

Some time passed, and while Shri Mahaprabhuji was traveling through India, he stopped at a garden near Damodardasji's town. Shri Mahaprabhuji asked Krishnadasji to fetch supplies from town, but to keep his arrival a secret. "Only those with true love will find me," he said.

On the main street, Damodardasji saw Krishnadasji and quickly guessed that Shri Mahaprabhuji must be close by. He sent his horse home and quietly followed Krishnadasji to the garden camp. When they arrived, Shri Mahaprabhuji greeted Damodardasji and asked, "Will you show me your copper box?"

Damodardasji asked, "But what will you do with it?" Shri Mahaprabhuji gently replied, "Your real guru will be the one who can read its secret message." Then, Shri Mahaprabhuji explained the meaning of the box and became Damodardasji's guru, giving blessings to Damodardasji, his wife, and a devoted young maid who lived with them.

Shri Mahaprabhuji told Damodardasji, "Find a special Krishna svarupa and offer the best seva you can." So, Damodardasji bought a beautiful four-armed Shri Krishnaji statue, named Shri Dwarkanathji, and made a lovely temple. Shri Mahaprabhuji placed Shri Dwarkanathji in the temple and taught Damodardasji and his wife to serve with only the best.

From that day, Damodardasji and his wife offered only the finest things to Shri Krishnaji. They used the best fruits, clean water, and even golden bowls when the

color matched their offerings. All their money went to Shri Krishnaji's seva, and they only ate the blessed prasada.

Every day, Damodardasji brought water from the well for Shri Krishnaji. His in-laws saw this and felt embarrassed. "You should let a servant do such work, not our daughter," they said. Damodardasji remembered a wise poem by Surdas that said true devotion is more important than what the world thinks. He kept fetching water, but after his in-laws asked again, his wife stopped helping to respect her parents' wishes.

Damodardasji's love for seva grew deeper. Shri Krishnaji often talked to him in dreams, asking for whatever He wished. Shri Mahaprabhuji noticed this and said, "Just as King Ambrisha served Shri Krishnaji with great devotion, so does Damodardasji. But Damodardasji is guided by grace, which is even more special."

In the hot summer, Damodardasji slept on the cool roof while Shri Dwarkanathji stayed in the warm temple below. One night, the maid heard Shri Krishnaji ask her to open the window and fan Him. She did as He asked. The next morning, Damodardasji was surprised to see the open window. The maid explained, "Shri Krishnaji told me to do it." Shri Krishnaji then gently scolded Damodardasji, "Why should I sleep in a hot room when you are cool upstairs?" After this, Damodardasji promised he would not eat any grains until a cool new temple was

built for Shri Krishnaji. He quickly built a summer temple and invited all the Vaishnavas for prasada.

One day, Damodardasji found a cat's mess in Shri Krishnaji's room and joked, "This Lord cannot even keep His bedroom clean!" Shri Krishnaji was not happy and caused a tray to fall on Damodardasji's head. He asked, "Are you the sevak, or am I?" Damodardasji felt very sorry and tried to make many delicious dishes for Shri Krishnaji, but the Lord did not speak to him for two months.

Once, Shri Mahaprabhuji's dear devotee Damalaji visited and stayed with Damodardasji for five days. Damodardasji cared for him lovingly, but because Damodardasji's wife was not fully devoted, Damalaji did not reveal deep secrets and only ate food cooked in ghee, not grains. When Shri Mahaprabhuji learned about this, He was not pleased. Damodardasji immediately went to see Shri Mahaprabhuji, who turned away from him. Damodardasji prayed to understand his mistake. Shri Mahaprabhuji explained, "Even though I sent my dearest devotee to your house, your wife's heart was not one-pointed in devotion." Later, Shri Mahaprabhuji explained that Shri Krishnaji sometimes tests His devotees in many ways and blessed Damodardasji before sending him home.

Whenever guests visited, Damodardasji gave them prasada and comfort, and also sent a golden coin and coconut with them to offer to Shri Mahaprabhuji, as he never liked to send greetings empty-handed.

One day, while Damodardasji was massaging Shri Mahaprabhuji's feet, his guru asked if he wished for anything. Damodardasji answered, "Only your grace." Shri Mahaprabhuji asked his wife if she wanted anything. She said she wished for a son. Shri Mahaprabhuji blessed her, saying she would have a child.

Later, a fortune teller came to town, and a friend asked on behalf of Damodardasji's wife if her baby would be a boy or girl. The fortune teller replied, "A son." Later, Shri Mahaprabhuji came and told Damodardasji that his wife's devotion was no longer pure, because she believed the fortune teller and asked for a son, not a devotee. Their son grew up without faith.

Another day, Damodardasji was in the temple thinking about buying a horse. A Vaishnava came looking for him, and the maid said he was out buying a horse, though he was right there. When Damodardasji asked her why she said that, she answered, "But your mind was not in the temple." Damodardasji was quiet, understanding her words.

When Damodardasji passed away, his wife hid his body. She told her maid and a few close Vaishnavas to take everything from the house, including Shri Dwarkanathji, put it on a boat, and send it to Shri Mahaprabhuji as a gift. Sixty miles down the river, she told them that her husband had passed. Soon after, her greedy son tried to chase after the boat but never found it.

Her in-laws came and asked, “Why did you empty the house? What will you eat now?” She replied, “Widows can take food from their relatives.” But her true wish was not to eat at all, for without Shri Dwarkanathji, she could not do any seva. After a few days of no food or water, she left her body too.

When the boat with Shri Dwarkanathji and all the wealth reached Shri Mahaprabhuji, his eldest son Shri Gopinathji said, “It looks like the goddess of wealth and Lord Narayana are coming to us.” Shri Mahaprabhuji asked if he was happy to see the treasure. Shri Gopinathji understood, “In our path, when someone desires the Lord’s wealth, they fall.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji took Shri Dwarkanathji, and told the devotees to throw all the wealth into the Yamuna river. The maid also went into the waters and joined Shri Krishnaji.

Some Vaishnavas later asked why Shri Mahaprabhuji did not accept Damodardasji’s wealth. Shri Mahaprabhuji explained that trouble would come because of the son’s greed, and said, “Because Damodardasji’s devoted wife sent it all with love, Shri Yamunaji gladly received everything.” By Shri Mahaprabhuji’s kindness, Damodardasji, his wife, and the maid overcame all troubles and found true happiness with Shri Krishnaji.

Poem: The Gift of Devotion

Damodardasji's heart was pure and bright,
He loved to serve Shri Krishnaji day and night.

A magic copper box, a loving dream,
Led him to Shri Mahaprabhuji's gentle stream.

He built a temple with love so sweet,
Offered only the best at Shri Krishnaji's feet.

Through hot and cold, through joy and test,

He gave his heart, he gave his best.

When troubles came or friends did leave,

Devotion stayed, he did not grieve.

Even after all was lost and done,

True love for God, his only one.

In giving, sharing, loving true,

Shri Krishnaji's grace will shine on you!

Remember this, dear child so small—

A loving heart is worth more than all.

Story 04 Padmanabhadas



84 Vaishnav Story 04 Padmanabhadas

Padmanabhadas was a wise Brahmin who lived in Kannauja with his family. He spent his days sharing stories from holy books like the Shrimad Bhagavatam. One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to his town and spoke about Shri Krishnaji's love. Padmanabhadas listened closely, and from that moment, his heart was touched. He felt sure that Shri Mahaprabhuji was a true saint and became his disciple.

That same day, Shri Mahaprabhuji explained that holy scriptures should not be read just to earn money. Hearing this, Padmanabhadas promised never to use the sacred words for making a living again. Shri Mahaprabhuji heard his promise and

gently asked, “You are a Brahmin. How will you feed your family?”

Padmanabhadas first thought he could beg for food, but soon realized it did not feel right. Instead, he decided to collect wood to support his family, even though it was hard work.

Later, Shri Mahaprabhuji blessed Padmanabhadas, his wife, and children, and told them, “Always do seva for Shri Krishna.” Padmanabhadas said, “I have read many books, so it is hard for me to have faith in just one form of Shri Krishna. If only I could see Him with my eyes, then my faith would be strong.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and said, “Come with me to Braja.” Padmanabhadas was happy to join him. Together, they traveled towards Shri Gokul. On the way, at a place called Karnaval, something amazing happened. The earth near the river broke, and a huge, bright form of Shri Krishna appeared. Shri Krishna spoke to Shri Mahaprabhuji and asked to be served and loved.

Shri Mahaprabhuji requested, “Please, take a smaller form so I can hold you.” Shri Krishnaji became small enough to sit in Shri Mahaprabhuji’s lap and was named Shri Mathureshji. Shri Mahaprabhuji then asked Padmanabhadas, “Is your wish fulfilled?” Padmanabhadas felt pure joy. “With your grace, everything is possible!” he replied. He brought Shri Mathureshji home and served Him with love.

Padmanabhadas trusted Shri Mahaprabhuji in every way. One night in Prayag, Shri Mahaprabhuji asked him to cross the river and bring his wife. Even though it was late and the river was wide, Padmanabhadas obeyed. He met a young boatman, crossed safely, brought Shri Mahaprabhuji's wife back, and returned. Later, everyone realized that the boatman was really Shri Krishnaji Himself, happy to help a devoted heart.

Once, when a merchant in Shri Mahaprabhuji's group lost all his goods to thieves, Padmanabhadas quickly helped. He borrowed money from a money lender, promising to repay it, so the merchant would not trouble Shri Mahaprabhuji or delay his meal. To repay the loan, Padmanabhadas told stories from holy books (other than the Bhagavatam) to a king, who rewarded him. Padmanabhadas only took enough money to pay the debt and returned the rest.

When it was time for his younger daughter to marry, Padmanabhadas agreed to a match with a boy from another caste, because the boy was a Vaishnava and loved Shri Mahaprabhuji. His older daughter, Tulsa, was unsure about this, but Padmanabhadas showed her how much faith in Shri Mahaprabhuji mattered above everything else.

Padmanabhadas was always ready to help others. When a Kshatriya lady wished for a child, Padmanabhadas prayed deeply and gave her holy water. Soon, her wish came true, and she had a son.

Padmanabhadas once looked after a Krishna svarupa (statue) for his friend Ramdas. When thieves took it, Padmanabhadas sat without food or water outside the Mughal leader's house until the svarupa was returned. Ramdas, far away, also did not eat for those seven days, as his heart was tied to his beloved Shri Krishna.

There were times when Padmanabhadas had no money and could only offer simple soaked chickpeas to Shri Krishna. But he offered them with so much love that each chickpea tasted like a feast to the Lord. Even when gifts of food arrived from Shri Mahaprabhuji's family, Padmanabhadas would set them aside, not wanting to use his guru's gifts for himself. He trusted that Shri Krishnaji was happiest with the love in his seva.

Tulsa, Padmanabhadas's elder daughter, was devoted and served her father faithfully. She treated every Vaishnava guest as if Shri Krishnaji Himself had come. One day, a Vaishnava visited but refused to eat prasada, planning to eat at home. Tulsa was sad she could not honor her guest, but that night, Shri Krishnaji appeared in a dream and told her the Vaishnava would come back and eat her food the next day. When he returned, Tulsa served him, and both learned that love for devotees was above all rules of caste.

Tulsa was so devoted that even Shri Gusainji, Shri Mahaprabhuji's grandson, praised her. Once, he asked if she had ever seen Shri Krishnaji. Tulsa replied that

all she did was eat and sleep, but what she meant was that she found true peace and joy in the loving service and teachings of Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Padmanabhadas's daughter-in-law, Parvati, was very beautiful but grew sad when she got leprosy on her hands and feet. She wrote to Shri Gusainji and sent him a coin. Shri Gusainji blessed her, and soon her illness disappeared. He said she was a pure devotee who followed the Lord's wishes.

Parvati's son, Raghunathdas, studied many holy books in Benares. When he went to see Shri Gusainji, he realized that understanding Shri Mahaprabhuji's teachings was a gift of grace, not just book learning. With Shri Gusainji's help, he finally understood the true meaning of Shri Krishnaji's love.

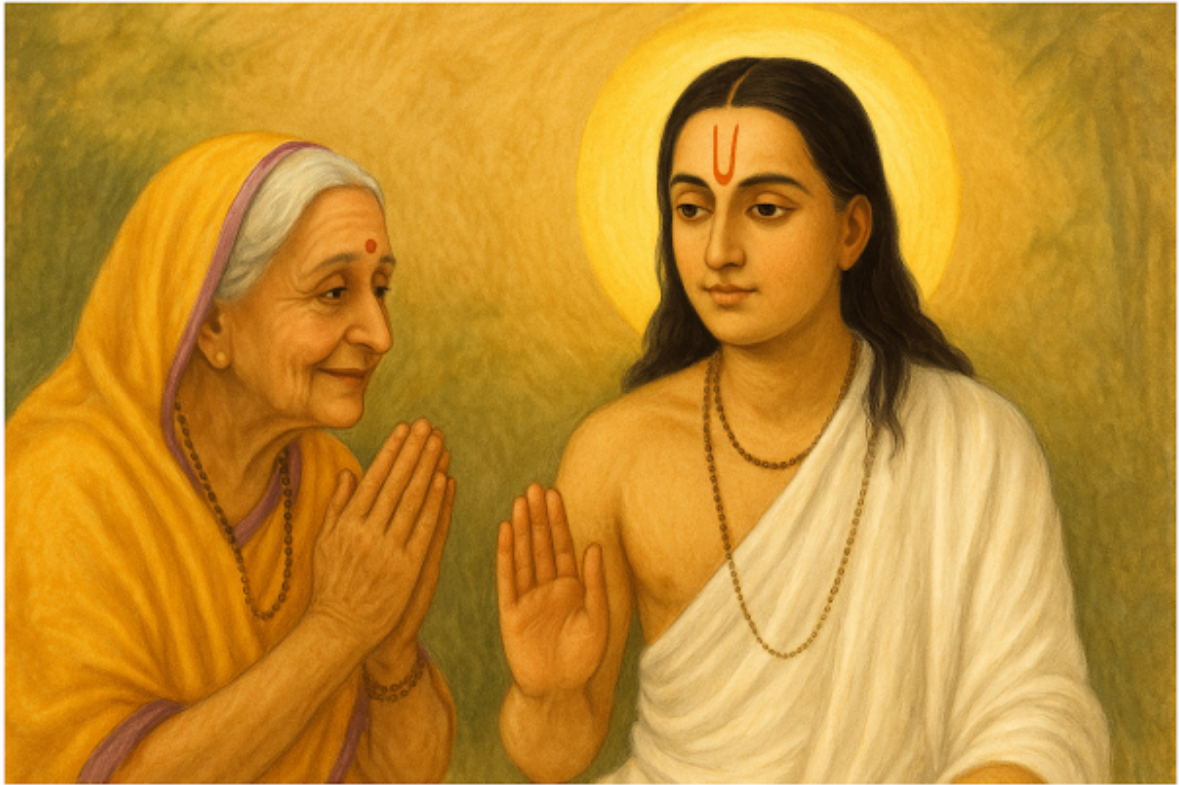
At one time, Raghunathdas thought he could do all the important seva for Shri Krishnaji by himself and asked his mother, Parvati, to help only with small tasks. Parvati quietly accepted and did only simple chores, eating only dry bread. After four days, Shri Krishnaji came to her and said, "I love your bread more than any fancy meal." Parvati's love touched Shri Krishnaji's heart, and she went back to doing seva with her son. Together, with true love, they served Shri Mathureshji and saw his divine form.

This is how Padmanabhadas and his family showed that real love for Shri Krishnaji and Shri Mahaprabhuji brings blessings to all who serve with a pure and happy heart.

Poem: The Power of Loving Seva

Padmanabhadas and his family true,
Followed Shri Mahaprabhuji in all they would do.
With humble hearts and working hands,
They listened to love, not just rules and commands.
Through faith and trust, their worries went away,
Shri Krishnaji's blessings filled each day.
From simple chickpeas to fancy food,
Their loving seva brought joy and good.
With every test, their faith would grow,
In Shri Mahaprabhuji's path, their love would show.
Remember this lesson, both big and small—
Love and faith are greatest of all!

Story 05 Rajo Kshatrani



84 Vaishnav Story 05 Rajo Kshatrani

Once there was a kind woman named Rajo who lived in a small village. She loved Shri Mahaprabhuji with all her heart and tried to follow his teachings every day. Rajo was always thinking about how to serve Shri Mahaprabhuji and Shri Krishna in the best way she could.

Each night, Rajo would carefully cook delicious food for Shri Mahaprabhuji. She made sure to use the freshest and purest things, because she wanted her offerings to be perfect for her beloved guru.

One day, it was a special day for Shri Mahaprabhuji's family. This day was called "shraddha," a time when people remember and honor their parents who have passed away. Shri Mahaprabhuji wanted to feed some guests and needed some ghee, which is a kind of butter used in cooking. So, he asked one of his followers to go to Rajo and ask her for some ghee.

The follower went to Rajo's house and told her that Shri Mahaprabhuji needed ghee. Rajo gently said, "I am sorry, but I have no ghee right now." The follower went back and told Shri Mahaprabhuji what Rajo had said.

Shri Mahaprabhuji then asked the follower to go back to Rajo and tell her that he was asking for the ghee very seriously, even with a bit of anger. The follower hurried back and said, "Shri Mahaprabhuji is now asking for ghee in a very strong way." Rajo still answered kindly, "I really do not have any ghee to give."

When the follower returned to Shri Mahaprabhuji and shared Rajo's answer, he suggested that they should try to get ghee from somewhere else.

That evening, as always, Rajo finished her daily cooking and brought her offerings to Shri Mahaprabhuji. But this time, when she arrived, Shri Mahaprabhuji turned away from her and did not look at her. Rajo felt very sad and wondered what she had done wrong. She softly asked, "Shri Mahaprabhuji, have I done something bad? Why are you not giving me your kind smile today?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji replied, “Today was my father’s shraddha, and you did not give any ghee when I asked.”

Rajo said quietly, “I really did not have any ghee to give.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji asked, “But then how did you make these offerings that you have brought today?”

Rajo smiled a little and said, “Shri Mahaprabhuji, the ghee I had was only meant for you and for Shri Krishna’s seva. I could not use it for anything else. I am not here to serve your father’s memory, I am here to serve you. I could not give ghee for a worldly reason, even if you seemed upset. If you had asked for ghee to use for Shri Krishna’s seva, I would have given it right away. Or, if you had explained that it was fine for my Vaishnava path, I would have shared it. In my heart, you told me not to give the ghee, even though you asked for it on the outside.”

Rajo then explained gently, “In the world, people do many kinds of duties and get different rewards. But the happiest reward comes from serving Shri Krishna and doing everything with love. That is what you have taught me, Shri Mahaprabhuji. I only wanted to follow your teachings.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji was very pleased to hear Rajo’s answer. He saw how deeply she understood the true path of love and service. When Rajo offered her food, Shri Mahaprabhuji first said, “On shraddha days, we can eat only once.” But Rajo

asked again with so much care that Shri Mahaprabhuji broke the rule and tasted her offering, full of love.

Even though Rajo was just a simple woman, she lived each day by what Shri Mahaprabhuji taught. While many people only know teachings in their minds, Shri Mahaprabhuji lived always in Rajo's heart.

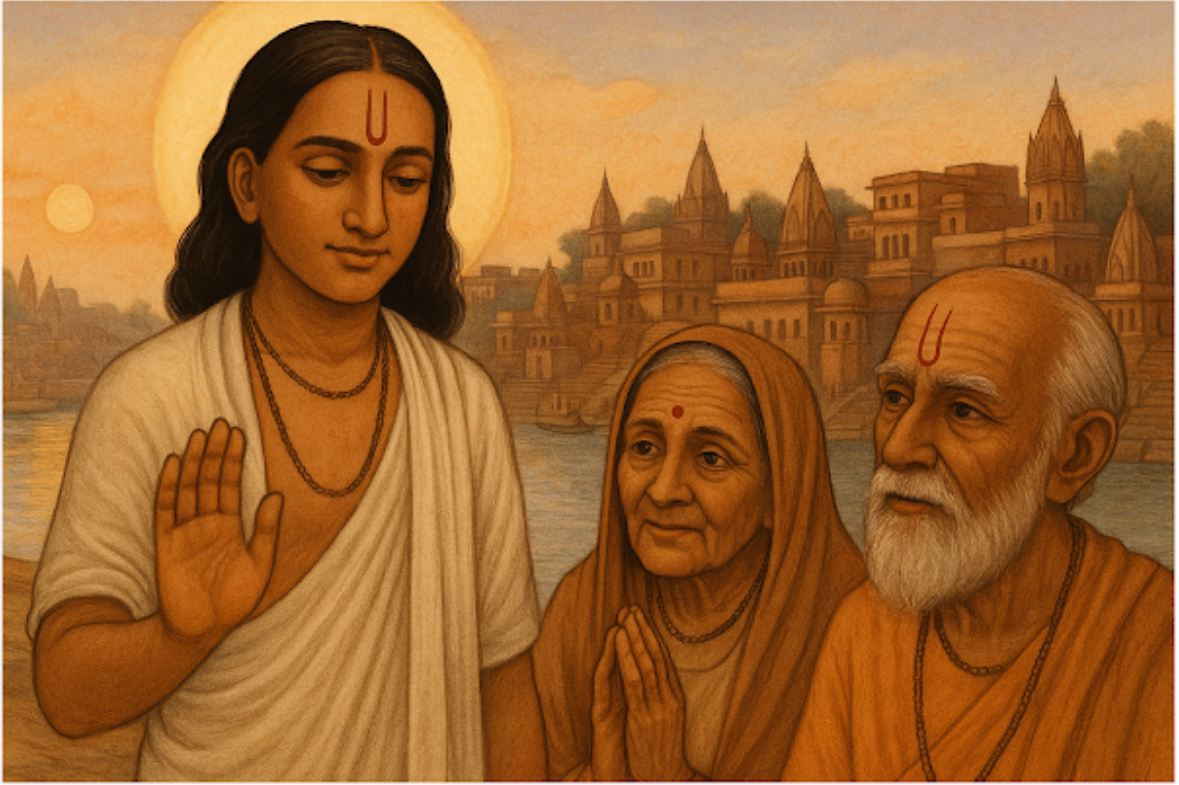
Poem:

Rajo's Loving Heart

Rajo cooked with gentle hands,
For Shri Mahaprabhuji's care,
She saved her ghee for loving work,
To show her heart was there.
Mahaprabhuji asked for ghee one day,
But Rajo softly said,
"My ghee is only for your love,
For Shri Krishna's path I tread."
She stood so firm in what was right,
And followed love's true call,
Shri Mahaprabhuji saw her faith,
And gently blessed her all.
So let us learn from Rajo's way,
To serve with love so bright,

When we are strong and kind and true,
Our hearts will shine with light.

Story 06 Seth Purshottamdas



84 Vaishnav Story 06 Seth Purshottamdas

Long ago in the city of Benaras, there lived a kind and wealthy man named Seth Purushottamdas. One day, while Shri Mahaprabhuji was visiting the holy city, Seth Purushottamdas saw him by the river. He felt a deep love and respect for Shri Mahaprabhuji, so he came near, bowed his head, and asked to become his disciple. Shri Mahaprabhuji kindly accepted him, along with his son, Gopaldas, and his daughter, Rukmini.

Seth Purushottamdas asked Shri Mahaprabhuji what he should do next. Shri Mahaprabhuji told him to begin serving Shri Krishna with devotion. Seth

Purushottamdas used the money he had to start building a temple for Shri Krishna, whom he lovingly called Shri Madan Mohanji. While building, they found a beautiful statue of Shri Madan Mohanji and also discovered a hidden treasure. With happiness in his heart, Seth Purushottamdas started offering the best food, clothes, and jewels to Shri Madan Mohanji every day.

Even though Seth Purushottamdas loved Shri Krishna very much, he always thought of his guru, Shri Mahaprabhuji, when doing his worship. To him, Shri Madan Mohanji was just like Shri Mahaprabhuji.

One night, the main deity of Benaras, Shri Vishvanath Mahadevji, spoke to Seth Purushottamdas in a dream. Mahadevji asked, “Bring me some of Shri Krishna’s special food” Seth Purushottamdas happily brought prasada from Shri Madan Mohanji to Mahadevji the next day. After offering the prasada, Seth Purushottamdas greeted Mahadev with respect and a Vaishnava greeting. The temple priests were surprised, but Seth Purushottamdas explained that he shared a special relation with Mahadevji, that of a Vaishnav.

From that time, Shri Vishvanath Mahadevji cared for Seth Purushottamdas in his own special way. Every night, Mahadevji sent his helpers to guard Sethji’s house and keep it safe, especially when Sethji went to visit other Vaishnavas. This showed how Mahadevji protect those who are true devotees. During Shri

Krishna's Janmashtami festival, Mahadevji came to Seth Purushottamdas's house to bless the celebrations.

Seth Purushottamdas's son, Gopaldas, once thought, "My father is old, so now I will take care of the temple service." But when Gopaldas came close to his father, he saw Seth Purushottamdas looking young and strong, like a man of twenty-five! Seth Purushottamdas explained, "Devotees are always young in their hearts, even if they look old."

Once, while traveling with a friend, Seth Purushottamdas stopped at a mountain that Shri Mahaprabhuji had visited. That night, the Lord disguised as a Brahmin tried to give Sethji a magical jewel that would give him anything he wanted. But Seth Purushottamdas gently refused, saying, "Why would I leave the Lord's loving shelter for a stone? The Lord always gives me everything I need." This showed that real happiness does not come from treasures but from serving Shri Krishna with love.

When Shri Mahaprabhuji came to stay at Seth Purushottamdas's house, he lovingly gave Shri Madan Mohanji, Sethji's Shri Krishna, a special bath called panchamrita, using milk, ghee, honey, sugar, and curd. This was done to bless both Seth Purushottamdas and his temple.

Seth Purushottamdas never wanted praise or fame. One day, while collecting cow dung in his simple clothes, the king of Benaras came to visit. The king saw how

humble Seth Purushottamdas was and admired him, saying, “You are free from the desire for fame.” Seth Purushottamdas said, “Serving the Lord is the same as serving the cows. All work done for the Lord is holy.”

On Shri Krishna’s birthday, Shri Mahaprabhuji celebrated by gently swinging Shri Krishna in a cradle at Seth Purushottamdas’s house. At that moment, Seth Purushottamdas and his children saw the divine world of Shri Krishna with their own eyes. Shri Mahaprabhuji later said that from now on, whenever they celebrate Shri Krishna’s appearance, they would all dress in the same way, so everyone could feel the joy together.

When great scholars came to argue with Shri Mahaprabhuji, he wrote a small book to explain that this world is real and filled with God’s love. By serving the Lord, anyone can find true happiness, right here on earth. Even Shri Vishvanath Mahadev agreed with his words.

One day, Seth Purushottamdas set out to visit a holy place but stopped on the way when he saw a field of ripe eggplants. He brought some home, made a tasty offering for Shri Krishna, and invited other Vaishnavas to join him. He did not care for traveling far; his greatest joy was serving Shri Krishna at home.

Rukmini, Seth Purushottamdas’s daughter, was also a devoted follower of Shri Mahaprabhuji. Once, a great saint asked her when she had last bathed in the holy Ganges river. Rukmini answered that she had not found the time for many years

because she was always busy serving Shri Krishna. The saint was pleased and told her that Shri Krishna would always remember her love.

When Rukmini left this world, people said she had gone to meet the Ganges. But the wise ones said, “No, the Ganges has found Rukmini.” This meant that true devotees are so rare and special, even holy rivers are blessed by them.

Gopaldas, Seth Purushottamdas’s son, loved singing for Shri Krishna, sometimes feeling the deep sweetness of missing him. Even when Gopaldas was old, Shri Krishna comforted him by saying, “I am always here with you.” Gopaldas’s family was known as a shining example for all.

The story of Seth Purushottamdas and his family shows us that true happiness comes from serving the Lord, being humble, and living with love in our hearts. Whether we are rich or poor, young or old, the best life is one filled with kindness, faith, and joy in the service of Shri Krishna and our beloved teachers.

Poem: The Joyful Heart of Seth Purushottamdas

Sethji served with all his might,
For Shri Krishna, day and night,
He gave with love, he gave with cheer,
His faith grew strong, his heart sincere.
He found his joy in simple ways,
He sang, he danced, he loved to praise,

He did not want a crown or throne,
But made the Lord's delight his own.
Rukmini's love was shining bright,
She served her Lord from morn to night,
Gopaldas sang through every pain,
Shri Krishna called his name again.
So let us learn from Sethji's days,
To fill our lives with loving ways,
To give, to care, and always see,
The Lord is near both you and me.

Story 07 Ramdas Saraswat



84 Vaishnav Story 07 Ramdas Saraswat

Once, in a small town, there lived a kind-hearted boy named Ramdasji. From the time he was little, Ramdasji loved to spend time with gentle saints who wandered from place to place, always singing the name of Shri Krishna. One day, Ramdasji and his saintly friend decided to take a long journey together. They walked to the place where the sacred river Ganga meets the wide ocean, called Ganga Sagar.

While they were there, Ramdasji started playing in the soft sand. As he dug with his hands, he felt something smooth and round. To his great surprise, it was a small and beautiful statue of child Shri Krishna! Ramdasji's heart filled with joy.

He ran to show it to his friend, who smiled and said, “How lucky you are, Ramdasji! Shri Krishna Himself has come to you. You must take care of Him every day.”

Ramdasji was so happy, but he also felt a little worried. He had never learned the special ways to serve a Deity. His friend told him, “Go to Shri Mahaprabhuji in Jagannath Puri. He will become your guru and teach you everything.” So Ramdasji quickly went home, called his wife, and together they set off to find Shri Mahaprabhuji.

After traveling for many days, they arrived at a peaceful garden near Jagannath Puri. There, Shri Mahaprabhuji was resting. Without ever meeting Ramdasji before, Shri Mahaprabhuji looked at him kindly and asked, “Ramdasji, how did you find that sweet form of Shri Krishna at GangaSagar? Can you show Him to Me?” Ramdasji was amazed that Shri Mahaprabhuji already knew everything. He bowed down with respect and invited Shri Mahaprabhuji to visit his home in Patna.

Shri Mahaprabhuji did visit Ramdasji’s home. He gave both Ramdasji and his wife special teachings and made them his disciples. From that day, Ramdasji worshipped Shri Krishna with great love and care, doing every task as best as he could.

As time passed, Ramdasji's money began to run out. To earn more, he lent his last coins to some weavers, who returned the money with a little extra. Ramdasji felt pleased. But Shri Krishna, whom he loved so much, appeared in his heart and gently said, "Ramdasji, you are thinking more about the interest from the weavers than about Me." Realizing this, Ramdasji quickly asked the weavers for only his original money back and let go of all his worries about earning more.

But things were still hard for Ramdasji. He borrowed money from others to keep serving Shri Krishna, but each time someone asked for their money back, Ramdasji felt very sad. Shri Krishna could not bear to see His devotee upset. One day, Shri Krishna took on Ramdasji's own form, paid back the businessman with extra coins, and even signed Ramdasji's name. When Ramdasji heard what had happened, he knew that his Lord had helped him.

Ramdasji thought, "I do not want Shri Krishna to work for me. I must find a way to care for myself." So, Ramdasji became a policeman in the city of Prayaga. One day, dressed in his uniform, Ramdasji visited Shri Mahaprabhuji, who told everyone, "Ramdasji is truly blessed." When others wondered why, Shri Mahaprabhuji explained, "He works so that he does not trouble Shri Krishna at all. His heart is strong and pure."

One morning, as Shri Mahaprabhuji walked by his door, he saw a muddy ditch outside. "Why is this ditch still here?" he asked. Ramdasji rushed to fill the hole

without even changing out of his work clothes. When Shri Mahaprabhuji saw the ditch was gone and Ramdasji's clothes were dirty, he smiled and said, "This is real service." Ramdasji never cared for fame or praise. He did every little job, big or small, with the same happy heart.

After a year, Ramdasji saved up enough and left his job, returning to serve Shri Krishna full time. His wife sometimes wished for a son and once asked if he would marry again. Ramdasji told her gently, "If you wish for a child, love Shri Krishna as Mother Yashoda did. Serve Him with a mother's love, and your wish will be fulfilled." His wife followed his advice, and with Shri Krishna's blessings, her wish came true.

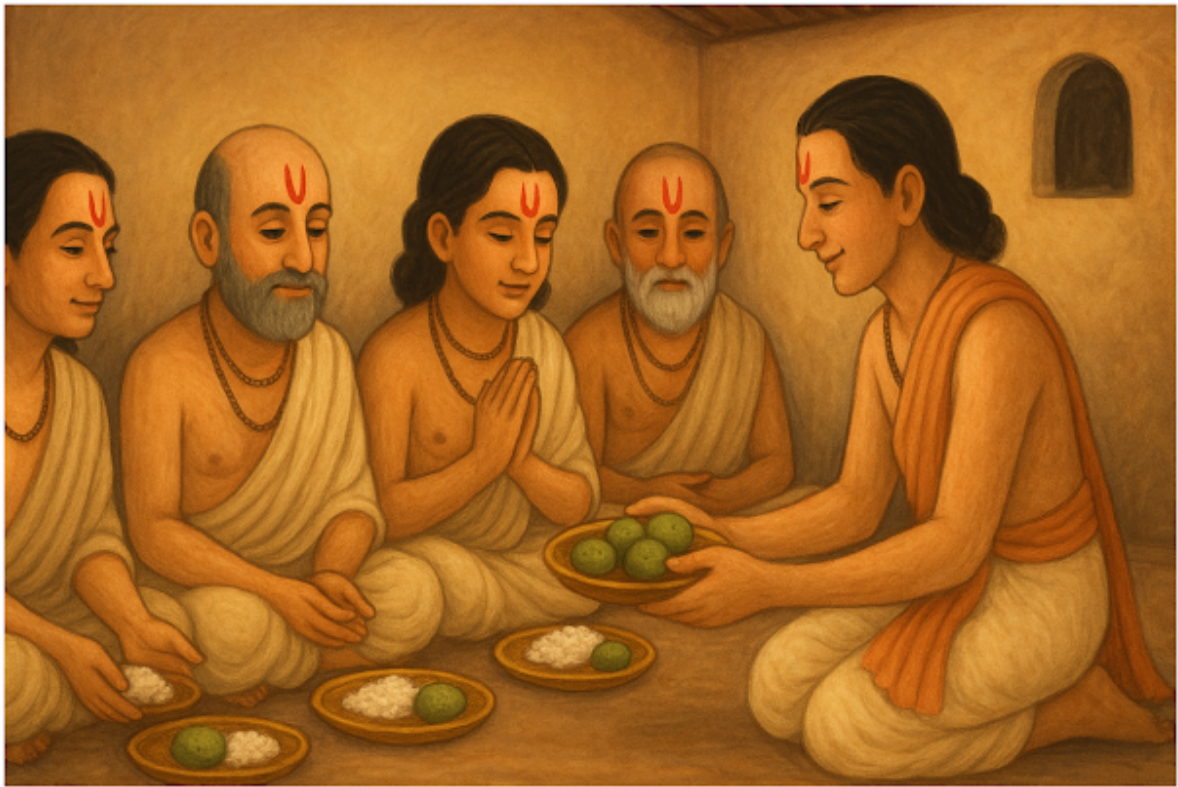
Ramdasji was never interested in money, praise, or worldly things. He only wanted to serve Shri Krishna and make Shri Mahaprabhuji happy. In this way, he won the heart of his Lord, who always watched over him with love.

Poem: The Blessed Heart of Ramdasji

Ramdasji found Shri Krishna one day,
Hidden in the sand where rivers play.
He showed his friend with shining eyes,
A gift from above, a wonderful prize.
To Shri Mahaprabhuji, he went so fast,
He wanted to learn how to serve at last.

He cared for his Lord with loving delight,
Serving Shri Krishna both day and night.
When money ran out, and troubles came by,
Shri Krishna helped, never asking why.
Ramdasji worked, then served again,
His love for the Lord was always the same.
Big jobs or small, he never thought twice,
He did every task without any pride.
His wife wished for a child to hold,
He taught her to love Shri Krishna like gold.
Kindness and faith, and doing your part,
That is the way to a gentle heart.
Serve with love, be honest and true,
Shri Krishna will always care for you!

Story 08 Gadadhardas Kapil



84 Vaishnav Story 08 Gadadhardas Kapil

Gadadhardasji grew up in a loving family, where everyone respected the old traditions. One day, his wise uncle, who worshipped a Devata, invited him to visit Prayag during a big festival. “Let us go and meet Shrimad Vallabhacharya,” said his uncle. Gadadhardasji was happy to join him.

At the festival, his uncle had many questions. He asked Shri Mahaprabhuji, “Some people worship Shri Krishna, others worship other deities. Who is the Supreme God?”

With a gentle smile, Shri Mahaprabhuji explained, “Just as many kings follow the orders of one great emperor, all gods and goddesses listen to Shri Krishna. He is the original Lord, and everyone else comes from Him.”

Listening to Shri Mahaprabhuji’s sweet words, Gadadhardasji felt peace in his heart. Right away, he asked to become Shri Mahaprabhuji’s disciple. Shri Mahaprabhuji taught him about love and devotion, and showed him how to serve Shri Krishna in every moment.

Shri Mahaprabhuji taught, “If you are not busy with other work, use your time to sing, listen, and think about Shri Krishna. Even if you are busy, always keep your mind on Him and remember His stories.” Gadadhardasji promised that he would spend his life serving Shri Krishna and helping others. He lived simply and used the gifts his religious friends gave him. He gave all his heart to Shri Krishna, living every day with love and devotion.

One day, Gadadhardasji had no money left and nothing to offer to Shri Krishna except water. Still, he offered it with deep love. Shri Krishna decided to test him and see if his faith would remain strong. That night, Gadadhardasji felt sad. He thought, “Today my Lord did not get food. The Vaishnavas also did not eat.” Even though he thought of many tasty dishes in his mind, his heart was worried because he could not serve anyone.

Suddenly, a kind friend came and gave him four rupees. Gadadhardasji quickly bought some milk sweets and offered them to Shri Krishna with all his love. He then called the Vaishnavas to share the prasada. He himself did not eat, but he felt very happy knowing that the Lord and the devotees were satisfied.

The next day, Gadadhardasji used the rest of the money to buy more food, made fresh offerings to Shri Krishna, and again invited the Vaishnavas. During the meal, one Vaishnava said, “Yesterday’s prasada was so delicious! How did you make it?” Gadadhardasji smiled and told him his simple way, then sang a gentle poem to praise Shri Krishna. He always felt small and unworthy but loved all devotees deeply.

Another day, Gadadhardasji invited some Vaishnavas for a meal. Everything was ready except the vegetables. He asked, “Who will bring the vegetables?” A man named Madhudas, who is known to have vices, offered to go. He brought fresh spinach, cleaned it, and helped make the offering. Later, everyone enjoyed the meal, and a devotee praised the spinach. Gadadhardasji blessed Madhudas, “Because Shri Krishna ate your offering, you will gain true devotion.” From that day, Madhudas’s heart changed, and he became a sincere devotee.

Once, a trader needed to buy an ox. Some people who were jealous of Gadadhardasji made a joke and sent the trader to him. The trader gave Gadadhardasji money and asked for an ox. Gadadhardasji realized it was a prank,

but he accepted the money and said, “Come tomorrow at noon.” He bought food for the Lord, offered everything to Shri Krishna, and invited the Vaishnavas to share the meal. When the trader arrived all the Vaishnavas were enjoying their meal. Gadadhardasji said these are all Krishna's ox's choose the one you want! ox is a representation of Dharma and righteousness. Gadadhardasji shared the true gift of being a Vaishnava: happiness in serving Shri Krishna. The trader understood and wanted to be a real devotee too. Gadadhardasji advised him, “Go to Adel and take initiation from Shri Mahaprabhuji.” The trader listened, and his heart became full of faith.

Even the smallest meeting with a true devotee like Gadadhardasji can bring great blessings. He spent his days writing poems about Shri Krishna, singing His glories, and caring for all Vaishnavas. In his heart, devotion shone brighter than gold.

Poem: Gadadhardasji's Gentle Heart

Gadadhardasji lived each day,
Serving Shri Krishna in every way.
When he had nothing, he still would pray,
With love in his heart, come what may.
He fed the poor, he fed the wise,
He saw Shri Krishna in every guise.

A single kind word or humble deed,
Can grow true faith from just a seed.
Helping hands and hearts that care,
Bring Shri Krishna everywhere.
Serve with joy, be pure and true,
Shri Krishna's blessings come to you!

Story 09 Madhodas and Benidas



84 Vaishnav Story 09 Madhodas and Benidas

Madhodasji lived in a small town and was known to be a kind man, but for a long time, he spent his days with a woman who did not follow the path of devotion. When Shri Mahaprabhuji visited his town, the other Vaishnavas told him about Madhodasji's attachment. Shri Mahaprabhuji gently asked Madhodasji, "Why do you stay with her?" Madhodasji answered honestly, "I am still attached to her." Shri Mahaprabhuji asked him the same question three times, and each time Madhodasji gave the same true answer. After this, Shri Mahaprabhuji said nothing more, because he understood that Shri Krishna's plan for Madhodasji was still unfolding.

The other Vaishnavas were worried. They asked Shri Mahaprabhuji, “Why didn’t you tell Madhodashji to leave her?” Shri Mahaprabhuji replied, “Please do not worry. Madhodashji’s story is not what it seems. In time, he will help this woman and others find a better path. Sometimes, blessings take time to show their true power.”

Later, Madhodashji told the woman, “Our paths are parting now. One day, when Shri Gusainji comes to our town, he will help you find peace.” The woman started living alone and, for fifteen years, survived on the simplest food, eating only bread and water. When Shri Gusainji finally visited the town, she hurried to meet him and asked to become his disciple. Shri Gusainji refused at first, so she stopped eating and drinking in sorrow. After nine days, she was very weak but again came to Shri Gusainji, with two friends helping her walk. She begged, “If you do not accept me, I cannot live any longer.”

Moved by her sincere heart, Shri Gusainji finally gave her the sacred mantra and a beautiful image of child Shri Krishna. A few days later, some Vaishnavas came to Shri Gusainji with complaints. “She is worshipping Shri Krishna even during times when tradition says she should rest,” they said. Shri Gusainji quietly spoke to the woman and asked her why. She replied, “In the past, I had many worldly relationships. But now, by your grace, I have only Shri Krishna as my Lord. How can I stop serving Him, even for a short while?”

Shri Gusainji could see her deep love. He let her continue her service but reminded everyone else to follow the normal rules. Her special love for Shri Krishna was a gift from her heart.

One day, Madhudasji saw a beautiful pearl necklace and thought, “This would look wonderful on child Shri Krishna, Shri Navanita Priyaji!” His brother, Benidasji, quickly said, “Everything already belongs to Shri Krishna. Why buy a necklace?” Benidasji spoke as if he was very detached, but in truth, he was not ready to spend any money for Shri Krishna.

Madhudasji did not give up. He took his part of the family money and tried to buy the necklace, but it was too expensive. He decided to travel far south to earn more money. While he was gone, other Vaishnavas bought the necklace and offered it to Shri Mahaprabhuji, who lovingly gave it to Shri Navanita Priyaji.

After some time, Madhudasji earned enough money and bought an even finer necklace for Shri Krishna. On his way back, he had to cross a wide river in a crowded boat. Suddenly, Shri Navanita Priya appeared before him, holding a red cane, and asked playfully, “Should I sink this boat?” Madhudasji replied, “Whatever Your wish, let it be.” Shri Krishna asked, “Why did you travel so far south?” Madhudasji answered, “I wanted to buy a necklace for You.” Shri Krishna smiled, “I already have so many necklaces.” Madhudasji replied, “Even if You have

many, it is a devotee's joy to give You more. Life is not meant for selfish things, but to serve You with love!"

The boat safely reached the other shore. The special necklace Madhudasji bought was offered to Shri Navanita Priyaji and is still called "Madhudasji's necklace" to this day. Through the gentle blessings of Shri Mahaprabhuji and true devotion, everyone found joy and meaning in their lives.

Poem: The Necklace of Love

Madhudasji's heart was kind and true,
He wanted to give Shri Krishna something new.
He traveled far and worked with care,
So he could offer a gift so rare.
A necklace bright for Shri Krishna to wear,
Full of devotion and gentle prayer.
Through trials and tests, love shines best,
When you give your heart and forget the rest.
No gift is too small, no journey too long,
With Shri Krishna's love, you'll always belong.
Give with joy, do your part,
Shri Krishna treasures every loving heart!

Story 10 Harivams Pathak



84 Vaishnav Story 10 Harivams Pathak

Harivams Pathak was a devoted man who spent his days worshipping a demigod. He believed with all his heart that the demigod was the one who watched over him. One day, he heard that Shri Mahaprabhuji had come to his town. Out of curiosity, Harivams decided to go and see this holy person. But when he saw Shri Mahaprabhuji from a distance, he thought, "He looks just like me, a Brahmin. He may know many things, but how does that help me?" With this thought, he went back home.

When Harivams began to collect the things needed for his prayers to the demigod, he tripped and fell. He lost consciousness. In his dreamlike state, he

saw the demigod, who spoke to him, "You have made a mistake by doubting Shri Mahaprabhuji. I will not be happy with you until you go and say sorry to him. Shri Mahaprabhuji is the Lord Himself."

As soon as Harivams woke up, he hurried to Shri Mahaprabhuji, feeling very sorry. He bowed down and said, "Please forgive me, Shri Mahaprabhuji. I did not know who you truly are. Kindly allow me to take shelter at your feet."

Shri Mahaprabhuji looked at him and said gently, "You are a Brahmin, just like I am. Why do you speak of surrender?" But Harivams did not give up. He replied, "I was unaware of your real nature. Please accept me as your own." Seeing his honest heart, Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly accepted him and his whole family. From that day, he asked showed Harivams the path to worship Shri Krishna unwaveringly, the one who can become anything for his dear ones. Shri Mahaprabhuji explained that while other forms of the Lord are known for one special quality, Shri Krishna is special in every way and can form many kinds of loving bonds with everyone.

Later, Harivams had to travel to Patna for business. There, he met the local ruler, who was pleased with him and said, "If you ever want anything, just ask me." Harivams politely replied, "If I need anything, I will ask. But as a Vaishnav, my only wish is to see my Beloved Shri Krishna's face."

When the colorful spring festival called 'dola' came close, Shri Krishna asked Harivams, "Will you swing me on the festival day?" But Harivams was far away from his home in Benares and was worried. How could he reach there so quickly from Patna?

He remembered the promise of the ruler. Harivams went to him and asked for help to reach Benares within three days. The kind ruler arranged for a horse and rider in every district along the way, so Harivams could travel faster than ever. He made it back home even before three days were up.

That night, everything was arranged for the festival. On the day of 'dola', Harivams swung Shri Krishna with joy and love. Everyone present felt the bliss of being a part of Shri Krishna's playful festival.

After the celebrations, Harivams returned to Patna. The ruler asked, "What important work made you rush home?" Harivams only smiled and said, "It was some household work." He never spoke about his special experiences with Shri Krishna, not even with his family, because he knew that such sweet moments should be kept safe in the heart. Harivams loved serving his Lord in quiet devotion, always remembering that the deepest joys are the ones held close within.

A Fast Ride for Shri Krishna

(A Poem for Children)

Harivams loved a demigod so dear,
But doubted Shri Mahaprabhuji near.
A lesson he learned, quick and bright,
The demigod showed him what was right.
He bowed down low, his heart now true,
Shri Mahaprabhuji blessed him anew.
“Worship Shri Krishna, loving and kind,
His magic brings peace to your mind.”
For the festival swing, so far away,
He traveled home in just one day!
Horses and riders raced through the night,
To swing Shri Krishna with all his might.
He kept his secret, close to his heart,
True devotion, a gentle art.
The lesson shines, both big and small:
Keep love and faith, and you’ll stand tall.

Story 11 Govindadas Bhalla



84 Vaishnav Story 11 Govindadas Bhalla

Long ago, in the sacred town of Thaneshwar, there lived a wealthy man named Govindadasji. He was kind at heart and wanted to live a spiritual life. One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to visit the town and gave blessings to many people. When Govindadasji met Shri Mahaprabhuji, he felt deep love in his heart and asked to become his follower.

After accepting him as a disciple, Shri Mahaprabhuji advised Govindadasji to use his riches in serving the Lord. But Govindadasji was unsure. "My wife won't agree to this," he said.

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently told him, “Then give one part of your wealth to your wife, one part to Shri Nathji, and use the rest for doing the Lord’s seva.”

Govindadasji followed the advice and divided his wealth. He gave one-fourth to Shri Mahaprabhuji and used the rest for seva in Mahavan, where he served Shri Nathji with great love. Every day, he would share all the food offered to the Lord with others before preparing anything for himself. He believed that he should not eat anything that had already been offered to the Lord.

As time passed, all his money was spent on seva. But Govindadasji did not stop. Instead, he worked even harder. Every morning, he woke up four hours before sunrise. After bathing, he walked a long distance—fifteen miles—to Mathura to fetch holy water from Shri Yamunaji. Carrying the heavy pot of water on his back, he would return just in time for the Lord’s mid-day service.

After that, he cleaned the kitchen and all the pots. Then he went to nearby villages, where he would beg for a few kilos of wheat. He ground the wheat himself and offered it to the Lord. Only after adding a bit of sacred water, or charanamrit, to the offering and presenting it to the temple flag, would he take a small portion as his food. In the evening, he again cleaned everything.

Though he was working so hard every single day, Shri Nathji was not happy. Why? Because Govindadasji had become proud. He thought to himself, “No one does seva like I do. I am the best.”

Shri Nathji shared his feelings with Shri Mahaprabhuji at a place called Adel. He said, “One of your followers is giving me trouble.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji went to Jatipura to see what was going on. He spoke kindly to all the people serving at the temple. When he met Govindadasji, he said, “All others are taking the Lord’s prasada. Why don’t you?”

Govindadasji replied firmly, “It is not allowed. I should not eat food that has been offered already.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji softly explained that he could eat from his own kitchen, but Govindadasji still refused. He believed his way was the only correct one.

Seeing his pride and stubbornness, Shri Mahaprabhuji told him to stop doing the seva. Govindadasji left and went to serve at the temple of Lord Keshoraya in Mathura.

One day, a minister of the invading Sultan, called a hakim, heard someone say that the Lord’s bed was more beautiful than his. Feeling jealous, he entered the temple and sat on Shri Keshoraya’s bed.

Govindadasji, who deeply loved the Lord, became upset. He picked up a sword and struck the hakim. The officer’s men later came and killed Govindadasji.

The local Vaishnavas performed his last rites with care and love. But some of them were puzzled. They asked Shri Mahaprabhuji, “Why did a great devotee like Govindadasji have such a painful end?”

Shri Mahaprabhuji explained calmly, “In the next world, he will be happy. But here, he suffered because he did not listen to his guru’s words. He was too proud, even in seva.”

Though Govindadasji was a strong devotee, his pride stood in the way of true love and service. Shri Mahaprabhuji taught everyone that seva must be filled with humility and surrender, not pride.

Poem: The Right Way to Serve

Govindadasji worked each day,
In service deep, he chose to stay.
He fetched the water, cleaned with care,
And thought, “None can with me compare!”
But Shri Nathji, though he saw,
Felt no joy, just silent awe.
For pride had grown where love should be,
Seva was lost in vanity.
Shri Mahaprabhuji came to say,
“True seva walks the humble way.”

Though rules are wise and paths are great,
Hearts must bend, not puff with weight.
So let us serve with head bowed low,
With simple hearts that gently glow.
For in the end, it's love that stays—
Not prideful words, but humble ways.

Story 12 Amma Kshtarani



84 Vaishnav Story 12 Amma Kshtarani

Amma was a kind and simple woman who lived in a quiet town. She had two young sons and loved them more than anything in the world. Sadly, after her husband and close family members passed away, Amma had to raise her children all by herself. Though it was hard, she always prayed and stayed strong for her boys.

One night, something very special happened. As Amma slept, she saw a beautiful dream. Shri Krishna came to her and spoke in a gentle voice. He said, “Tomorrow,

Shri Mahaprabhuji will come to your town. You must go to him and become his disciple. And from now on, worship Me like I am your own son.”

Amma woke up with her heart full of joy. She felt like something magical was going to happen. She didn’t sleep for the rest of the night. Instead, she quietly waited for the morning to come, thinking about her dream and the Lord’s words.

As the sun began to rise, Amma walked out of her home and looked toward the road. Just like in her dream, she saw Shri Mahaprabhuji arriving, shining brightly like a thousand suns. He was surrounded by a few disciples, and his presence filled the air with peace and love.

Amma ran to him and fell at his feet with tears in her eyes. She told Shri Mahaprabhuji all about her dream and begged him to accept her as his disciple. Shri Mahaprabhuji gently smiled and blessed her. He gave her a small form of Shri Krishna to worship and taught her how to serve with love and care. He also told her to give her sons only the food that had first been offered to Shri Krishna, called ‘prasada.’

From that day on, Amma worshipped Shri Krishna with the heart of a loving mother. She cared for Him like her own child, singing to Him, feeding Him, and even gently putting Him to sleep. Very soon, she was blessed with a beautiful sight—she could actually see her two sons playing joyfully with Shri Krishna. It was not just a feeling. It was real, and it made her heart overflow with happiness.

But then, something very sad happened. Her older son passed away. Amma felt deep pain, but her sorrow was not just for her son. She was also sad because the Lord had lost one of His playmates.

Shri Krishna, full of love, told Shri Gusainji about Amma's sadness. Shri Gusainji went to see her and spoke with kindness. He said, "Please don't cry. It is troubling your Lord. Your sons are Shri Krishna's eternal friends. He called them back to His own home before they could be pulled into the troubles of the world."

Amma felt calm after hearing these words. She understood that everything happened by the Lord's wish. From then on, she served Shri Krishna with even more love. She always made sure her hands were scented and clean before touching His little form, treating Him like a soft, delicate baby.

One day, Shri Gusainji came to visit her home. After Amma welcomed him, he asked, "What is Shri Krishna doing right now?" Amma smiled shyly and led him to the room where she kept the Lord's small form.

To Shri Gusainji's great surprise, Shri Krishna was sitting there drinking milk with both of His tiny hands. Amma smiled and said sweetly, "What do you expect? He is just a little child."

Shri Gusainji laughed softly and said, "Please send me some of this milk to my camp." Amma happily agreed.

From then on, Amma continued to live in joy and devotion, caring for Shri Krishna as her dearest child.

Poem:

The Dream of Amma

Amma had a lovely dream,
Of Shri Krishna's gentle gleam.
"Go to Shri Mahaprabhuji," He said,
"Follow His path, just as I led."
She waited through the night so still,
With heart full of love and a hopeful will.
At sunrise, there her guru stood,
Shining bright and pure and good.
He gave her Krishna's form to keep,
To love, to feed, to rock to sleep.
She saw her sons in games so sweet,
With Shri Krishna at their feet.
When sorrow came and one son left,
She cried for the Lord who felt bereft.
But Gusainji said with love so deep,
"Your child now rests in Krishna's keep."
With joy again her heart did glow,

She served her Lord so soft and slow.
She fed Him milk and watched Him play,
Like any child throughout the day.
So Amma's love, so full, so pure,
Made Shri Krishna's smile endure.
Love the Lord with all your heart,
And He will never be apart.

Story 13 and 14 Gajjan Dhawan and Jiyadas Suri



84 Vaishnav Story 13 and 14 Gajjan Dhawan and Jiyadas Suri

Gajjan was a young boy born into a rich and noble family. One night, he went with his father, four brothers, and many others on a boat to watch a dance show on the river. But suddenly, in the middle of the night, the boat sank. Everyone drowned, except Gajjan. He had managed to hold onto a piece of the broken boat and float back to safety.

When he reached home the next morning, he told his mother everything. She was heartbroken, and in her sorrow, she gave up her life by sitting on her husband's funeral pyre. From that day, Gajjan would sit quietly by the Yamuna

River, waiting for the Lord to call him back. He no longer had interest in the world and wished only to meet Shri Krishna.

Far away in the city of Agra, there lived a man named Jiyadas. He worked for the police. One day, a Brahmin woman came to him with a complaint. She had lent money to someone who never returned it. That man gave Jiyadas a bribe and asked him to change the decision in his favor. Jiyadas accepted the money and let the wrongdoer go free. The Brahmin lady went away in tears.

Later, Jiyadas became very sick with leprosy. He realized that this illness came because of the wrong he had done. With a heavy heart, he quit his job, gave back the money he had taken—including interest—and begged the Brahmin lady to forgive him. After that, he gave up all worldly comforts and sat by the banks of the Yamuna River, praying with a clean heart. Over time, his illness completely disappeared.

One day, Gajjan and Jiyadas met near the Yamuna. They shared their life stories and became close friends. They would often talk about the Lord and how much they longed to see Him. Gajjan said, “If we can meet a saint who knows the Lord, maybe we can see Shri Krishna one day.”

Not long after, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to that very place to say His prayers.

Gajjan and Jiyadas felt something very special in their hearts. They bowed before

Him and asked to become His disciples. Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly accepted them and took them with Him to Gokul.

There, He gifted each of them a beautiful form of Shri Krishna. Gajjan received a small idol of Shri Navanita Priyaji, who looked just like a little baby Krishna. Jiyadas received Shri Ladaleshji, another sweet form of the Lord.

Jiyadas lovingly served Shri Ladaleshji every single day. He used all his time, energy, and money in seva. After each day's service, he would feel deep separation from Shri Krishna. Only great devotees experience such feelings. When Jiyadas passed away, his sons continued the seva. Later, the idol went to his friend Haraji, and then finally back to Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Gajjan also served his Shri Navanita Priyaji with deep love. He would pretend to be a cow or horse and let little Shri Krishna ride on his back. His heart was so full of devotion that he forgot his body completely and could no longer do the seva properly. One day, Shri Navanita Priyaji told him, "Take Me back to Shri Mahaprabhuji."

Gajjan obeyed at once. He traveled back to Gokul and gave the idol to his Guru with tears in his eyes. Shri Mahaprabhuji could see that Gajjan had reached the highest level of love for the Lord.

That night, there was no bed ready for Shri Navanita Priyaji, so He slept beside Shri Mahaprabhuji. The next day, a small bed was made for Him, but the Lord said, “It’s too small. I want to sleep with you.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently made another bigger bed. But still, Shri Navanita Priyaji said, “I want to sleep with you.” Shri Mahaprabhuji tried to convince Him lovingly to sleep in His own bed. After some time, Shri Navanita Priyaji agreed.

From then on, Gajjan stayed near the temple of Shri Navanita Priyaji. One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji’s wife asked Gajjan to bring some betel leaves from the market. Gajjan went out to buy them, but before he could reach the market, he felt a deep pain in his heart. He missed Shri Krishna so much that he fainted and fell to the ground.

Back at the temple, Shri Navanita Priyaji refused to accept any offerings. “Where is My Gajjan?” He asked. “I will not eat anything until I see him.”

When Shri Mahaprabhuji heard this, He asked the devotees to find Gajjan. Someone told Him that Gajjan had gone to the market. Shri Mahaprabhuji rushed out and found him lying unconscious near the path. He gently called Gajjan’s name and said, “Shri Mahaprabhuji is calling you. Please come back.”

As soon as Gajjan heard these words, he slowly got up. With great effort, he walked back to the temple. Only then did Shri Navanita Priyaji begin to eat again.

Gajjan's heart was forever tied to Shri Krishna. And Shri Krishna, too, could not bear even a moment without His dear devotee.

Poem: Gajjan and Jiyadas

By the river quiet and deep,
Two hearts woke from worldly sleep,
One had lost his kin at sea,
One had erred, then chose to see.
They sat and prayed with tearful eyes,
Wishing for the Lord so wise.
Then one day a saint passed by,
With love so warm, so pure, so high.
Shri Mahaprabhuji heard their call,
Gave them Shri Krishna, Lord of all.
They served Him with both heart and hand,
In love too deep to understand.
Gajjan played and Krishna smiled,
Like a cow with His dear child.
Jiyadas gave all he had,
In seva, joy, and moments glad.
But when Gajjan fainted, lost,
Krishna cried and paid the cost.

“No food,” He said, “until I see,
My Gajjan, who belongs to Me.”
So remember this gentle way—
True love never fades away.
Serve with heart, with joy, with grace,
And the Lord will show His face.

Story 15 Mahavan Ki Kshatrani



84 Vaishnav Story 15 Mahavan Ki Kshatrani

Long ago in the sacred town of Mahavan, there lived a brave young Kshatriya girl. She was calm, wise, and deeply spiritual. Even as a child, she felt a strong connection to Shri Krishna and knew her life had a special purpose.

One day, her family told her they had arranged her marriage. She gently warned them, "Please don't force me. If I am made to marry, something terrible will happen." But her parents, worried about what others would say, went ahead with the wedding.

Just as she had said, soon after the marriage, her husband and her family members passed away. Left all alone, the young woman didn't become bitter or angry. Instead, she turned toward the path of devotion and peace. She decided to give her life fully to God.

She became a follower of Shri Mahaprabhuji, a divine teacher filled with grace and wisdom. When she met him, she said, "Everyone serves Shri Krishna. I want to serve you, my guru."

Shri Mahaprabhuji was touched by her love. He gave her a sacred cloth with the footprints of his own feet on it. "Take care of this with love," he said. "This is your seva."

The lady accepted it with great joy. Every day, she lovingly worshipped that cloth and spent her time thinking of Shri Mahaprabhuji. After some time, he left for Benares, and she continued her seva quietly and with deep faith.

One peaceful morning, she walked to the Yamunaji River to collect water. There, in the shallow waters, she saw something very special. Four small divine forms—called 'svarupas'—of Shri Krishna stood before her in the water. They looked alive and glowing with sweetness.

She asked, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

The svarupas answered, “We are here for you. Please take us with you. After some time, you must offer us to Shri Mahaprabhuji.”

The lady replied kindly, “I will have to ask my guru first.”

Later that day, as she sat quietly in her home, Shri Mahaprabhuji appeared before her in a divine form. With a gentle smile, he said, “Bring the svarupas into your home right away.”

Filled with joy, she brought them home and began their seva with love and care. She offered them food, flowers, songs, and deep devotion every day. Her home became a place of peace and grace.

When Shri Mahaprabhuji returned, she offered the four beautiful svarupas to him with a happy heart. Shri Mahaprabhuji then gave each of them to four special devotees:

Shri Gokul Chandramaji was given to Narayanadas.

Shri Ladaleshji was given to Jiyadas.

Shri Lalitatribhangaji was given to Devarapura.

Shri Navanita Priyaji was given to Gajjan.

Even though not much more is known about this kind Kshatriya lady, her simple and pure devotion left a deep mark. Her story shows that true love for the guru and Shri Krishna shines quietly but brightly—just like a lamp in the dark.

Poem: The Devotion of the Brave Lady

In Mahavan town so calm and bright,
Lived a girl with inner light.
She warned her kin with tearful eyes,
Yet fate fulfilled her heavy cries.
Alone she stood with heart so wide,
And chose to walk by Shri Krishna's side.
She met her guru, pure and kind,
And found the peace she hoped to find.
He gave his footprints wrapped in grace,
And she adored them in her space.
Then one day near Yamuna's shore,
She found four forms she'd not seen before.
She served them all with joy and care,
With bhakti deep and daily prayer.
And when her guru came again,
She offered all without a gain.
Four svarupas, shining bright,
Were gifted on with pure delight.
A tale of love, so calm and sweet,
Where guru's path and Krishna meet.

True service needs no show or fame,
Just loving hearts in Krishna's name.

Story 16 Narayandas Bhramachari



84 Vaishnav Story 16 Narayandas Bhramachari

In a small village called Mahavan, there lived a man named Narayanadas. Each day, he would walk all the way to Mathura to beg for food. But even after doing this for so long, he never felt full or happy.

One day, someone said to him, "You keep begging, but your stomach is never full!" These simple words made Narayanadas stop and think deeply. That very day, he made a big decision. He chose to stop begging and instead sat quietly by the Yamuna river. He softly chanted the Gayatri mantra, day and night. He ate only what came to him without asking.

When his parents passed away, he moved back into their little house. He tried to earn money again, but nothing worked out. Years passed. By the time he turned forty, he realized he had spent so much time running after money and still had nothing. That day, he gave up his home and began a new life full of devotion and prayers.

Later, Narayanadas met Shri Mahaprabhuji. After becoming his disciple, he received a most special gift: the beautiful deity of Shri Gokul Chandramaji, one of the four divine forms found in the Yamuna river. This became his greatest joy.

Narayanadas became known for how carefully and lovingly he did everything for Shri Krishna. He would even wash the grass he gave to the cows so that the milk they gave would be pure and clean for the Lord. Every small action he took was filled with care and devotion.

One day, he saw some coins lying on the ground. Without any desire for money, he quietly covered them with dirt and walked away. Shri Krishna later tested him again by placing a big pile of shiny coins near his bed. When Narayanadas found them, he simply called his niece, who helped him with seva, and asked her to throw all the coins away. He had no need for them. He loved Shri Krishna, and that was enough for him.

His niece once asked, “Uncle, if Shri Krishna takes what people offer, then you must know exactly how to make Him happy.”

Narayanadas smiled and said gently, “When a Vaishnava guest comes after Shri Krishna has eaten, we should serve them all the prasada with a joyful heart. That way, we know the Lord is truly pleased. Making a devotee happy is the same as making Shri Krishna happy.”

One day, Narayanadas had just finished decorating Shri Gokul Chandramaji and placed a bowl of hot sweet rice, called khir, in front of Him. Suddenly, someone ran in and said, “Shri Mahaprabhuji is here in Gokul!”

Without waiting, Narayanadas ran out to greet him.

Shri Mahaprabhuji asked, “What is Shri Gokul Chandramaji doing now?”

Narayanadas replied, “I just finished dressing Him and offered khir.”

When they both entered the room, they saw sweet rice all over and the Lord’s hands shaking.

“What happened?” asked Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Shri Gokul Chandramaji said, “I burned my hand. The khira was too hot, but I love it so much, I couldn’t wait!”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently told Narayanadas, “The Lord really loves khira. From now on, make sure it’s cool before you offer it.”

Another time, after Narayanadas had completed his morning worship, he looked at Shri Gokul Chandramaji and saw Him smiling more than usual. It looked like the Lord was celebrating!

He asked, “O Lord, whom are you celebrating today?”

Shri Gokul Chandramaji replied, “I am celebrating Shri Raghunathji, the fifth son of Shri Gusainji. When you leave this world, he will take care of Me with great love.”

As Narayanadas grew older and weaker, Shri Krishna asked if he wished for anything. But Narayanadas only said, “I wish that in the future, Your seva is done in Shri Gusainji’s home.”

After Narayanadas and his niece both left their bodies, Shri Gokul Chandramaji was lovingly taken to Shri Gusainji’s family, where He is still worshipped today with great devotion.

Poem: True Treasure

Narayanadas sat by the Yamuna stream,
Chanting soft prayers in a peaceful dream.

He gave up gold, gave up his home,
And made Shri Krishna’s heart his own.
He washed the grass, he cleaned the bowl,

With every step, he served his goal.
Coins on the floor? He let them be.
His only wealth was love, you see!
He gave hot khir to the Lord one day,
But Shri Krishna's hand got burned that way!
"Cool it first," came Mahaprabhuji's voice,
"To please the Lord, make a careful choice."
To feed a guest with smiling face,
Brings Shri Krishna endless grace.
The path of love is pure and sweet,
Where giving brings joy that none can beat.
So remember this, both big and small,
Love for the Lord is worth it all!

Story 17 Devakapur Kshatriya



84 Vaishnav Story 17 Devakapur Kshatriya

Devakapur lived right next to a kind and devoted man named Gajjan. One day, Gajjan invited some Vaishnavas to his home to share prasada. As they all sat down to eat together, something truly magical happened.

From his window, Devakapur looked over to Gajjan's house. What he saw made his heart stop. There, sitting among the Vaishnavas, was none other than Shri Krishna Himself, calmly enjoying the meal! His form was full of divine light and love. The sight was so powerful that Devakapur fainted right where he stood.

After some time, he woke up, overwhelmed with joy and wonder. He ran straight to Gajjan and told him what he had seen. With folded hands, he asked, “When will I be able to see Shri Krishna again?”

Gajjan smiled and gently said, “Through the grace of Shri Mahaprabhuji, you will see Him again.”

Some days later, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to their town. Devakapur was filled with happiness and soon took initiation from Shri Mahaprabhuji. After accepting him as a disciple, Shri Mahaprabhuji said, “Come with me to Shri Gokul. I will give you a special gift there.”

Devakapur eagerly went along. When they reached Shri Gokul, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave him a beautiful svarupa of Shri Lalitatribhangji. From that day on, Devakapur lovingly performed daily seva to Shri Lalitatribhangji, offering food, water, flowers, and prayers with a pure and happy heart.

Years passed, and when Devakapur left this world, his devoted wife took over the seva. She served the Lord with the same love and care. After she too returned to the Lord’s world, their four sons came to the temple. They were surprised to find everything exactly as it should be—except for one thing: the svarupa of Shri Lalitatribhangji was missing!

Where had the Lord gone?

At that time, in a different town, there lived a gentle Brahmin lady who was a disciple of Shri Gusainji. One day, the divine form of Shri Lalitatribhangji appeared in her home. She was full of joy and started doing seva with deep devotion. She continued for many years, and finally, when the time felt right, she lovingly gave the svarupa to Shri Gusainji.

This story reminds us that Shri Krishna lovingly lives only where there is true bhakti. When our hearts are full of love and devotion, He will always stay close.

Poem: Where Love Stays

Shri Krishna came with joy so bright,

To bless Devakapur one calm night.

A glance, a glow, a vision sweet,

Knocked Devakapur off his feet!

To Shri Mahaprabhuji he ran,

“Please tell me, what’s the holy plan?”

“To Gokul,” said the saint with grace,

“There you’ll meet your Lord face to face.”

A gift was given, shining pure,

Shri Lalitatribhangji—love so sure.

With hands that served and hearts that sang,

Devotion in that household rang.

But when the love had gone away,
Shri Krishna did not choose to stay.
To a devotee He flew once more,
Where bhakti bloomed at every door.
So always keep your heart so clean,
With love and care and thoughts serene.
The Lord will come where love does stay,
And never, ever walk away!

Story 18 Dinkardas Sheth



84 Vaishnav Story 18 Dinkardas Sheth

In the city of Prayag, a baby boy was born into a wealthy Kshatriya family. His name was Dinkardasji. From the time he was very young, his heart was full of love for Shri Krishna and stories about His greatness. Whenever someone came to give a spiritual talk, little Dinkardasji would sneak away from his home just to hear about the Lord.

But Dinkardasji didn't stop there. He wanted to give something to those who spoke about Shri Krishna. So, he would quietly take cloth and other items from his house and give them as gifts to the speakers. His family thought he was

stealing and were very upset with him. They didn't understand his deep love. But the spiritual speakers respected him and smiled kindly at him.

One day, when Dinkardasji's elder brother was getting married, the house was full of joy and preparations. Fancy new clothes and shiny jewelry were ready for the groom. But Dinkardasji saw these and thought of the devotees. Quietly, he took everything and shared it with ten religious speakers. When he came back, his father was furious. He punished Dinkardasji and locked him in a room for three days. Still, the young boy's love for Shri Krishna never faded.

Time passed, and his parents passed away. Dinkardasji was not close to his brothers and decided to leave Prayag. Before going, he bathed at the holy spot where Shri Ganga and Shri Yamuna meet. There he met a kind man named Krishnadas Meghan. Dinkardasji asked him, "Do you know where I can hear talks about Shri Krishna?"

Krishnadas Meghan smiled and said, "Come with me to Adel. Shri Mahaprabhuji is speaking there."

They crossed the river and went to Adel together. When they reached, Dinkardasji bowed down before Shri Mahaprabhuji. Shri Mahaprabhuji looked at him and gently said, "Dinkardasji, sit down and listen."

As Dinkardasji listened to Shri Mahaprabhuji talk about the playful and divine pastimes of Shri Krishna and the Gopis, tears filled his eyes. His heart overflowed with joy. “I want to become his disciple and listen to him forever,” he thought.

Later, he prayed to Shri Mahaprabhuji, “Please accept me as your disciple.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji asked kindly, “You have heard many speakers before. Why didn’t you become their disciple?”

Dinkardasji replied honestly, “They were only interested in money. Now that I am poor, they don’t even talk to me.”

Hearing this, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave him a special mantra and said, “Do Shri Krishna’s seva.”

With folded hands and love in his heart, Dinkardasji replied, “For me, real seva is listening to your divine words.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and said, “Then you may stay with me.”

From that day, Dinkardasji stayed in Adel. Every day, he listened to Shri Mahaprabhuji and was filled with peace and devotion. One day, after taking his bath in Shri Yamunaji, he started preparing dough to make bread. Suddenly, a young water carrier came by. Dinkardasji quickly asked, “What is Shri Mahaprabhuji doing?”

The boy said, “He’s about to begin his talk!”

Dinkardasji didn’t want to miss even a word. In his hurry, he didn’t wait to cook the dough. He simply ate the raw dough and ran to the discourse.

After the talk, the young boy told Shri Mahaprabhuji what had happened. Shri Mahaprabhuji later asked Dinkardasji, “Why did you eat raw dough?”

With great love, Dinkardasji answered, “I eat cooked bread every day. But your words are sweeter than any food. I didn’t want to miss even one word of your speech.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently smiled and said, “From today, finish your cooking early. I will wait to start until you come. You are my main listener.”

Dinkardasji spent the rest of his life near Shri Mahaprabhuji, always eager to hear more about Shri Krishna. His heart remained full of devotion, and his ears never tired of listening to divine stories.

Poem: The Devotee Who Ran to Listen

Dinkardasji loved the Lord so dear,
He ran to listen, with joyful cheer.
He gave away gifts, with no selfish plan,
To those who spoke of Shri Krishna’s land.
His family scolded, they did not see,

That love for Shri Krishna had made him free.
He met Shri Mahaprabhuji with tears in his eyes,
And listened with joy that reached the skies.
He even ate dough that wasn't yet done,
Just to hear words brighter than the sun.
Shri Mahaprabhuji saw his heart so true,
And said, "I'll wait each day for you."
So let us learn from this sweet devotee,
That love for the Lord is the best there can be.
Be eager, be humble, and always stay near,
To words that make Shri Krishna appear.

Story 19 Dinkardas and Mukundadas



84 Vaishnav Story 19 Dinkardas and Mukundadas

Long ago, there lived two kind brothers named Dinkardas and Mukundadas.

After their dear father passed away, they decided to travel to the holy city of Benares to earn some money. They worked hard and soon had enough to return home. But something very sad happened on their journey back.

While walking one day, a snake bit Mukundadas. Dinkardas tried everything he could to help his brother, but nothing worked. Mukundadas grew weaker, and Dinkardas sat beside him, crying out in sorrow.

Just then, a gentle and wise Vaishnav named Krishnadas Meghan came by. He heard Dinkardas crying and asked what was wrong. Dinkardas shared the story of the snake bite. Krishnadas Meghan, who had great faith in Shri Mahaprabhuji, mixed a few drops of sacred charanamrita with water and gave it to Mukundadas.

Something wonderful happened. As soon as Mukundadas drank the charanamrita, his pain vanished and he felt well again. He folded his hands and asked Krishnadas Meghan, "Who gave you this power to heal?"

Krishnadas Meghan smiled and replied, "Shri Mahaprabhuji lives in your heart. It was through his grace that you were healed."

Hearing this, Mukundadas felt deep love for Shri Mahaprabhuji. He turned to his brother and said, "Let us both become disciples of Shri Mahaprabhuji."

Dinkardas was curious. "Who is Shri Mahaprabhuji?" he asked.

Mukundadas answered softly, "He is Shri Krishna himself. His charanamrita gave me new life. When you see him, you too will understand."

The two brothers set out to find Shri Mahaprabhuji. When they arrived at the place where he was staying, they bowed humbly at his feet and asked to become his disciples.

Shri Mahaprabhuji asked them gently, "Will you be able to follow the Path of Grace?"

Mukundadas replied with great faith, "With your grace, even the simplest person can become a true devotee. But even the most learned person cannot do anything without your blessing."

Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly accepted them and gave them the Brahma Sambandha mantra written on a piece of paper. He told them to offer their food to this sacred mantra before eating. The brothers did exactly that. They even added a few drops of charanamrita to their food before eating.

Amazingly, just by eating this prasada, they started to understand the holy Vedas and many other deep scriptures without ever studying them. Their hearts were filled with love and knowledge.

Three months later, Dinkardas, in a deep feeling of love and longing for Shri Krishna, left his body and went to the divine abode. Mukundadas stayed and began writing many poems full of devotion to Shri Mahaprabhuji, Shri Gusainji, and Shri Krishna. In his poems, he beautifully showed that they were all one and the same divine form. He also wrote a special book called "Mukunda Sagar," where he lovingly shared the stories from the tenth canto of the Shrimad Bhagavatam.

One day, a Brahmin scholar came to Mukundadas and said, "Do you want to hear my explanation of the Bhagavatam?" But Mukundadas, whose heart was always filled with Shri Mahaprabhuji's words, said kindly, "I don't have time today."

A few days later, the same Brahmin saw Mukundadas playing a game called chopada and asked again. "You have time to play games, but not to listen to my teachings?" he said.

Mukundadas smiled and replied, "Would you like to hear my thoughts on the Bhagavatam?"

The Brahmin was curious. "Is your explanation really that different?"

Mukundadas said, "One day, I'll tell you when the time is right."

Later, during a solar eclipse, Mukundadas went to the river to bathe. The Brahmin met him there and asked again. This time, Mukundadas began to explain just one line from the Bhagavatam. He spoke with such love and depth that he talked about it for a whole day and night.

By morning, the Brahmin was amazed. "Will you ever finish explaining that one line?" he asked.

Mukundadas laughed gently and said, "It might take another six months."

The Brahmin quietly walked away, full of wonder. Other scholars who came to question Mukundadas did not receive kind answers. Mukundadas did not want to share the deep secrets of Shri Mahaprabhuji's path with people who had no faith.

After some time, Mukundadas, deeply absorbed in the inner seva of Shri Krishna, left his body too. When some devotees told Shri Mahaprabhuji that Mukundadas had reached the holy city of Ujjain, Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly corrected them, saying, "It is not that he went to Ujjain. Ujjain was blessed to receive him."

For pure-hearted devotees like Mukundadas, even the holiest of places feel honored to have them.

Poem: The Grace in Their Hearts

Two brothers once walked side by side,
With love in their hearts and hope as their guide.

A snake brought pain, a brother cried,
But charanamrita healed what tried to divide.

They found Shri Mahaprabhuji full of light,
And followed his path, so pure and bright.

With every bite of offered food,
Their hearts sang hymns in loving mood.

One flew to Krishna's golden land,
The other wrote with steady hand.

Not all can hear what love reveals,
To faithful hearts, the Lord gently kneels.

So walk with grace, with faith so true,

And all the scriptures will come to you.

Story 20 Prabhudas Jalota



84 Vaishnav Story 20 Prabhudas Jalota

Prabhudasji was married very young, when he was just thirteen years old. But sadly, his wife did not have the same kind and gentle heart as him. After some time, she became angry, shouted at him, and even hit him. One day, she told the local king that she would never live with Prabhudasji again.

Now free from this unhappy life, Prabhudasji quietly left and went to live in a village called Sikandarpura. There, he stayed with a peaceful sadhu named Ramdasji.

One beautiful day, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to rest in a garden near Sikandarpura. When Prabhudasji saw him for the first time, his heart filled with joy and he felt something very special. He rushed to Shri Mahaprabhuji asked to become his disciple along with his friend.

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently said, “Ramdasji is not meant for this Path,” but still Prabhudasji ran back and brought Ramdasji with him. With a smile, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave them both their first initiation. Prabhudasji could see that Shri Mahaprabhuji was none other than Shri Krishna Himself. But Ramdasji just thought he was a very holy saint.

Later, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave Prabhudasji something very special—a sacred form of Shri Krishna for worship—and also gave him Brahma Sambandh. He told Ramdasji that his proper initiation would come later. After this, Shri Mahaprabhuji continued on his journey.

A few days later, Ramdasji became a disciple of Shri Mahaprabhuji’s oldest son, Shri Gopinathji, who gave him a Shri Krishna murti and taught him how to serve with love.

But Prabhudasji’s heart stayed always focused on Shri Mahaprabhuji. One night, he quietly left Ramdasji’s home because he felt their styles of worship were too different. He walked all the way to Shri Gokul and stayed near Shri Mahaprabhuji, happy and at peace.

One time in Mathura, another great saint, Sanatan Goswami, saw Shri Mahaprabhuji's disciples and asked, "Why are your disciples so thin, when this is the Path of Pushti, or divine nourishment?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and said, "I warned them not to come on this path. But they didn't listen, and now they live only for Shri Krishna."

Sanatan Goswami didn't understand at first and shared this answer with his own guru, Shri Krishna Chaitanya. As soon as Shri Krishna Chaitanya heard it, he fainted from the deep meaning. Just like Shri Krishna once told the Gopis to go home when they came to him, but they stayed to be with Him—these disciples also stay, forgetting their hunger and everything else, just to be close to Shri Krishna.

Prabhudasji always made his own food, but one day he made a mistake. His lentils were not cooked properly, and the bread burned. He thought it was not good enough to offer to Shri Krishna, so he added charanamrit (holy water) to it and quietly ate it himself.

Later, the Shri Krishna murti told Shri Mahaprabhuji, "I didn't get any food today."

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently asked Prabhudasji, "Why didn't you offer your meal to Shri Krishna?"

Prabhudasji felt very sorry. From that day on, he made sure to cook carefully and offer the food with full love and attention.

Another time, when he was at Radhakund, Shri Mahaprabhuji offered him some prasada. But Prabhudasji said, “I haven’t taken a bath yet.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji then recited a special verse. He explained how in Vrindavan, Shri Krishna is always standing under every tree playing His flute, and in every leaf lives a divine form of the Lord. Even the dust in Vrindavan is holy. So there is no need to worry about whether one has bathed. Right then, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave Prabhudasji a vision of the true Vrindavan. Feeling blessed, Prabhudasji ate the prasada joyfully.

On the holy day of Dan Ekadashi, Shri Mahaprabhuji asked Prabhudasji to get some curd for offering to Shri Nathji. Prabhudasji went to a nearby milkmaid and asked for some sweet curd. She said, “I have the best curd. What will you give me in return?”

Prabhudasji kindly said, “Whatever you ask, I will give.”

The milkmaid thought for a moment and said, “I want liberation.”

Prabhudasji smiled, wrote her request on paper, and handed it to her. Others laughed at the milkmaid, saying, “You gave curd for something useless!”

But she believed in Prabhudasji’s words.

Just two hours later, she passed away. When the messengers of death came for her soul, they found the messengers of liberation already there! They argued, “Why are you here? She never did anything great.”

But the messengers of liberation replied, “Prabhudasji, a dear devotee of Shri Mahaprabhuji, gave her liberation. And we obey such pure souls.”

Later, Shri Nathji told Shri Mahaprabhuji, “The curd today was wonderful!”

Shri Mahaprabhuji asked, “What did you pay for it?”

Prabhudasji said softly, “I paid a high price—I gave liberation.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji asked, “Why didn’t you give her something better—devotion to Shri Krishna?”

Prabhudasji smiled and said, “She asked for liberation. If she had asked for devotion, I would have given that too. Nothing is too much to pay for Shri Krishna’s curd.”

Prabhudasji’s heart was full of love, and everything he did was filled with Shri Krishna’s name and Shri Mahaprabhuji’s blessings.

A Gift of Liberation

Prabhudasji’s heart was soft and true,

He lived with love in all he’d do.

He cooked with care and served with joy,
Like a child with his favorite toy.
He saw Shri Krishna in every tree,
In every leaf, so blissfully.
He followed Shri Mahaprabhuji's way,
And gave his heart every day.
To buy some curd, he paid a price,
Not with coins, but something nice.
He gave a soul its final peace,
From worldly pain, a sweet release.
But if she'd asked for love divine,
He'd share that too, without a sign.
For love for Shri Krishna shines so bright,
It turns the dark to glowing light.
The story shows, in every part,
The Lord lives in a loving heart.

Story 21 Parbhudas Bhat



84 Vaishnav Story 21 Parbhudas Bhat

Long ago, in a royal court, lived a kind poet who spent his life singing the praises of kings. He had a son named Prabhudas. The father hoped that Prabhudas would grow up to be a great poet just like him. He spent a lot of time and money on Prabhudas's learning, but no matter how hard Prabhudas tried, he could not write poetry. This made his father very sad.

After his father passed away, Prabhudas went to Delhi. He met the emperor, who asked him to recite a poem. But Prabhudas gently replied, "Why should I praise

kings? Shri Krishna is the one who gives me everything I need. What can a king give me?”

The emperor became angry and ordered Prabhudas to leave the city. Feeling lost and sad, Prabhudas walked to Mathura and reached a quiet place near the Yamuna River. He sat down by the water and began to cry. “Why has Shri Krishna made me like this?” he wondered, tears rolling down his cheeks.

Just then, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to that place. He saw Prabhudas crying and lovingly called out to him, “Prabhudas, why are you so sad? Go take a bath in the holy Shri Yamunaji. I will take away your pain.”

Prabhudas did as he was told. After bathing, he came back to Shri Mahaprabhuji, who gently welcomed him and gave him a special blessing. Shri Mahaprabhuji shared the beautiful Path of Grace with him. Suddenly, something amazing happened—Prabhudas’s heart filled with devotion, and he began to sing beautiful poetry to praise Shri Mahaprabhuji and Shri Krishna. A wonderful poem came from his heart, full of love and thankfulness.

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and gave Prabhudas a sacred Child form of Shri Krishna, called a svarupa. He asked Prabhudas to take the svarupa home and lovingly serve Shri Krishna every day.

Prabhudas went home and followed all of Shri Mahaprabhuji's words. Even though some people in his family and community did not support him, he did not let that stop him. He offered pure love and devotion to Shri Krishna every day. He spent his time talking about Shri Krishna's stories with other devotees, and many happy years passed this way.

Later in life, Prabhudas became very sick. His relatives thought he was going to die soon, so they took him to a holy place called Prithodak. They thought it would be a good place for him to leave his body.

But Prabhudas woke up and asked, "Why did you bring me here?" His family explained that dying in a holy place was special.

Prabhudas calmly said, "I am a follower of Shri Mahaprabhuji. I will leave my body only at the feet of Shri Krishna. Even if you keep me here for a whole year, I will not pass away here."

The others thought Prabhudas was not thinking clearly because of his illness. But when he started walking around and getting better, they understood he was serious. They brought him back home.

As soon as he returned, Prabhudas took a bath and went to the temple. He spoke to Shri Krishna in his heart, asking why he had been taken away from his home. Then, with full faith and peace in his heart, he handed over his sacred Shri

Krishna svarupa to another devoted Vaishnav. Prabhudas bowed at the temple door and joyfully left his body. He had finally reached Shri Krishna's eternal home.

After his passing, many Vaishnavs gathered to remember him. They spoke of his great devotion and pure heart. But one man—the mayor—spoke rudely and said, “Why are you praising him? He came back from a holy place just to die!”

That night, something strange happened. Four divine servants of Shri Vishnu came to the mayor in his sleep. They scolded him and beat him with sticks. The mayor cried out, asking why he was being punished.

The servants replied, “We are punishing you for speaking badly about a pure devotee. Shri Krishna may forgive those who speak against Him, but those who speak badly about His devotees must answer to His servants. This time, we will let you go. But if you ever say such things again, we will not stop.”

The next morning, the mayor came to the Vaishnavs with a new heart. He spoke kindly of Prabhudas and showed everyone the bruises on his back. From that day on, he never again said a single harsh word about any devotee. He had learned that those who love Shri Krishna are very dear to the Lord, and must always be respected.

Poem: The Gift of Grace

Prabhudas cried by the Yamuna stream,
His heart was broken, lost in a dream.
Shri Mahaprabhuji came near that day,
And gently showed him a loving way.
A bath, a blessing, a heart set free,
Poetry bloomed so suddenly.
A sacred Child of Shri Krishna so bright,
Was given to serve with joy and light.
Though others mocked, he didn't care,
With loving hands, he offered prayer.
His life was full of faith so deep,
And when it was time, he left in peace.
Speak kindly of those who love the Lord,
Their hearts with devotion are deeply stored.
The lesson is simple, gentle, and true—
Respect the bhaktas in all you do.

Story 22 Purshottamdas and his Wife



84 Vaishnav Story 22 Purshottamdas and his Wife

In the busy town of Agra, there lived a kind-hearted man named Purushottamdas. He had recently gotten married, and both he and his gentle wife were filled with curiosity and love for the divine. One day, something very special happened—Shri Mahaprabhuji came to visit Agra on his pilgrimage.

When Purushottamdas and his wife saw Shri Mahaprabhuji, their hearts overflowed with joy. They felt something deep and peaceful just by being near him. Soon, they both decided to take initiation from him and become Vaishnavas,

followers of Shri Krishna. After giving them guidance, Shri Mahaprabhuji continued on his journey.

Not long after, Purushottamdas's mother noticed a small necklace made of tulsi beads around his neck. This was something all Vaishnavas wore. She became worried. "Why are you wearing this?" she asked. "We are followers of a different path. Why are you leaving our way of life to follow another?"

Purushottamdas spoke to her softly. "Dear Mother," he said, "we don't need to fight about this. We can all live together happily, with love in our hearts." But his mother, and also his wife's mother, did not accept their new path. They could not understand this change.

Sadly, both mothers soon passed away after falling into a well. Purushottamdas and his wife, filled with sorrow, decided to go bathe in the sacred Ganges river and seek peace in the company of Shri Mahaprabhuji, who was then staying in a place called Adel.

When they arrived and bowed before Shri Mahaprabhuji, he gently spoke to them. "Your mothers were not divine souls," he said kindly, "but because you have become Vaishnavas, they too will be freed. When someone becomes a true Vaishnava, it brings blessings to the whole family."

Hearing this, Purushottamdas and his wife felt comfort in their hearts. Shri Mahaprabhuji then gave them a beautiful form of Shri Krishna to worship and taught them the path of loving devotion.

Some time later, another great saint, Shri Gusainji, came to Agra. He stayed at the home of Purushottamdas and his wife. They were overjoyed to serve him. After offering food to Shri Krishna, they lovingly asked Shri Gusainji to eat from those same plates. “Please eat while the food is still warm,” they insisted.

At first, Shri Gusainji said no, but their love and care touched his heart, and he agreed. After eating, Purushottamdas’s wife brought more food and gently asked him to eat again. Shri Gusainji smiled and said, “Maybe later,” but she sweetly replied, “Just like Shri Krishna ate food offered by his devotees in Nanda Baba’s house, you too are the Lord in our home.”

To them, Shri Gusainji was not just a saint—he was like Shri Krishna himself.

They treated him with great respect and love. They laid down fresh bedsheets and invited him to rest. Then, they sat near him and softly massaged his feet. This continued for a whole week. Every day, they served him delicious food, clean clothes, and everything he needed with great joy and devotion.

Through this story, we learn something very special: When a devotee serves their guru with more love than even the Lord, Shri Krishna becomes very pleased. Such pure-hearted love brings blessings beyond measure.

Poem: The Gift of Loving Service

Purushottamdas with heart so true,
And his dear wife with kindness too,
Met Shri Mahaprabhuji one fine day,
And chose the Vaishnav path to stay.
Their families did not understand,
But love and peace were close at hand.
Though sorrow came, they did not fear,
For Shri Mahaprabhuji was near.
He said their clan was now set free,
Because they served with purity.
He gave them Shri Krishna's sweet form,
And showed them love that keeps hearts warm.
Shri Gusainji came to their door,
They served him food and so much more.
With sheets so clean and loving care,
They saw Shri Krishna resting there.
A lesson sweet and full of grace,

Love for the guru brings God's face.
When hearts are kind and full of cheer,
Shri Krishna's blessings come so near.

Story 23 Tripurdas Kayasth



84 Vaishnav Story 23 Tripurdas Kayasth

Tripurdasji was a young boy whose father worked for a king. One day, Tripurdasji and his father traveled with the king to a big city named Agra to meet the emperor. On their way back, the group stopped at a very holy place called Govardhan Hill. This place is very special because Shri Krishna played there long ago.

When Tripurdasji saw the beautiful form of Shri Nathji at Govardhan, he was filled with joy. He stayed there for three whole days, just looking at the Lord. His heart forgot everything else in the world. On the third day, the king wanted to

return, but Tripurdasji was too sad to leave. He even got a high fever from the thought of going away. Seeing his deep love for Shri Krishna, his father allowed him to stay for two more months. With happiness, Tripurdasji said goodbye to his father and went back to Shri Nathji.

Not long after, during another battle, the king's group was attacked, and sadly, Tripurdasji's father lost his life. When Tripurdasji heard this, he did not cry. Instead, he thought, "Now I belong only to Shri Krishna. I have no other duty but to serve Him."

Every day, Tripurdasji would visit the temple at Govardhan. Shri Mahaprabhuji noticed the boy's deep devotion. Gently, he asked, "My child, you have been here for a long time. Don't you want to go home?"

Tripurdasji answered with great feeling, "I have no one else. My only home is at the feet of Shri Nathji."

Shri Mahaprabhuji was touched. He lovingly said, "Don't worry. I will make sure that Shri Nathji stays with you always, no matter where you are." Tripurdasji smiled and said, "That would be wonderful!"

Shri Mahaprabhuji then gave him special blessings and some sacred dust from Shri Nathji's feet, called charanamrit. From that moment on, Shri Nathji was always with Tripurdasji—in his dreams, when he was awake, even when he was

fast asleep. Tripurdasji went home, but he made a vow: he would never eat or drink anything unless it was first mixed with that charanamrit.

One day, a man whom Tripurdasji worked for became angry because Tripurdasji could not pay a debt. That man put Tripurdasji in jail. But Shri Krishna cannot bear to see His dear devotees suffer. That night, He sent four of His divine helpers to the man's house. They gave him a firm warning and asked why he had jailed Tripurdasji. The man got very scared and promised to release him. He ran to the jail and begged Tripurdasji to leave right away. Tripurdasji said he would leave in the morning, but the man was so afraid that he insisted he leave immediately!

Each year, Tripurdasji would send a special silk quilt to Shri Nathji as a gift. But one year, he had no money. He sold a small silver inkstand and bought a simple colored cotton cloth. He quietly sent it to the temple and asked the store manager not to tell anyone.

Later, during a festival, Shri Nathji said to Shri Gusainji, "I feel so cold today." Shri Gusainji brought more quilts and even lit extra heaters, but the Lord still felt cold. Then Shri Gusainji asked if Tripurdasji had sent a quilt this year. The manager told him about the cotton cloth.

At once, Shri Gusainji made a simple shawl from that cloth and wrapped it around Shri Nathji. The Lord smiled and said, "Ah, now I feel warm!" Even though it was not fancy, the love inside that gift made it Shri Nathji's favorite.

When Tripurdasji heard this, his heart overflowed. He cried tears of love and sang a sweet song from his soul. He knew that Shri Krishna cared more about love than about expensive gifts.

Another time, Tripurdasji could not find his charanamrit. Because of this, he refused to eat or drink. He told the cook not to call him for meals. But while the cook was making food, a beautiful boy appeared. He gave the cook three bags: one with Shri Nathji's charanamrit, one with Shri Mahaprabhuji's charanamrit, and one with Shri Nathji's prasad. The boy told the cook to invite Tripurdasji to eat.

The cook called him twice, but Tripurdasji didn't come. Only when he heard about the bags did he run in, asking where the boy had gone. The cook didn't know who it was, but Tripurdasji did. He realized that the boy was none other than Shri Krishna Himself!

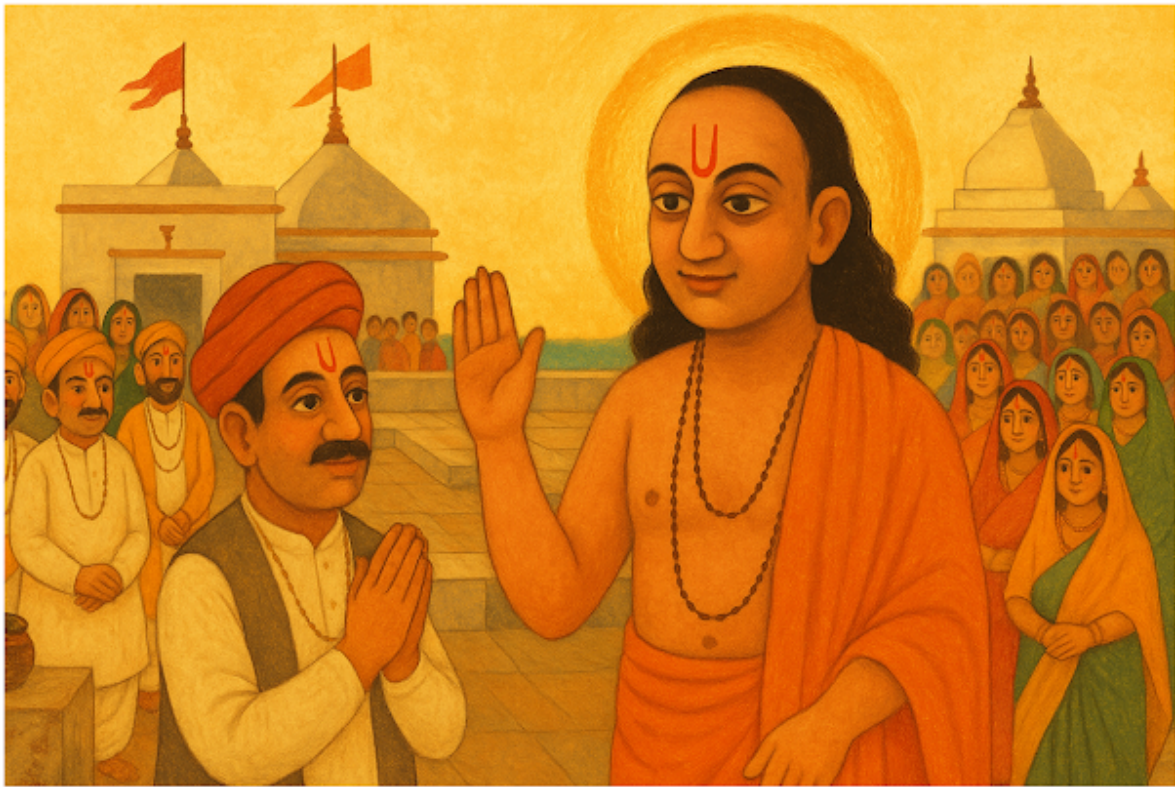
Right then, Tripurdasji felt sad. He thought, "My small stubbornness caused the Lord to come Himself and serve me. I must never trouble Him like this again." From that day, he promised never to cause any difficulty for his Lord.

Tripurdasji lived in the sweet presence of Shri Krishna all the time. His love was deep and simple. Let us always keep that love in our hearts too.

Poem: The Simple Gift

Tripurdasji saw the Lord one day,
At Govardhan Hill, he chose to stay.
He lost his parents, but gained much more,
A love for Shri Krishna, pure to the core.
He offered quilts with a loving hand,
But one year gave just cloth so plain and bland.
Shri Nathji smiled, "This warms Me best,
Love, not riches, is My true vest."
When jailed by a man, the Lord took flight,
Sent His guards in the dead of night.
Freed His child from worldly pain,
And wrapped him in His love again.
Once charanamrit could not be found,
Tripurdasji fasted, not making a sound.
Shri Krishna came as a little boy,
Bringing sacred gifts with joy.
The moral is gentle, easy to see,
The Lord loves hearts that love simply.
True bhakti is soft, not loud or grand,
It's holding Shri Krishna's hand in hand.

Story 24 Puranmal Jeval Kshatriya



84 Vaishnav Story 24 Puranmal Jeval Kshatriya

Long ago, in a town full of grand houses and busy people, there lived a man named Puranamal. His father had been a very rich man, but he never cared much about God. Puranamal was different. Even though he had all the money his father left behind, he still thought deeply about life and truth.

Puranamal lived away from his wife because she was not interested in spiritual things. Every month, he sent her money for her needs. One night, something amazing happened. Shri Nathji, the form of Shri Krishna, appeared in his dream.

With a sweet and strong voice, Shri Nathji said, “Build My temple on top of Govardhan Hill.”

When Puranamal woke up, he could not forget the dream. The beautiful image of Shri Nathji stayed in his heart all the time. He left everything behind and went in search of the place he had seen in his dream. After many days, he reached a lovely little town called Gopalpura, also known as Jatipura. The moment he arrived, he felt this was the place from his dream.

Puranamal met the head priest of Shri Nathji’s temple and shared what Shri Nathji had told him. The priest listened kindly and said, “I cannot give permission for such a big task. But Shri Mahaprabhuji is coming here soon. You should speak to him.”

A few days later, Shri Mahaprabhuji arrived in Gopalpura during one of his holy journeys across India. When Puranamal met him, he felt great peace and love. Shri Mahaprabhuji blessed him and gave him spiritual initiation. Then Puranamal told Shri Mahaprabhuji all about his dream and how he was ready to build the temple for Shri Nathji.

Shri Mahaprabhuji agreed. He wanted the temple to look like a simple home, just like the house of Shri Nanda Baba, Shri Krishna’s father. The first architect made drawings with a dome on the roof, but Shri Mahaprabhuji said no. He wanted a flat roof. The architect tried again, but somehow, the dome appeared once

more—just like before. Even when Shri Mahaprabhuji stood and watched the drawings being made, the dome still came out in the final picture.

That's when Shri Mahaprabhuji realized it was Shri Nathji's wish. The Lord wanted a temple that looked like a temple. He wanted it to be grand so that many people would come, feel devotion, and remember Him.

Before building began, Shri Mahaprabhuji respectfully asked Giriraj Hill, "Will it trouble you if we build a temple on top of you?" Giriraj Hill was very happy and said yes with joy.

Soon the work started. But before it could go very far, all of Puranamal's money was gone. He had spent all that he inherited from his father. This was Shri Nathji's way of teaching him something important—the temple must be built with love and effort, not just easy money. Many people offered to help pay for the building, but Shri Mahaprabhuji said no. It had to be done by Puranamal himself.

So, Puranamal went and worked with jewelers for many days. He worked hard and saved a lot of money. When he returned to Gopalpura, he used the money wisely to finish the temple. He also gave many gifts to Shri Nathji—beautiful jewels, clothes, and lots of food.

When the temple was ready, Shri Mahaprabhuji led the grand opening. Everyone was filled with joy and devotion. Shri Mahaprabhuji was pleased with all the love and care Puranamal had shown. He said, “Ask for a blessing.”

Puranamal had only one wish. “I want to apply perfumed sandal paste to Shri Nathji one day,” he said.

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and said yes.

One day, after finding the most fragrant sandalwood, Puranamal made the paste with great care. Then, with Shri Mahaprabhuji by his side, he entered Shri Nathji’s holy chamber and gently applied the paste. It was a moment full of love.

Shri Mahaprabhuji then gave Puranamal one of Shri Nathji’s own shawls as a gift. From that moment, Puranamal felt his heart overflow with love for Shri Krishna. He had become truly Krishna conscious.

Puranamal learned a deep truth: even after giving all our money and time, real devotion comes from love. A single moment of pure love for the Lord is greater than a lifetime of work without it.

Poem: The Temple of Love

Puranamal dreamed one starry night,

Shri Nathji came, glowing bright.

“Build My temple on the hill,”

Spoke the Lord, so calm and still.
He searched and walked till he could see,
Gopalpura, the place to be.
With heart so full, he shared his plan,
With Shri Mahaprabhuji, a gentle man.
The roof was drawn so flat and neat,
But domes kept coming, soft and sweet.
Then Mahaprabhuji knew the way,
It was Shri Nathji who wished that day.
Puranamal gave all his gold,
His heart was strong, his love was bold.
When his coins were all but gone,
He worked again, from dusk to dawn.
He built the temple with love so true,
With cloth and gems and offerings too.
Then came the time for joy and grace,
To rub the paste on Krishna's face.
A shawl was gifted, blessings rained,
His love for Shri Krishna forever remained.
One moment of love, pure and sweet,
Can make a lifetime feel complete.

Story 25 Yadavendradas Kumhar



84 Vaishnav Story 25 Yadavendradas Kumhar

Long ago in the town of Mahavan, there lived a kind-hearted boy named Yadavendradasji. He was the son of a humble potter and grew up helping his father make pots from clay. He had a simple life, but his heart was full of love for God.

One day, a wise and gentle Vaishnav named Narayanadasji Brahmachari invited Yadavendradasji to his home. He offered him some sacred food called *prasada*, which had been offered to Shri Krishna. As soon as Yadavendradasji ate the *prasada*, something changed deep inside him. His heart became full of peace and

love, and he felt very close to Shri Krishna. A few days later, he met Shri Mahaprabhuji and became His disciple. From that day on, Yadavendradasji dedicated his whole life to serving Shri Mahaprabhuji with joy and care.

Whenever Shri Mahaprabhuji and Shri Gusainji went on pilgrimages, Yadavendradasji would carry their tents and food on his back. He never complained. He helped set up camps, took care of the other devotees, and even stayed up all night to guard the camp so everyone could sleep peacefully. His heart was always filled with love and service.

One spring evening in Gokul, Shri Gusainji said, "Tonight is a very good time to start building a temple." After saying this, Shri Gusainji went to rest.

But Yadavendradasji did not sleep. He picked up a shovel and quietly began digging the ground to lay the temple's foundation. He worked all through the night without stopping. By morning, there was a big pile of earth.

When Shri Gusainji woke up and saw the dug-out land, he asked what had happened. A Vaishnav told him that Yadavendradasji had spent the whole night digging. Shri Gusainji asked Yadavendradasji why he had done so much work.

Yadavendradasji gently said, "You mentioned it was a good time to start, so I began right away."

It took the workers one whole month to finish what Yadavendradasji had done in a single night! Soon, a beautiful temple was built there, and Shri Navanita Priyaji, the child form of Shri Krishna, came to live in that temple.

Another time, Yadavendradasji dug a well near Shri Nathji's temple. He used the mud from the well to make pots. But when he tasted the water, it was full of undesirable elements and tasted bad. Yadavendradasji wanted only the best for Shri Nathji, so he prayed and performed special prayers near the holy river Ganga.

He prayed with so much love and honesty that the river goddess, Gangaji, became pleased with him. She blessed the well and turned its water into sweet, tasty water—perfect for Shri Nathji's service.

Yadavendradasji always remembered that whatever is offered to Shri Krishna should be pure and full of love. He gave his heart and strength to serving with joy, and Shri Mahaprabhuji's grace was always with him.

His story reminds us that even simple acts, when done with love, become very special in the eyes of God.

Poem: Yadavendradasji's Loving Hands

In Mahavan, a potter's son,
Worked with joy from sun to sun.

Prasada touched his soul one day,
And all his doubts just flew away.
He served with love, both day and night,
Carrying tents with all his might.
He stayed awake when others slept,
And every vow of love he kept.
One starry night in Gokul fair,
He dug a temple then and there!
With gentle hands and heart so wide,
He built with joy and quiet pride.
He prayed for water pure and sweet,
So Shri Nathji's joy was complete.
Gangaji smiled at his prayer,
And filled the well with love and care.
So if you serve with heart so true,
Shri Krishna's blessings come to you.
The moral shines like stars above—
True seva flows from selfless love.

Story 26 Gusaindas Saraswat



84 Vaishnav Story 26 Gusaindas Saraswat

A long time ago, in a quiet village, a boy named Gusaindas was born into a kind Brahmin family. He was very thoughtful and calm, and even as a child, he liked listening to stories about the Lord.

When Gusaindas was just fourteen years old, he heard someone reading from holy books like the Gita and the Bhagavatam. Those words touched his heart deeply. He felt a strong pull to leave everything behind and go on a journey to find the truth. So, he quietly began walking from one holy place to another, visiting many temples and meeting good people who loved Shri Krishna.

For ten long years, he traveled like this, feeling closer and closer to the Lord.

Then, when he was twenty-four years old, Gusaindas came to the sacred city of Mathura. There, he saw Shri Mahaprabhuji for the first time.

Gusaindas felt something very special and peaceful in Shri Mahaprabhuji's presence. He folded his hands and gently asked, "May I become your disciple?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji looked at him with love and asked, "You have been traveling so much for your spiritual search. If I accept you, what will you do after that?"

Gusaindas humbly said, "I will follow your teachings with all my heart."

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and agreed. He gave Gusaindas a special gift—a small sacred form of Shri Krishna, called a *svarupa*, to worship with love every day.

Gusaindas was full of joy. He stayed in Mathura and began to serve Shri Krishna with great devotion, offering food, singing prayers, and caring for the Lord with all his heart.

As time passed, Gusaindas began to feel a deep closeness with Shri Krishna. The Lord became like a friend to him. One day, Shri Krishna quietly told another Brahmin disciple of Shri Mahaprabhuji to visit Gusaindas every day and see the beautiful form of the Lord.

The Brahmin happily did so, and every day he would visit Gusaindas and look lovingly at the Lord. He prayed in his heart that one day, he too might receive a sacred form of Shri Krishna to serve.

One day, Gusaindas gently said to the Brahmin, “If you wish, you may live with me and help serve Shri Krishna.”

But the Brahmin replied, “Thank you, but I hope to serve Shri Krishna on my own one day.”

Gusaindas smiled and didn’t say much more.

Then, something special happened. Shri Krishna quietly let Gusaindas know that it was time for him to leave this world and come to a very holy place in the Himalayas called Badrikashram. So Gusaindas called the Brahmin and said, “My time to leave has come. I want you to have this sacred form of Shri Krishna. He is very pleased with your devotion.”

The Brahmin was surprised and asked, “But what will you do now?”

Gusaindas answered calmly, “I will go to Badrikashram. There, I will leave this body and go to the Lord’s eternal home. But if, by chance, I return, I will quietly stay outside your home and see Shri Krishna once a day. You don’t need to worry. Everything is as it should be.”

With a heart full of peace and love, Gusaindas left for the snowy mountains. A few days later, news came that he had indeed given up his body there, just as he had said. The Brahmin remembered Gusaindas's words and felt deep respect and love for him.

He thought, "Gusaindasji truly kept his promise. He lived a life full of truth, devotion, and kindness. I will honor him by worshiping Shri Krishna every single day, just as he taught me."

And that's what the Brahmin did. For the rest of his life, he lovingly served Shri Krishna and always remembered his dear friend and teacher, Gusaindasji.

This story reminds us that when we live with love, truth, and devotion, the Lord always stays close to us.

Poem: Gusaindasji's Promise

A boy once heard the Gita's song,
It made his heart feel brave and strong.
He left his home to seek the light,
And walked with faith from day to night.
To Mathura he came one day,
Where Shri Mahaprabhuji showed the way.
A little form of Shri Krishna so sweet,

He served with love and gentle feet.
Another came with prayer so true,
And daily came to get the view.
Gusaindasji saw his spark,
And gave his Shri Krishna from the heart.
He said, "I'll go to mountain skies,
And leave this world where my soul will rise.
But if I stay, I'll come each day,
To see the Lord and softly pray."
He went to Badrikashram far,
Where snowy peaks and silence are.
He left this world with peaceful grace,
With Shri Krishna's smile upon his face.
The Brahmin stayed and served with care,
And kept the love they both did share.
This tale reminds both me and you,
That promises made in love stay true.

Story 27 Madhava Bhatt Kashmiri



84 Vaishnav Story 27 Madhava Bhatt Kashmiri

A long time ago, in the beautiful land of Kashmir, a bright and kind boy named Madhava Bhatt was born in a Brahmin family. He loved to learn and always respected his elders. As he grew older, he became the student of a wise teacher named Kesava Bhatt. Together, they went to listen to the sacred talks of Shri Mahaprabhuji, who shared the sweet wisdom of Shri Krishna's love and devotion.

Kesava Bhatt was very proud of his knowledge. When they went to listen to Shri Mahaprabhuji's teachings, Kesava Bhatt sat high on a raised seat. But Madhava

Bhatt sat humbly on the ground, quietly soaking in every word with love and respect.

After the talks, Madhava Bhatt liked to spend time with Shri Mahaprabhuji's followers. He enjoyed their light-hearted and happy conversations. One day, Kesava Bhatt asked him, "Why do you go to those playful talks and not attend my serious lessons?"

Madhava Bhatt replied gently, "I find more joy in the cheerful talks of Shri Mahaprabhuji's disciples than in your lessons."

This made Kesava Bhatt unhappy. He felt that Madhava Bhatt was no longer loyal to him. So, before leaving on a journey, he took Madhava Bhatt to Shri Mahaprabhuji and said goodbye.

Later, someone asked Shri Mahaprabhuji, "Both Madhava Bhatt and Kesava Bhatt listened to your words. Why did only Madhava Bhatt truly understand them?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji replied with love, "Kesava Bhatt was full of pride and thought he already knew everything. But Madhava Bhatt listened with a heart full of devotion. That is why he understood."

After receiving initiation from Shri Mahaprabhuji, Madhava Bhatt asked, "What is my duty now as a Vaishnav?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji kindly answered, "Serve Shri Krishna with love."

Madhava Bhatt said, "My family has a Deity of Shri Krishna. May I continue worshipping Him with your blessings?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji agreed and taught him the special way of worship called "Pushti Seva." With great happiness, Madhava Bhatt returned to Kashmir and lovingly began serving his Shri Krishna every day.

One day, a rich man's son passed away in the same town. The father cried out in great sorrow, "If someone cannot bring my son back to life, I too shall die."

A Vaishnav passing by said, "Why should such sadness happen in a place where the great devotee Madhava Bhatt lives?"

Hearing this, the grieving father ran to Madhava Bhatt and begged, "Please, you are a great soul. Bring my son back. If not, I will not be able to live."

Madhava Bhatt's heart filled with kindness. He folded his hands and prayed deeply to Shri Krishna, "O merciful Lord, please help this man. You are full of love and praised by all. Please remove his sorrow."

Shri Krishna replied to his prayer, "Since your heart feels pity, tell the man his son is alive."

Madhava Bhatt looked at the man and softly said, "Your son is alive."

The man stood still in shock, unable to believe it. Another person nudged him and said, "Celebrate! Your son is alive!"

Everyone began to cheer and praise Madhava Bhatt. They said, "He is a great devotee! He spoke, and the child returned!"

But Madhava Bhatt became worried. "Now people will keep coming to me with all their troubles. This will disturb my Shri Krishna," he thought.

So, quietly in the middle of the night, he took his beloved Deity and left the town. He traveled to Adel to continue his peaceful service.

Madhava Bhatt was very wise and a good writer. Shri Mahaprabhuji made him his scribe. Madhava Bhatt would write down Shri Mahaprabhuji's deep explanations on the sacred Shrimad Bhagavatam, which were called the Subodhini.

Whenever he could not understand something clearly, he would stop writing and ask Shri Mahaprabhuji to explain. Only after he understood perfectly would he write again. He always sat with his feet covered and with great respect in front of Shri Mahaprabhuji.

One time, while on a holy journey, Madhava Bhatt stepped outside late at night. Sadly, some thieves were hiding nearby. One of them shot an arrow, and Madhava

Bhatt was hurt badly. As he lay down, he softly chanted the holy name of Shri Mahaprabhuji, and then he left his body.

When the news reached Shri Mahaprabhuji, someone asked him, "Why did such a devoted soul leave the world in such a painful way?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji explained gently, "A long time ago, while making Shri Krishna's flower bed, he did not see a small thorn. That thorn pricked Shri Krishna. This was the result of that mistake. But because he left while remembering the Lord, he has now reached Shri Krishna's eternal home."

Later, Shri Mahaprabhuji understood that it was time to stop writing his Subodhini. He felt that Shri Krishna wished for him to return as well. Soon after, he went to Benares and peacefully left this world to be with the Lord.

The Devotee Who Spoke with Love

Madhava Bhatt, so gentle and kind, Kept Shri Krishna always in mind. He served with love, he prayed with care, And found sweet joy in humble prayer.

He wrote for Shri Mahaprabhuji each day, In silence, learning the Vaishnav way. He never let pride block what he heard, He opened his heart to every word.

When sorrow came to a grieving man, Madhava Bhatt did what few souls can. He prayed to the Lord with all his heart, And helped bring joy with a loving start.

But when fame came, he walked away, To keep his Lord from worldly sway. He
chose a path so soft and sweet, With love for Shri Krishna in every beat.

The thorn that pricked the Lord one night, Was repaid with pain, but also light.
For those who chant the Lord's pure name, Find bliss beyond this worldly game.

So children, remember what this shows, The path of love is where true joy grows.

Poem: A Heart So Soft, A Light So Bright

In Kashmir's hills so high and cold,
Lived Madhava Bhatt, both wise and bold.

He followed truth with steady pace,
And served Shri Krishna with loving grace.

He listened well with open heart,
While pride made others drift apart.

He prayed with love, so calm and true,
And Shri Krishna showed what love can do.

A sad man cried, "My son is gone!"

But Madhava Bhatt just carried on.

He prayed and spoke with gentle voice,
And brought back hope, a town's new choice.

He left the noise and walked away,
To serve the Lord in quiet way.

He wrote each word with peaceful care,
With Shri Mahaprabhuji always there.
Though pain did come, he did not fear,
He left this world with Krishna near.
And through his life we learn so clear:
A humble heart brings God so near.

Story 28 and 29 Gopaldas Banasvade and Padmaraval Sanchora



84 Vaishnav Story 28 Gopaldas and Padmaraval

A long time ago, in a family of brave warriors, a boy named Gopaldas was born. When he turned eleven, his father wanted him to have his head shaved, a special tradition at a holy place called Prayag. Gopaldas traveled there with his father's helper. At the river where two sacred waters, the Ganga and Yamuna, meet, they found a barber to do the shaving.

But Gopaldas said, "I don't want my dirty hair to fall into these pure rivers." So he walked ten miles away and got his head shaved there instead.

During his visit to the river, something very special happened. One day, while he was taking his bath and doing his prayers, Shri Mahaprabhuji also came to the river. Seeing Gopaldas, Shri Mahaprabhuji gently poured water over his head. In that moment, Gopaldas felt a deep awakening in his heart. He asked to become Shri Mahaprabhuji's disciple and was lovingly accepted into the Path of Grace. Devotion to Shri Krishna became the center of his life.

After returning home, Gopaldas opened a resting house for travelers. His only wish was to meet more Vaishnavas, because there were none in his town. He didn't want praise or rewards. He only wanted to serve with love.

Each afternoon, Gopaldas would visit the rest house to check if anyone needed food. If any Vaishnavas came, he invited them to his home, served them Shri Krishna's food, and even gave them money if they had none.

One day, a Brahmin named Padmaraval came to the rest house. Gopaldas welcomed him and asked about his journey. Padmaraval said that a kind man from Ujjain had given him money to visit Shri Krishna's temple in Dwarka. Now, his money was gone, and he was heading back.

Gopaldas could feel that Padmaraval was special. He thought, "If he can love Shri Mahaprabhuji like he loves Shri Krishna, he will reach great heights in devotion."

He asked Padmaraval, "Has Shri Krishna ever spoken to you?"

Padmaraval laughed gently, “Can the Lord talk to anyone?”

Gopaldas smiled and said, “Yes. Near Prayag, at a place called Adel, Shri Krishna has come as Shri Mahaprabhuji. You can see Him and even speak to Him there.”

“Will He show Himself to me as clearly as in Dwarka?” Padmaraval asked.

“Yes, He will,” said Gopaldas.

That night, Padmaraval could not sleep. His heart was full of longing to see Shri Mahaprabhuji. The very next morning, he left and returned to Ujjain. There, the man who had funded his journey, Mavaji Patel, noticed his hurry and asked what had changed.

Padmaraval said, “I have heard that Shri Krishna is in Adel as Shri Mahaprabhuji. I want to go there now.”

Mavaji asked if he could come too. Later, his wife Birajo also wanted to join.

Padmaraval agreed, and they began preparing for the journey.

After many days of travel, they arrived across the Yamuna River from Adel. Their hearts were full of excitement and longing. At that very moment, Shri Mahaprabhuji came out for His midday prayers. Knowing they had arrived, He sent a devotee across the river to bring them back.

The boatman asked, “Are you Padmaraval, Mavaji, and Birajo?”

When they said yes, he replied, “Shri Krishna, in the form of Shri Mahaprabhuji, has sent this boat for you.”

Once they reached Adel, they saw Shri Mahaprabhuji and felt as if they were seeing Lord Dwarkanathji Himself. They bowed, full of love and joy, and asked to become His disciples. Shri Mahaprabhuji accepted them with kindness.

That evening, while Shri Mahaprabhuji was eating, Padmaraval quietly wondered, “Does Shri Mahaprabhuji eat the way Shri Krishna does? Will I get a taste of His food?”

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and called him inside. There, Padmaraval saw the divine form of Shri Krishna enjoying His meal. After finishing, Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly gave His leftover food to Padmaraval, who happily shared it with Mavaji and Birajo.

Shri Mahaprabhuji told them to begin Shri Krishna’s worship. Padmaraval asked, “Please let me serve the Lord just as I serve You, and let me see His face all day.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji promised to visit Ujjain and bring a special form of the Lord for them.

Some time later, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to Ujjain. He gave Birajo her formal initiation and asked Padmaraval to get a Deity of Shri Krishna. Padmaraval found a beautiful eight-armed form of the Lord from someone in his community. Shri

Mahaprabhuji lovingly performed the special rites to begin Padmaraval's daily worship.

Mavaji and Birajo also wanted a Deity. Shri Mahaprabhuji said that His son, Shri Gusainji, would give them one.

One day, Padmaraval shared his worry with Shri Mahaprabhuji. "The other Brahmins say I have no knowledge and yet I've become a Vaishnav."

Shri Mahaprabhuji gave him sacred sandal paste and holy water from His feet. The moment Padmaraval tasted them, he gained the deep wisdom of the Vedas and Puranas. He could now speak with great knowledge and even debate other learned men.

Padmaraval was very close to his Lord. One day, he made a new bed for Shri Krishna. But the Lord said, "I cannot sleep—it's too small." So Padmaraval made a bigger one.

Another time, Padmaraval's wife offered hot sweet rice. The Lord showed Shri Mahaprabhuji His red hand, saying, "It burned Me!"

Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly told them, "Always cool the sweet rice before offering. Shri Krishna is still a child. He cannot wait!"

In another moment of grace, while Padmaraval was on his way to Dwarka, Shri Krishna appeared in his dream and told him that a devotee in a place called Raja

Nagar would welcome him. That same night, the Lord also told His devotee in Raja Nagar to find Padmaraval and invite him to his home.

The next day, as Padmaraval reached Raja Nagar, he asked a young student to beg for grains from seven homes. But then, Padmaraval changed his mind and told him to return the grains. When the student went back to the homes, one man asked, “Why have you come again?” When he learned it was for Padmaraval, the man joyfully invited him home. That night, they spoke lovingly about Shri Krishna and His many lilas.

Another sweet story tells how Padmaraval once had very little ghee and many rotis. He put the few ghee-covered rotis on top and asked Shri Krishna to eat only those. Later, when he returned, the ghee rotis were at the bottom! The Lord had eaten them all.

Padmaraval asked, “Why did You eat the dry ones?”

Shri Krishna replied, “You offered them. I eat all that is offered with love.”

Padmaraval kept those rotis and ate a small piece every day, remembering his Lord’s kindness.

Through just one meeting with Gopaldas, Padmaraval, Mavaji, and Birajo’s lives changed forever. Their hearts filled with love and faith. The poet Surdasji once sang:

"A moment with Krishna's loving friends
Is greater than joy that never ends
More than heaven's delight and freedom's prize
Is the grace seen in a Vaishnav's eyes"

Poem: The Grace of a Moment

Gopaldas bathed where rivers meet,
Shri Mahaprabhuji made his heart complete.
A touch of water, a glowing light,
Brought his soul to shining sight.
Padmaraval met a friend so true,
Who told him where the Lord shone through.
To Adel they sailed across the stream,
And saw Shri Krishna in a dream.
Hot khir, small beds, or dry roti bread,
The Lord smiled sweetly at all that was said.
He taught with laughter, joy, and grace,
In every heart, He found His place.
So if you meet a saint one day,
And feel their love in a gentle way,
Know that even a moment so small,
Can fill your soul and change it all.

Story 30 Purshotamdas Joshi



84 Vaishnav Story 30 Purshotamdas Joshi

Many years ago, in the land of Gujarat, there lived a thoughtful man named Purushottam Joshi. One day, when Shri Mahaprabhuji was visiting Gujarat, Purushottam Joshi came to see Him. He had a question in his heart and asked kindly, “Which is better—doing good actions or learning deep knowledge?”

Shri Mahaprabhuji looked at him with love and answered, “The best path is the one your heart naturally follows. But today, it is hard to do strict actions or study deeply. Our bodies get tired, and our minds wander. That’s why, in this time, the best way is the path of love and devotion to Shri Krishna.”

Purushottam Joshi then asked, “How can I grow stronger in devotion?”

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and shared a special teaching called the *Bhakti Vardhani*. He gently explained, “If you want your love for Shri Krishna to grow, listen to His beautiful stories and speak of His glories. Live a simple life, do your duties, and keep Shri Krishna in your heart always. Even if you work to earn a living, think of Him as much as you can. Keep hearing His name, and soon, your heart will be full of love for Him.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji also shared that a true devotee feels less and less attached to worldly things. If someone leaves home to be close to Shri Krishna, they must be careful. It’s not enough to run away from distractions—they must also stay in holy places, avoid bad company, and keep good friends who love Shri Krishna.

He said, “Those who serve Shri Krishna and love Him deeply will never fall. Even if troubles come, don’t fear. Shri Krishna always protects His loving devotees.”

These sweet and wise words touched Purushottam Joshi deeply. He and his wife both asked for Shri Mahaprabhuji’s blessings and became His disciples. From that day, they stopped worrying about making money and spent their days in worship, happily living with whatever came their way.

Later, they decided to travel to meet Shri Gusainji, the dear son of Shri Mahaprabhuji. On their way, they reached Ujjain and wanted to find the sons of Padmaraval, a great devotee they had heard of.

They first visited three of the sons, but the welcome they received was not very warm. The brothers gave them only a little grain and did not show much love.

Purushottam Joshi quietly thought, “These sons do not seem to carry the loving nature of their father.”

Soon, the fourth son, Krishna Bhatt, heard that Purushottam Joshi and his wife were in town. With great love, he came to meet them. He happily invited them to stay at his home. Krishna Bhatt made many delicious offerings for Shri Krishna and then lovingly served the food to Purushottam Joshi and his wife.

Seeing Krishna Bhatt’s kindness, Purushottam Joshi thought with joy, “He is the true inheritor of his father’s devotion.”

When it was time to leave, Krishna Bhatt said, “Let me come with you to see Shri Gusainji. A journey with devotees like you will be filled with joy and talks of the Lord.”

As they traveled together, they stopped each night to rest. But something surprising happened. Purushottam Joshi and his wife would wait until Krishna Bhatt fell asleep before speaking about Shri Krishna’s pastimes. After a few days,

Krishna Bhatt realized this and felt a little sad. He thought, “Maybe they don’t think I’m ready to hear about Shri Krishna.”

The next morning, Krishna Bhatt quietly said to Purushottam Joshi’s wife, “Today, I will speak about Shri Krishna.”

When he began to talk about the Lord, his words were so full of love and truth that Purushottam Joshi was overwhelmed. His heart filled with bliss, and he forgot everything else. His wife and Krishna Bhatt gently helped him stay steady on the horse while Krishna Bhatt continued to speak of Shri Krishna’s divine play.

Later that day, when they stopped to rest again, they helped Purushottam Joshi get off the horse. But he was confused and said, “Why are we stopping? I just got on the horse.”

His wife smiled and said, “You’ve been riding all day. We have reached our resting place.”

Every step of their journey became sweeter with these talks of Shri Krishna.

At last, they arrived at their destination and had the blessed sight of Shri Gusainji. Purushottam Joshi asked, “How did Krishna Bhatt receive such special grace?”

Shri Gusainji replied gently, “It was the blessing of Chacha Harivansh.”

From that day, Purushottam Joshi opened his heart to Krishna Bhatt. They talked freely of Shri Krishna and shared the joy of devotion.

After returning to Gujarat, Purushottam Joshi and his wife lived simply, filled with love for Shri Krishna. They did not care for worldly matters. Their hearts were only focused on their beloved Lord.

Poem: The Joy of True Devotion

Purushottam walked the path so bright,
Asking questions, seeking light.
Shri Mahaprabhuji showed the way,
“Love Shri Krishna every day!”
He let go of all his need,
Planted strong devotion’s seed.
Met kind Krishna Bhatt one day,
Who served with love in every way.
They traveled with stories full of grace,
Of Shri Krishna’s lovely face.
Each moment was pure, joyful and sweet,
With Shri Krishna’s name as a rhythmic beat.
They reached their goal, their hearts aglow,
With faith and love that continued to grow.

The story tells what love can do—
Stay close to Krishna, pure and true!

Story 31 Jaggannath, Narhari and Mother Josi



A long time ago in the village of Keralu lived a lady named Mrs. Josi. She was kind and full of love for Shri Krishna. But her husband was not the same. He did not believe in God, and at night he would go out and steal from others.

One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to their town and stayed in a garden. Mrs. Josi went there to fetch water and heard Shri Mahaprabhuji speaking about love and devotion to Shri Krishna. Her heart filled with joy, and she knew she had found her path. She bowed down and asked to become his follower.

She also warned Shri Mahaprabhuji that her husband might steal from him during the night. Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled gently and said, "What can he take from me? Tell him that I am here. After five years, he will pass away, and you will have two sons. Then come to me in Adel and I will guide you."

Soon after, Mrs. Josi gave birth to a baby boy named Narahari. Two years later, she had another son, Jagannath. Exactly five years after Shri Mahaprabhuji's visit, a traveling sadhu came to Kerala. That night, Mr. Josi went to rob him but met his end in a struggle.

Remembering Shri Mahaprabhuji's words, Mrs. Josi took her two sons and went to Adel. She bowed down before Shri Mahaprabhuji and said, "Just as you said, I now have two sons and my husband is no more. Please make me your disciple." Shri Mahaprabhuji gently taught her how to lovingly serve Shri Krishna and sent her back home with blessings.

Years passed. When her sons grew older, she said, "Go to Adel, find Shri Mahaprabhuji, and bow at his feet with this gold coin. He is none other than the Lord Himself."

Her sons weren't sure if her words were true, but they respected her wish and set off. When they reached Adel, they learned Shri Mahaprabhuji had gone to Jagannath Puri. They decided to go there instead of returning empty-handed.

As soon as they found Shri Mahaprabhuji, he asked them, “Is your mother well?”

The two brothers were amazed. They had never seen him before, yet he knew about their mother! Their hearts whispered, “He must truly be Shri Krishna.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji asked, “Have you visited the temple yet?” They said no, so he told them to go.

In the temple, they were astonished to see Shri Mahaprabhuji standing beside the form of Lord Jagannath. They rushed back, only to find him still waiting exactly where they had left him.

“Did you see Lord Jagannath?” he asked. “Are your doubts gone?”

The brothers bowed their heads and said, “Yes. We now believe with all our hearts that you are Shri Krishna.” When they returned home, they shared everything with their mother. She lovingly reminded them, “I told you before—he is an incarnation of the Lord.”

Another time, Narahari was traveling to see Shri Mahaprabhuji. On the way, he camped near Patna and cooked some rotis and lentils. As he was about to eat, a sweet young boy came up with open hands, asking for food. Narahari gave him two rotis and some lentils. The boy took the food, climbed a tree, and vanished.

The next day, the same boy returned and asked again. This time, Narahari wasn't sure what to do. He thought it might be a trick, so he didn't give the boy anything. The boy disappeared again.

Later, Shri Krishna went to Jagannath and said, "Your brother Narahari gave me food yesterday, but today he didn't."

When Narahari returned, Jagannath asked, "Who was that boy?"

Narahari told him what had happened. Jagannath was shocked. "That boy was Shri Krishna Himself! How could you not see that?"

Narahari felt sorry and became even more devoted. His heart opened fully to Shri Krishna's divine presence.

Through Narahari's sweet nature, a kind woman named Phulbai from Gujarat also became drawn to devotion. Later, when Shri Gusainji came on a journey and visited Jagannath's house, Narahari went to Phulbai's town and told her to welcome Shri Gusainji.

With music and singing, Shri Gusainji came to her home. That day, both Phulbai and her brother became his loving followers.

Once, Narahari was returning from a river bath when he suddenly felt that Phulbai's town, Aliya, was on fire. He thought, "If her house burns, she may lose faith. She has only just begun her spiritual path."

So, he placed sacred tulsi leaves on the ground, sprinkled water around them, and prayed. The fire stopped. Later, Phulbai's family told him, "The fire came close, but our home was saved. Surely it was due to divine grace."

When Narahari told Jagannath what he had done, Jagannath gently scolded him, "Why interfere in Shri Krishna's play? He knows what is best."

Narahari softly replied, "I only wished that her devotion not be disturbed."

Hearing this, both brothers smiled, realizing everything is Shri Krishna's will.

One day, after Jagannath offered food to Shri Krishna, he thought, "What if the Lord's clothes become impure when they touch the plate?"

Suddenly, Shri Krishna kicked the plate away. Jagannath offered the food again, and again it was kicked away. This happened four times. Finally, Jagannath prayed, "What mistake have I made?"

Shri Krishna answered, "If you worry about my clothes becoming dirty, then why offer me food at all?"

Jagannath felt sorry and touched his head to the floor. From then on, he kept his heart pure and free of doubt.

In another sweet incident, Jagannath often offered hot rice pudding to Shri Krishna. Once, when Shri Mahaprabhuji visited, Shri Krishna said, “Jagannath gave me hot pudding and now my tongue and hand are burned.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji asked Jagannath, “Why do you serve it so hot?”

Jagannath replied, “I thought all food should be served hot.”

“Except for rice pudding,” said Shri Mahaprabhuji with a gentle smile.

During another journey to Gokul, Jagannath celebrated the festival of Annakut. There was only barley available, so he cooked and offered it to Shri Krishna.

That night, in a dream, Shri Krishna said, “The barley made my stomach upset.”

Jagannath woke up worried and gave Shri Krishna some herbs. Shri Krishna soon smiled, “Now I feel better.”

From that day on, Jagannath always made sure to stay in towns with proper food supplies.

Even though it may sound unusual to others, Jagannath never doubted. His heart was full of love. Shri Krishna accepted his pure devotion with joy.

Once, two Rajputs visited Jagannath’s temple. An old lady threw a flower garland toward Shri Krishna. Jagannath, following temple rules, threw the garland outside. It landed on one of the Rajputs, which made the other Rajput jealous.

He became so angry that he wanted to hurt Jagannath. One morning, he tried to attack him from behind with a sword. But just as he raised his hand, Shri Krishna appeared and held his hand still.

The Rajput could not move. Jagannath turned around and saw Shri Krishna holding the man's hand. He said, "Why would you do such a thing?"

Realizing his mistake, the Rajput dropped the sword, bowed, and asked for forgiveness. Jagannath brought him home and taught him to lovingly chant the names of Shri Krishna.

Because Jagannath had thrown the garland in anger, he faced danger. But even in such moments, Shri Krishna protected him. Pure-hearted devotees like Jagannath bring light even to those who once disliked them.

The journey of Mrs. Josi and her sons is a story of deep love, pure faith, and Shri Krishna's gentle guidance at every step.

Poem: The Light of Love

Mrs. Josi prayed one day,
Heard sweet words that showed the way.
Shri Mahaprabhuji's voice so kind,
Left all her fears and doubts behind.
Narahari and Jagannath grew,

With loving hearts, so pure and true.
They met the Lord, their doubts did fall,
And saw Shri Krishna knows us all.
A little boy with open hands,
Was Shri Krishna in distant lands.
He asked for food, then climbed a tree,
And showed His love so playfully.
Fires were stopped with tulsi's might,
Devotion made the darkness bright.
Hot pudding, barley, doubts and fears,
All vanished when love drew near.
A sword once raised in jealous flame,
Was stopped by Shri Krishna's name.
For even anger, sharp and wild,
Can change through grace, become so mild.
So listen, children, soft and sweet,
Let love and kindness guide your feet.
With faith, devotion, trust so high,
Shri Krishna always stays nearby.

Story 32 Rana Vyas Sanchora



84 Vaishnav Story 32 Rana Vyas Sanchora

When Rana Vyas was just twelve years old, he met a wandering monk who inspired him to go on a pilgrimage. With great excitement, Rana Vyas left home and walked all the way to the holy temple of Badrinathji in the snowy Himalayas. But the journey was very hard. The cold winds, the steep climbs, and the long days tired him. When he finally reached the temple, he could only think about how cold it was and how dangerous the way down would be.

Still, he did not give up. He traveled next to Jagannath Puri in Orissa. But soon after he arrived, he became very sick. After a whole month of resting, he felt even worse and feared he might not survive if he stayed. So, he moved on.

He then journeyed to the South to visit Shri Ranganathji. But when he saw the large form of the Lord, he became confused. When he looked at the Lord's feet, he could not see the head, and when he looked at the head, he lost sight of the feet. This made him feel upset.

He then made his way to Shri Dwarka. But there, the temple priest was rude, and Rana Vyas did not like the way he was treated. So, he left and went home. By that time, he was eighteen. His parents, who were now very old, asked him to get married. But Rana Vyas calmly said, "I will never marry. I have controlled my senses."

Not long after, both his parents passed away. Rana Vyas felt strong and proud. He believed he was better than others and thought that people in his town were not wise. So, he went to Benares, a famous city of learning, to join religious debates. But no matter how hard he tried, he lost every argument. Feeling sad and full of shame, he thought of ending his life. He sat by the Ganga river, waiting for midnight to drown himself.

That same afternoon, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to that very spot. A Vaishnav asked him, "What happens to someone who drowns in the Ganga?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji replied, "If someone jumps in out of pride or sadness, they do not get any good result. They may even be born again in a painful way. But if someone leaves their body while remembering the Lord, they may gain something."

Rana Vyas heard this and felt it was meant for him. He went to Shri Mahaprabhuji and said, "Your words have saved me. I was going to drown myself, but now I want to learn from you. Please accept me."

Shri Mahaprabhuji asked, "Why do you want to be my student? You think you are already wise."

Rana Vyas replied softly, "I used to be proud. Now, I just want your grace."

Shri Mahaprabhuji accepted him and gave him teachings from the Path of Grace.

The next morning, he taught him a short and sweet truth called Chatusshloki:

"Always worship Shri Krishna with all your heart. That is the real path. There is no other. Think of Him, and He will take care of everything. Do not worry about anything else. If Shri Krishna lives in your heart, then nothing else matters. Never forget Him."

Later, Shri Mahaprabhuji told him to go and debate again with the scholars who had earlier defeated him. This time, Rana Vyas was victorious. He came back to his guru, who said, "You have won, but do not be proud."

Rana Vyas said, "I have learned my lesson. I no longer feel proud. Please bless me so I can feel Shri Krishna's love."

Shri Mahaprabhuji said, "Now go home and serve the Lord with love and care. That is the way to receive His grace."

A kind man named Jagannath Josi heard about Rana Vyas becoming a disciple and became his friend. But Rana Vyas still had a little pride about his control over his senses. One day, he became friendly with a woman. Someone lied to the king and said they were having an affair. The king sent police to bring Rana Vyas.

Jagannath Josi heard what was happening and quickly helped Rana Vyas and the woman escape. When the police came, Jagannath Josi bravely said, "Rana Vyas is not here. I will answer the king myself."

In the court, the king said, "Why have you come? You are a good man. You are not the one who is guilty."

Jagannath Josi said, "Rana Vyas is innocent. I will prove it."

The king then brought a red-hot wheel rim and said, "If you can hold this without burning your hands, I will believe you."

Jagannath Josi prayed and picked it up. To everyone's surprise, it was cool in his hands. He even wore it around his neck! The people were amazed. When he placed it on the ground, it burned the floor.

The king was pleased and said, "Ask me for anything."

Jagannath Josi said, "Please do not harm the person who lied."

The king was touched and said, "You are a true devotee."

When Jagannath Josi went home, Rana Vyas cried and said, "You suffered for me."

Jagannath Josi replied gently, "A Vaishnav should never do wrong things."

One day, the two friends were by the Saraswati river. They saw a woman about to jump into the fire after her husband died. This was known as 'sati'.

Rana Vyas quietly shook his head. The woman saw this and changed her mind.

She said, "I will not do this. I will stay by the river."

The people with her became angry and said, "If you don't jump in, we will burn you here."

The woman bravely said, "If you do that, it is murder. I will live here by the river."

The next day, she asked Rana Vyas, "Why did you shake your head yesterday? I felt something change inside me."

He replied, "Your life is precious. Instead of burning with sadness, use your life to remember Shri Krishna."

She asked, "Please show me how to remember and worship the Lord."

After some time, when her mourning period ended, she asked for initiation. Rana Vyas prayed to Shri Mahaprabhuji and gave her the sacred Shri Krishna mantra.

The moment she received the mantra, she felt great love for Shri Krishna in her heart. Every day, she chanted the mantra, washed Rana Vyas's clothes, and took the Lord's prasada at his home. Slowly, her heart became pure and full of peace.

When Shri Mahaprabhuji came to visit, Rana Vyas told him about the Rajaputani. Shri Mahaprabhuji knew she was a special soul and accepted her as his disciple.

From that time, she served Shri Krishna with all her heart. The Lord began to reveal His divine form to her. Through humble service and loving remembrance of the Lord, she became full of joy.

Shri Mahaprabhuji taught that the best way to receive Shri Krishna's grace is by staying close to loving devotees like Rana Vyas and serving with a humble heart.

Poem: The Graceful Path

Once there was a boy so bold, Twelve years young, but wise and old. He traveled
far, through snow and rain, Seeking peace but finding pain.

He tried to win with clever mind, But left his love for God behind. Till Shri
Mahaprabhuji came one day, And gently showed a better way.

"Worship Shri Krishna, pure and true, Let no pride ever live in you." With that
light, his heart did shine, His soul became a lamp divine.

When trouble came, a friend stood near, With faith so strong and love so clear.
Even fire could do no harm, When held by hands with selfless charm.

A woman once about to burn, Saw a glance and chose to turn. She found her path
in simple prayer, And Shri Krishna's love was always there.

The story ends with hearts so bright, That shine with Shri Krishna's light. A
gentle heart, a humble way, Brings the Lord to us each day.

Story 33 Ramdas Sanchora



84 Vaishnav Story 33 Ramdas Sanchora

When Ramdasji was only nine years old, his parents arranged for him to be married to a young girl who was just a year younger than him. But Ramdasji was not like other children. His heart was full of peace and he always wanted to stay away from worldly matters. He didn't enjoy playing with others or studying books. He just wanted to be quiet and alone.

One day, near a lake in his hometown called Rajanagar, Ramdasji saw something that changed his life. An oil merchant had brought his oxen to the lake to drink water. Suddenly, one of the oxen slipped into the water and drowned. The oilman

began to cry. Ramdasji, who was just a little boy, asked gently, "Why are you crying?"

The oilman said, "My ox was fine, just drinking water. Now he is gone."

Ramdasji said innocently, "He is not gone. He is just lying in the water."

The oilman shook his head. "He has no more life left."

Ramdasji looked surprised and asked, "Does everyone die like this?"

"Yes," said the oilman, "sooner or later, everyone must go."

Hearing this, Ramdasji felt a deep feeling rise in his heart. He left everything and walked away from home. He wanted to find the truth. He walked all the way to Shri Dwarka.

In Dwarka, he heard the sweet teachings of Shri Mahaprabhuji. The words touched his heart and filled him with joy. After the talk, he bowed and said, "Please let me stay with you. I want to be your servant."

Shri Mahaprabhuji thought, "He is still very young, but very special. I must protect him. When his heart becomes strong and steady, I will let him go."

From that day, Ramdasji stayed with Shri Mahaprabhuji. He helped with cooking and other small tasks. Sometimes, Shri Mahaprabhuji would give him little food,

and sometimes more, just to test him. But Ramdasji never complained. He always felt thankful for whatever he received, because it came from his guru.

Whenever Shri Mahaprabhuji traveled, Ramdasji would walk ahead and remove thorns from the path. One day, a sharp thorn got stuck in Ramdasji's foot. But he didn't stop. He thought, "If I stop, my guru might step on a thorn. That would be so painful."

Shri Mahaprabhuji noticed and said, "Ramdasji, stop and remove the thorn. I am very pleased with your love. Ask me for anything."

Ramdasji replied with folded hands, "All I want is to stay at your feet forever."

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled, "So be it. First, take care of your foot. I will wait here."

Later, while traveling in the South, a Brahmin gave Shri Mahaprabhuji a Deity of Shri Krishna. The Brahmin was too old to serve anymore. Shri Mahaprabhuji accepted it and also bought a pair of wooden sandals, but without the toe peg, as he always walked barefoot.

He gave the Deity and the sandals to Ramdasji and said, "Go back home now. Your heart is ready."

Though it was hard for him to leave, Ramdasji obeyed. For three days, he offered food to the Deity and the sandals and gave all of it to a cow. On the fourth day,

Shri Mahaprabhuji appeared to him and said, "Take the prasad too. I am still with you."

Ramdasji went back to Rajanagar. His parents had passed away, and his wife was staying with her parents. When they heard Ramdasji was back, they asked their daughter, "Do you want to return to him? He might leave again."

She said, "I only want to be with my husband."

They brought her to Ramdasji, but he did not accept her. Later, he prayed and then initiated her with the teachings of Shri Krishna, as he was told by Lord Dwarkanathji in a dream.

After some time, Ramdasji thought, "It is not right to keep wandering with my wife." So they both went back to Rajanagar and stayed there. They spent their days worshiping Shri Krishna with love and care.

One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji visited Rajanagar. Ramdasji invited him to his home and asked him to give initiation to his wife.

Shri Mahaprabhuji said, "You already gave her mantra."

Ramdasji replied, "Yes, because Lord Dwarkanathji told me to do so. But you had made me leave you for this, so now, please complete her initiation."

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and agreed. He gave her Brahma sambandha and blessed their home. He told them, "Live in one place and serve Shri Krishna with love."

After Shri Mahaprabhuji left, the couple continued their worship. When they finished their daily service, Ramdasji would tell his wife about the sweet pastimes of Shri Krishna. They lived with peace and devotion, walking the path of love and surrender.

In this age of Kali, where becoming a renunciate is not advised, living as a pure and devoted householder is the greatest dharma. Ramdasji and his wife showed how one can live in the world, yet always be close to Shri Krishna. Their hearts were full of faith, and together they crossed the ocean of life with ease.

Poem: The Journey of Ramdasji

A boy once saw an ox fall down, The oilman cried, his face a frown, "Will everyone someday just lie still?" Asked Ramdasji, with a quiet will.

He left his home with heart so wide, To Shri Mahaprabhuji's side, He served with love, removed each thorn, His tender feet were scratched and torn.

With sandals, prasad, and a Deity bright, He walked back home, guided by light. His wife returned, with heart so true, And joined him in devotion too.

They cooked, they cleaned, they sang all day, Serving Shri Krishna in every way.

Their home became a temple fair, With Shri Mahaprabhuji's blessings there.

In this world, we may not roam, But hearts can build a sacred home. With faith
and love, both deep and kind, We leave all worldly cares behind.

So be like Ramdasji, calm and wise, With Shri Krishna ever before your eyes.

Serve with joy, and you will see, Your home becomes divinity.

Story 34 Govind Dube Sanchora



84 Vaishnav Story 34 Govind Dube Sanchora

When Govind Dube turned fourteen, he felt something very strong in his heart. He wanted to leave home and go on a holy journey. He told his parents, “I want to live a simple life and serve Shri Krishna. Please don’t plan my marriage. I want to give my life to the Lord.”

His parents became very sad. They said, “We are getting old, dear son. Who will take care of us if you go away?”

But Govind lovingly replied, “Time does not wait for anyone. What if I leave this world before I understand Shri Krishna? Don’t worry. The Lord takes care of everyone.”

Seeing his firm heart, his parents let him go. Govind promised to return and then set off toward the holy city of Shri Dwarka. There, he stayed peacefully for three years, spending his days in prayer and worship.

One day, Govind heard that both his parents had passed away. He felt deep sadness. “They never had the chance to go on a pilgrimage,” he thought. So, he journeyed to Gaya and performed sacred rites in their memory. On the way home, he stopped at the holy city of Benares.

There, he saw Shri Mahaprabhuji. Something about him felt special. Govind thought, “He must be a great teacher. I want to learn from him.”

After Shri Mahaprabhuji had taken a bath and finished his prayers, Govind went up to him with respect and said, “Please teach me something, Maharaj. I want to learn.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently smiled and said, “You are not yet wise in scriptures. But you can at least learn to read.”

Govind said, “I want to learn the Shrimad Bhagavad Gita and the Shrimad Bhagavat. Please help me learn as much as I can.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji agreed and told him to return in the afternoon. Govind went and borrowed a grammar book from a Brahmin.

That afternoon, Shri Mahaprabhuji had already offered food to the Lord and eaten the Lord's prasada. When Govind came back, Shri Mahaprabhuji said, "I will teach you in a special way. You won't need the grammar book."

"But how can I learn Sanskrit without grammar?" Govind asked.

"Just listen and do as I say," said Shri Mahaprabhuji.

He taught Govind one verse from the Gita and asked him to say it again and again. Then, Shri Mahaprabhuji asked him to recite all eighteen chapters of the Gita. To his surprise, Govind could do it perfectly. Then, Shri Mahaprabhuji explained one verse and asked Govind to explain it back. Soon, Govind was able to understand and explain the whole Gita.

By evening, the lesson was over. Shri Mahaprabhuji told him, "Now you will be able to understand both the Gita and the Bhagavat. You don't need to learn more."

Govind happily returned the grammar book to the Brahmin. That night, as he lay in bed, he thought, "This is no ordinary teacher. Shri Mahaprabhuji is truly the Lord Himself. I learned everything from just one verse!"

The next morning, Govind went to Shri Mahaprabhuji and asked to become his disciple. Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and gave him initiation. “Serve Shri Krishna with love,” he said.

Govind returned home and began worshipping Shri Krishna. But sometimes, he felt unsure if he was doing things right. He wrote a letter to Shri Mahaprabhuji, explaining his worries.

Shri Mahaprabhuji replied by sending him a short message called the “Navaratna”, which means “Nine Jewels.” He wrote:

“Never feel sad if you have truly surrendered to Shri Krishna. He is full of kindness and will never leave anyone who takes shelter in Him. Even if we use our things for something not directly in worship, do not worry. After giving your heart to Shri Krishna, everything becomes His.”

“Do not be scared even if you don’t understand everything. If your love is true, the Lord accepts you. Do not worry about knowledge or wealth. The Lord is very powerful. He will not push you away or make you follow hard rules, for He watches over those on the Path of Grace.”

“Serve Shri Krishna just as your guru has told you. Keep your heart close to Him and be happy. If you feel upset, remember that everything is part of His beautiful play. Let the worry go quickly.”

“In my view, always see the world as filled with Shri Krishna and keep saying, ‘Shri Krishna is my shelter.’”

Govind followed this advice and began to feel peaceful again. Each day he recited the Navaratna and felt Shri Krishna’s love in his heart.

One day, when Govind was with Shri Mahaprabhuji, he asked a deep question. Shri Mahaprabhuji opened the Shrimad Bhagavat to answer. But just then, Shri Dwarkanathji, the Lord Himself, appeared and started speaking directly with Govind. Shri Mahaprabhuji quietly closed the book and went to rest.

The next day, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave his food leftovers only to Damodardasji and Damalaji. All the other Vaishnavas did not receive any and had to fast.

That evening, Shri Mahaprabhuji visited the temple of Shri Dwarkanathji. There, the Lord asked him, “Why did you not feed the others yesterday? You must give them food, just as you always do.” Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and agreed to do so.

Some say that Shri Mahaprabhuji was unhappy with Govind for talking while he was about to teach. Others believe he was simply giving space to the Lord’s special moment with Govind.

Another story tells how Govind once visited a saintly devotee and follower of another path and stayed with her for a few days. When Shri Gusainji heard this,

he was worried that others might follow and think it was okay to leave their spiritual shelter. So, he wrote a loving message and sent it with a disciple. It said:

“Those who are blessed to serve the feet of the Lord should not go looking for other shelters. If you have once ridden on an elephant, why would you ride a donkey?”

When Govind read this, he immediately left and came to Shri Gokul. He bowed before Shri Gusainji, who gently told him, “The deep secrets of Shri Mahaprabhuji’s teachings must stay only within the path. Do not share them with those outside.”

Govind was deeply devoted to Shri Krishna’s Dwarka pastimes. Because of this, he followed a path that mixed discipline with grace. This is known as Maryada Pushti Bhakti.

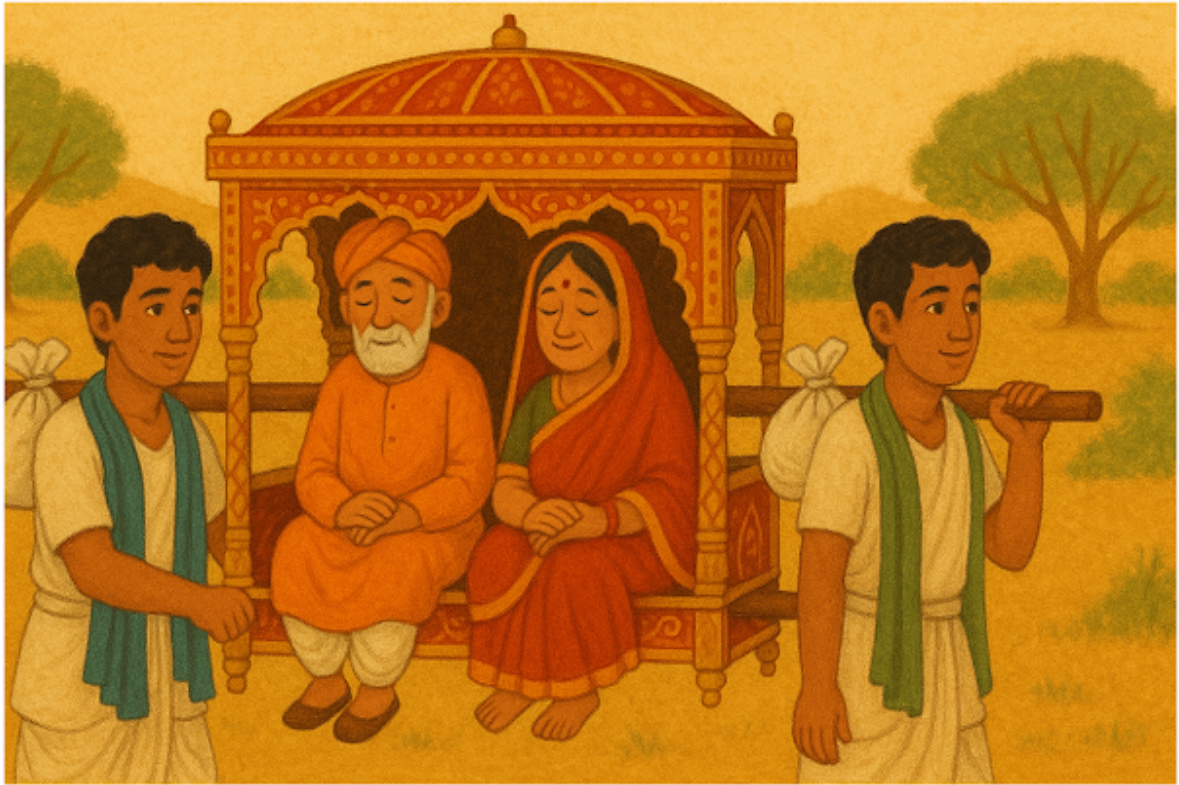
No matter what path he followed, Govind Dube lived his life with full surrender, faith, and love for Shri Krishna, always guided by the grace of Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Poem: The Gift of One Verse

Govind left when he was young,
To praise the Lord with prayer and song.
He met Shri Mahaprabhuji one day,
Who taught him in a special way.

One verse was all it took to shine,
And fill his heart with words divine.
No heavy books or grammar deep,
Just loving faith so pure and sweet.
When worry came, he wrote in pain,
The Navaratna calmed his brain.
“Shri Krishna’s grace is always near,
So serve with love, and never fear.”
He once rode high, and never low,
And left anya when told to go.
To Shri Gusainji, he bowed his head,
And followed the path his guru said.
With love so strong and heart so true,
Govind did what bhaktas do.
He found the joy in serving right,
And slept each night in Krishna’s light.
Serve with love and never stray,
Let Shri Krishna guide your way.
Even when you feel unsure,
His grace will keep your heart so pure.

Story 35 Raja Dube and Madho Dube



84 Vaishnav Story 35 Raja Dube and Madho Dube

Raja and Madho Dube were brothers born into a kind and gentle Brahmin family. Their father was a man of great faith who often welcomed saints and travelers into their home. As their parents grew very old and sick, they lovingly asked their sons to take them to the sacred temple of Shri Dwarkanathji in Gujarat.

Raja and Madho carefully built two palanquins for their parents and brought along their family deity. They traveled with great devotion and finally reached Shri Dwarka. There, their parents had the holy sight of Shri Dwarkanathji and soon after, peacefully left their bodies.

After performing all the final rites, the brothers wished to listen to spiritual teachings. Someone told them that Shri Mahaprabhuji was in town and giving discourses every afternoon. Raja and Madho were still in the mourning period, known as 'sutak', so they sat at a distance from the crowd.

But Shri Mahaprabhuji noticed them and called out, "Come sit in the front."

The brothers gently replied, "We are still in sutak, so we are sitting apart."

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and said, "You two are always pure. Come close. If you have any questions, ask me."

Hearing these loving words, the brothers came forward. Shri Mahaprabhuji began to speak about Shri Krishna's birth and divine pastimes. As they listened, Raja and Madho felt like they were truly watching Shri Krishna appear before their eyes.

After the talk, they bowed and said, "Today we received the greatest gift of our lives."

Shri Mahaprabhuji said, "I know what is in your hearts. After your mourning period ends, I will give you initiation. Go now and come back tomorrow."

That night, they could not stop thinking about the blessings they had received. On the eleventh day, when their sutak period was over, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave them the sacred initiation and told them to serve Shri Krishna with love and

leave all other concerns behind. He promised that by doing so, they would reach a state called 'nirodha'.

When they asked what nirodha meant, Shri Mahaprabhuji explained, "There are two kinds. One is when you turn away from worldly things by doing Shri Krishna's service. The other is when your heart thinks only of Shri Krishna all the time, even while doing daily duties."

The brothers humbly said, "This sounds so difficult. Please bless us so we can truly reach this state."

Shri Mahaprabhuji wrote a small teaching for them called 'The Qualities of Nirodha'. He shared that true peace comes when we remember Shri Krishna with love, just like the people of Braj did. He said that when Shri Krishna hears His glories sung with love, He comes to live in our hearts.

He gently taught, "Use your senses only to serve Shri Krishna. Leave anger and greed behind. There is no prayer or holy place greater than nirodha."

The brothers read the beautiful teachings and Shri Mahaprabhuji blessed them, "You will have perfect nirodha. Now go home and serve Shri Krishna."

He also told them, "Those who reach nirodha do not waste time in gossip. If a true seeker comes to you, give them Shri Krishna's name. Your company will help them too."

In their town lived two other Brahmin brothers. Ramaji was older and gave religious talks. Hari Krishna, the younger one, guarded the fields. One cold and rainy day, Hari Krishna came home wet and hungry. He asked his sister-in-law for hot rotis.

She was upset and said, "What have you done to deserve that? You don't preach or earn anything. Eat what's there, or go hungry."

Her harsh words hurt him deeply. Feeling unloved and hopeless, he thought of ending his life. But before doing anything, he decided to visit the kind-hearted Raja and Madho Dube.

When he arrived, he burst into tears. The brothers welcomed him warmly and listened to his sorrow. Madho comforted him and gave him Shri Krishna's prasad. He told him to rest for the night.

The next morning, after bathing and prayer, Hari Krishna was feeling a little better. Madho asked Raja, "What should we do?"

Raja said, "There are many who suffer. How can we help everyone?"

Madho replied, "But this soul came to us with a true heart. Let's help him."

They agreed, and Madho gave Hari Krishna the sacred Krishna mantra. After just one round on his prayer beads, Hari Krishna began speaking in Sanskrit! After the second round, he understood the deep meanings of holy books.

Madho asked Raja, "Shall I ask him to do a third round?"

Raja said, "No. He is not ready yet. If he does more, he will see Shri Krishna's pastimes, and that is too much for now."

They knew that all this was only due to Shri Mahaprabhuji's grace.

Madho told Hari Krishna to go and start giving talks. When he did, the townspeople were amazed. They loved his words and offered him gifts. He brought the gifts back to Raja and Madho, thanking them.

Madho said, "Do not call me your guru. Shri Mahaprabhuji is our true guide. When He comes, give these gifts to Him."

Hari Krishna began giving talks every day. One day, he said he wanted to visit a family who had known his father. When he went, they treated him with love and asked him to stay. He spoke one verse and everyone was so moved. Before he left, they gave him many gifts, including money, land, and food.

When he returned home, he shouted joyfully, "I have returned with blessings and offerings!"

His sister-in-law was shocked to see him glowing with grace. She feared he might curse her. But he gently said, "You helped me learn a great lesson. Shri Krishna has fulfilled my every wish."

When he was offered food, he said, "Let me first visit Raja and Madho Dube."

His elder brother, curious to receive the same blessings, joined him. When they reached, Ramaji humbly asked for the same grace. Raja said to Madho, "If you feel it's right, give him the mantra."

After Ramaji bathed, they gave him the sacred mantra too.

Soon, Shri Mahaprabhuji passed through Siddhapura and stayed at Rana Vyasa's home. Raja and Madho took all the offerings Hari Krishna had received and gave them to Shri Mahaprabhuji. They asked Him to bless and initiate both Ramaji and Hari Krishna. Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly agreed and initiated them both before continuing on His journey.

Because of Raja and Madho Dube's compassion, the two brothers reached the highest spiritual joy. Their hearts became full of Shri Krishna's sweet pastimes, beyond words.

Even today, their family continues to lovingly serve in the temple of Navanita Priyaji in Nathdwara.

Poem: The Blessings of Pure Hearts

Raja and Madho, hearts so kind, Sought the Lord with love in mind. Through Shri Mahaprabhuji's grace, They found joy in Krishna's face.

Hari Krishna, sad and cold, Met the brothers, strong yet bold. One round chanted,
light did shine, Words of wisdom flowed so fine.

Talks he gave with glowing grace, Smiles and gifts from every place. Back he
came with joy and cheer, Shining bright, with no more fear.

Ramaji joined with hopeful prayer, Found the path so rich and rare. All were
blessed, their hearts made new, By the Lord so kind and true.

Serve with love, with thoughts so pure, And Shri Krishna's joy is sure. Let go of
pride, of greed and pain, And only bliss and peace remain.

Story 36 and 37 Uttamshlokadas and Ishvara Dube



84 Vaishnav Story 36 and 37 Uttamshlokadas and Ishvara Dube

Long ago, in the town of Godhara in Gujarat, two boys named Uttamshlokadas and Ishvara Dube were born in different Brahmin families. As they grew up, both boys worked as cooks for a vidharmi man. They didn't know much about scriptures or learning, but they were kind and honest.

One day, they traveled with their employer to Agra. While they were near the banks of the Yamuna river at a place called Raja Ghat, Shri Mahaprabhuji saw them from afar and quietly shared something with one of His followers. He said

that in the holy Bhagavat teachings, it is not proper for Brahmins to serve someone who is a vidharmi.

Uttamshlokadas and Ishvara Dube overheard these words. They respectfully spoke up and said, “O wise one, what you say is true, but we have no learning or special skills. We serve this man because we need to fill our stomachs. We don’t know what else to do.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently replied, “I was not speaking to you directly. I was teaching My followers. The Lord takes care of everyone’s needs. Our faith should always rest with Him.”

Hearing this, both young men were deeply moved and asked to become disciples. Shri Mahaprabhuji asked, “You are born as Brahmins. Why do you wish to take the path of a disciple?”

They said, “We don’t know what it truly means to be Brahmins. But if you bless us, we will learn the real meaning of life.”

Seeing their pure hearts, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave them initiation. He also guided them, “Now you should seek permission from your parents and go to serve Shri Nathji at Govardhan Hill.”

Their employer begged them to stay in his service, but the two young men politely refused. They went back to Godhara and asked their parents to allow

them to go to Braj for pilgrimage. Their parents didn't want them to go far away, so they kept saying, "We will all go together soon." But that promise kept getting delayed year after year.

After five years passed with no change, Uttamshlokadas quietly left home at night. He traveled all the way to Govardhan Hill and bowed humbly before Shri Gusainji, the great son of Shri Mahaprabhuji. Shri Gusainji could see that Uttamshlokadas was blessed and gave him the special seva of cooking for Shri Nathji.

Uttamshlokadas had great love for other Vaishnavas. He always made sure they ate happily, sharing the food he had prepared for the Lord. Because of his caring heart, everyone began calling him "Ma," which means mother.

Shri Gusainji noticed how much he loved serving others and was always pleased with him.

Six months later, Ishvara Dube's parents passed away. After their last rites, he too made the journey to Govardhan. Shri Gusainji welcomed him warmly and gave him the same service that Uttamshlokadas had performed.

Some time later, Uttamshlokadas left his body and returned to the Lord. Shri Gusainji then started calling Ishvara Dube by the same

name—Uttamshlokadas—because he had taken on the same seva with the same loving heart.

Ishvara Dube, now called Uttamshlokadas, showed even more love by giving his own share of ghee to other devotees. He thought, “If they only receive what is given to them, how will I truly serve them? Let me share from my own portion.”

When Shri Gusainji heard about this, he asked him, “Why do you give them your own ghee when they already receive some?”

Uttamshlokadas replied sweetly, “They walk up and down this hill many times for seva. Shri Nathji feels unhappy to see them tired. The extra ghee gives them strength so they can serve with joy.”

Shri Gusainji smiled and gave him a special blessing. He asked Uttamshlokadas what he would like. The humble devotee said, “Please bless me so I never become upset with you.”

Everyone nearby wondered about this strange request. One devotee asked, “Why did you ask for that blessing?”

Uttamshlokadas gently explained, “Right now, Shri Gusainji is happy with me. But if one day I make a mistake in seva and He becomes upset, my mind may become disturbed. If that happens, I might lose focus on Shri Nathji’s service.

That is why I asked for this blessing—so my mind stays peaceful and useful for the Lord, even in hard times.”

All the Vaishnavas were touched by his words. Shri Gusainji lovingly said, “Uttamshlokadas has now reached a very high state of bhakti. He has asked for something rare and deep. From now on, he will never be troubled in his heart.”

Through the love and blessings of Shri Mahaprabhuji and Shri Gusainji, both Uttamshlokadas and Ishvara Dube became shining examples of simple, heartfelt devotion.

Their story reminds us that what matters most is not how much we know or where we are born, but how we serve with love, humility, and care for others.

Poem: The Devoted Heart

Two boys once cooked with hands so kind,
Though born in Brahmin homes refined.
They served a man of humble grace,
But longed to find their true soul’s place.
They met Shri Mahaprabhuji wise,
Who opened up their inner eyes.
With blessings pure and loving call,
He sent them to Shri Nathji’s hall.

Uttamshlokadas went one night,
To serve the Lord with all his might.
He shared his food with all who came,
And earned a loving mother's name.
Then Ishvara came, heart shining bright,
To serve the Lord with equal light.
He gave his ghee without a fuss,
For helping made his heart rejoice.
Their loving acts, so soft and sweet,
Made Shri Gusainji's joy complete.
“Never let me grow upset,” they prayed,
“Let peace and love in me always stay.”
Their tale now shines so pure and true,
With hearts that served the Lord they knew.
The moral here is clear and bright—
Love and service bring true light.

Story 38 Vasudevdas Chhakara



84 Vaishnav Story 38 Vasudevdas Chhakara

Long ago, in a village called Sinhananda, a very strong boy named Vasudevadas was born into a Brahmin family. He was so powerful that people said he could defeat fifty men all at once. But even though he was strong, he was also proud of his strength.

One day, a kind and calm devotee named Krishnadas Meghan was taking a bath in the river Sarasvati. Vasudevadas came there and started splashing water on him. When Krishnadas Meghan gently asked him to stop, Vasudevadas became

angry and tried to hit him. But Krishnadas Meghan held his arms firmly and did not let go. This surprised Vasudevadas very much.

"How can this man be stronger than me?" he wondered. When he found out that Krishnadas Meghan was a disciple of Shri Mahaprabhuji, he thought, "If the disciple is so strong, how great must the guru be?"

Vasudevadas was filled with curiosity and wanted to meet Shri Mahaprabhuji. He went with Krishnadas Meghan to his camp. When Shri Mahaprabhuji saw him, he smiled and said to Damodardasji, "Look how a simple touch by a devotee can help someone cross the ocean of this world."

Vasudevadas folded his hands and humbly asked to become a disciple. Shri Mahaprabhuji accepted him and said, "Before, your heart was full of pride. Now, it will be filled with love for Shri Krishna. From now on, I will call you Chhakara, which means 'filled' — filled with six special qualities: bravery, wisdom, wealth, letting go of pride, leadership, and self-control."

One day, when Shri Mahaprabhuji was in a village called Adel, there was no food for Shri Krishna's offering. To solve this, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave a golden bowl from the temple and asked it to be exchanged for grains and vegetables. After the food was offered to Shri Krishna, Shri Mahaprabhuji told them to give some to the cow and the rest to the river. No one ate that day. Shri Mahaprabhuji would never use the Lord's things for himself.

Later, devotees from Sinhananda sent an offering of money for Shri Mahaprabhuji. They gave it to Vasudevadas to deliver. The road was full of robbers, so Vasudevadas made a clever plan. He dressed like a poor traveler and hid the coins in a ball made of lac and sandal paste. It looked like a sacred stone.

When he reached Adel, it was the same day no one had eaten because the golden bowl was sold. Vasudevadas quickly offered the money and explained how he brought it safely. Shri Mahaprabhuji asked him how he had traveled with such wealth. Vasudevadas said, "Please don't ask, it will upset you."

But Shri Mahaprabhuji assured him kindly, and Vasudevadas told the whole story. Shri Mahaprabhuji said, "You should never use the Lord's form for any worldly trick. Once made, it must never be broken."

He asked the store manager to buy more food and also to get the golden bowl back. That evening, after offering to Shri Krishna, everyone joyfully ate the Lord's food.

Another time, Shri Mahaprabhuji's son, Shri Gopinathji, gave Vasudevadas some coins to take to Shri Gusainji in Adel. Vasudevadas used the same clever method to hide the money. When he returned, Shri Gopinathji asked him how he had managed such a risky trip. When Vasudevadas explained, Shri Gopinathji lovingly scolded him, saying, "You should not disrespect the Lord's form, even to protect wealth. But since it was done in your guru's service, the sin is removed."

On another day, Shri Gusainji gave Vasudevadas a letter and asked him to go to Agra to get items for a festival. Shri Gusainji also tied some 'prasada' food around Vasudevadas's neck so he could eat on the way. It was urgent, and there was no time to even sit down to eat. Vasudevadas asked, "But how can I eat while wearing shoes?"

Shri Gusainji replied, "If it is for Shri Krishna's service, it is allowed."

Vasudevadas ran all the way to Agra. He gave the letter to Rupchand Nanda, the devotee there, and told him there was no time to rest. Rupchand Nanda quickly packed all the items and tied them on Vasudevadas's back, since his hands were not clean. Vasudevadas returned quickly, and Shri Gusainji took the package from his back. He then gave Vasudevadas food to eat, saved just for him.

Vasudevadas loved to serve his guru and the Lord in every way, no matter how hard or urgent the task.

One day, while Shri Gusainji was walking to Vishrant Ghat in Mathura with some Vaishnavas, some local leaders planned to arrest him to get money from his followers. They placed guards outside the temple.

Vasudevadas saw the danger and warned Shri Gusainji. But Shri Gusainji was calm and said the guards had done nothing wrong yet. When the guards

surrounded them and asked where they were going, Shri Gusainji allowed Vasudevadas to act.

Vasudevadas bravely fought the guards. With his strong arms, he knocked down one and took his sword and shield. He defeated many more guards. The magistrate and the rest of the men ran into a house in fear.

Vasudevadas said, "Let me destroy that house too!" But Shri Gusainji gently said, "No. Let them be. They haven't done anything too bad."

The next day, when Shri Gusainji came to the temple again, the magistrate and four guards came with folded hands. They said, "You are truly Shri Krishna Himself. And Vasudevadas is like Bhima, the mighty warrior. Please forgive us."

Shri Gusainji kindly forgave them. The magistrate was touched and thought, "Even after what we did, he is so forgiving."

Once, when the Vaishnavas of Sinhananda had a big festival, they always invited Vasudevadas. But for small gatherings, they didn't, fearing there wouldn't be enough food for him.

Later, when they met Shri Gusainji in Gokul, Vasudevadas quietly mentioned that he had not been invited to a recent gathering.

Shri Gusainji asked the others, "Why did you not invite such a blessed devotee?"

They explained, "When we have big feasts, we invite him. But he eats like twenty Vaishnavas. In a small gathering, we worried he would go hungry. We didn't want to make him leave unsatisfied."

Shri Gusainji smiled and said, "If you're inviting one hundred, invite only fifty, but never forget Vasudevadas. Even if you are serving just ten, invite five and include him. One true devotee is equal to hundreds."

He added, "Even if he eats a lot, it doesn't matter. If a great devotee like Vasudevadas blesses your home, it brings joy to the Lord."

Every year, Vasudevadas visited Agra during the special days for praying for one's ancestors. His followers would give him gifts, money, and cloth. He would use that money to buy rice and sugar for Shri Gusainji's temple and give the cloth for temple service.

When Shri Gusainji noticed many new cloths in the temple, he asked where they came from. His followers told him that Vasudevadas had donated them.

Shri Gusainji said joyfully, "A true devotee uses everything he receives in the Lord's service. Look at Vasudevadas. He is a real bhakta."

Vasudevadas would also carry Shri Gusainji's belongings during travel. He was always ready to serve, with love in his heart.

Poem: The Devotee Named Vasudevadas

Strong like a lion, but humble inside, He let go of pride and walked by his guide.
For Shri Mahaprabhuji, his heart opened wide, In service and love, he took every
stride.

With coins in a ball and sandals on feet, He ran for the Lord through every street.
He never said no, he never said wait, He served with joy, no matter how late.
He fought for his guru, brave and bold, Yet listened with love, gentle and told,
That kindness and truth are stronger than might, And serving Shri Krishna
brings endless light.

So children remember, big hearts are best, Love and devotion will pass every test.
No matter how small your hands may be, With love for the Lord, you're mighty
and free.

Story 39 Baba Venu, Krishnadas Ghaghari and Yadavadas Khavas



84 Vaishnav Story 39 Baba Venu, Krishnadas Ghaghari and Yadavadas Khavas

A long time ago, in a quiet place between the cities of Benares and Prayag, there lived three dear friends. Baba Venu was a gentle Brahmin who worshipped a goddess. His close friend was Krishnadas, and a humble man named Yadavadas worked with them. Though they were different in many ways, the three of them lived happily together like family.

One night, as Baba Venu was sleeping, he had a strange dream. In the dream, a bright and glowing goddess came to him and said, "I am Goddess Kalyani. I live

under the water of a nearby lake. Please bring me out, build a temple for me, and worship me every day."

The next morning, Baba Venu told Krishnadas about the dream. The two of them went to search for the goddess in the lake. After a long search, they found the hidden Deity and gently brought Her out. Baba Venu carefully built a temple and lovingly began her worship. Soon, the whole town came to believe in the power of the goddess, and many people started visiting the temple. From the offerings that came in, Baba Venu, Krishnadas, and Yadavadas lived peacefully and happily. This continued for five years, and their temple became famous.

One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji was traveling from Benares to Adel. While passing by the temple, he sat down under a big mango tree near the lake to rest. At that time, Baba Venu and his friends were in town. Suddenly, a voice called out to Shri Mahaprabhuji from inside the temple.

He walked inside and saw the Deity dressed like a goddess. Shri Mahaprabhuji asked softly, "Why are you wearing clothes of a goddess?"

To his surprise, the Deity answered, "I had to take this form to help these three good souls. No one in this town worships Shri Krishna. Everyone believes only in goddesses. So I appeared like this to be accepted."

Shri Mahaprabhuji then asked, "Who are you truly?"

The Deity replied, “I am actually Shri Krishna. Please dress me again as I truly am.”

So Shri Mahaprabhuji carefully changed the ornaments and clothes of the Deity to look like Shri Krishna. Then he went back and sat under the mango tree.

When Baba Venu, Krishnadas, and Yadavadas came back and entered the temple, they were shocked to see the goddess had changed. Baba Venu asked loudly, “Who changed our beloved goddess?”

At that moment, the Deity spoke to them, “I am Shri Krishna. I came to you in this form so you could begin your journey to Me. Now that you are ready, go to Shri Mahaprabhuji, who is sitting under the mango tree. He will guide you further.”

The three friends went straight to Shri Mahaprabhuji and bowed at his feet. He smiled gently and welcomed them. They became his disciples and learned from him how to truly serve Shri Krishna.

Shri Mahaprabhuji gave them simple and loving instructions. He said, “Worship Shri Kalyanarayaji privately in your home from now on. In the temple, install a goddess Deity for the people, and let a Brahmin do her worship.”

Before leaving, Shri Mahaprabhuji also shared deep and beautiful ways of offering service that would please Shri Krishna’s heart.

Some time later, news came that Shri Nathji had appeared on the top of Govardhan Hill. When the friends heard this, Shri Kalyanarayaji told them, “Now give My worship to Krishnadas’s brother and go to have the darshan of Shri Nathji.”

The three friends were full of joy and left for Mathura. First, they went to see Shri Keshavarayaji. When Krishnadas saw the Lord, he felt he was looking at Shri Nathji Himself. His heart overflowed with love and longing. In his deep devotion, Krishnadas sang a poem.

As he sang with all his heart, Krishnadas felt a wave of divine love. He forgot his body and ego. His soul, full of longing, left his body and went to be with Shri Krishna forever. He had reached the Lord’s eternal home.

Baba Venu and Yadavadas lovingly performed the last rites for their dear friend. Baba Venu said, “Now that Krishnadas has reached Shri Krishna, I will stay in this world only until I see Shri Nathji myself.”

When they finally arrived at Shri Nathji’s temple, Baba Venu stood in front of the Lord. His heart felt full. Shri Nathji’s garland suddenly fell. The temple priest, Ramdasji, handed it to Baba Venu with some betel leaves that had been offered to the Lord.

As soon as Baba Venu received the garland, his heart filled with divine emotion. He felt just like the Gopis, full of sweet love and separation. The betel leaves were a sign of the Lord's happiness with him. Baba Venu stepped down from the hill and quietly left his body, joining Shri Krishna in His eternal world.

Yadavadas performed the last rites for Baba Venu. Then he went to meet Shri Gusainji, a great saint. Shri Gusainji welcomed him kindly and allowed him to do services for the Lord. But Yadavadas missed his two friends deeply. He felt his time in this world was almost over.

However, he did not want to trouble any other Vaishnava with his last rites, because that would take them away from their service to Shri Krishna. So, every day, Yadavadas went to the forest and collected firewood. After a few days, when he had enough wood, he bowed to Shri Nathji, Shri Gusainji, and all the Vaishnavas, and quietly went to the forest.

There, with a calm mind full of love for his guru, he left his body and returned to the Lord.

Later, a Vaishnava asked Shri Gusainji, "I have not seen Yadavadas for three days. Where has he gone?"

Shri Gusainji gently said, "Yadavadas has gone to Shri Krishna's eternal home. He did not want to disturb anyone's service, so he performed his own last rites."

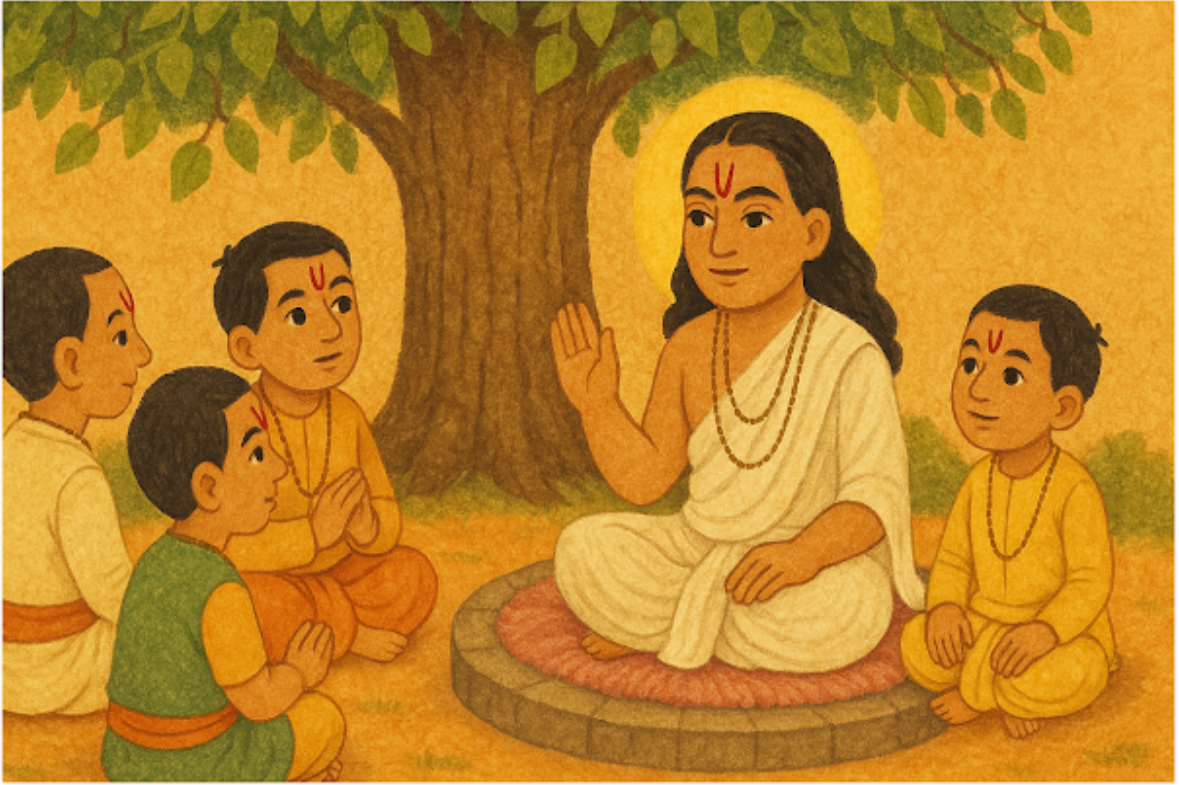
The Vaishnavas were amazed and touched by his deep devotion. They praised Yadavadas as a great soul who truly belonged to Shri Krishna.

Poem: The Lord in Disguise

Three friends with hearts so pure,
Found a goddess, so they were sure.
But hidden deep within Her face,
Was Shri Krishna's loving grace.
He wore a dress, soft and bright,
To help them walk toward the light.
Shri Mahaprabhuji showed the way,
And turned their hearts to Krishna's play.
Krishnadas sang, his soul took flight,
To join the Lord in realms of light.
Baba Venu, with garland in hand,
Reached the Gopis' blissful land.
Yadavadas, so quiet and sweet,
Chose a forest for his final seat.
No fear, no sorrow, no goodbye,
Just love for Krishna, soaring high.
Dear children, let this story stay,
In your heart each night and day.

Love the Lord with all your might,
And you'll always walk in light.

Story 40 Jagatanand Sarsawat



84 Vaishnav Story 40 Jagatanand Sarsawat

A long time ago, in a peaceful place called Thaneshvar, there lived a kind and wise man named Jagatanand. He had studied for many years in the holy city of Benares and knew the Sanskrit language very well. To help others learn about Shri Krishna, he would read and explain the sacred book called Shrimad Bhagavatam. Many people would come to listen, and this is how he earned a living.

One day, something special happened.

Shri Mahaprabhuji came to visit Thaneshvar. He offered his prayers by the calm, flowing Sarasvati river. As he was about to return to his resting place, he saw Jagatanand getting ready to speak about the Shrimad Bhagavatam to a small group of people. Watching him, Shri Mahaprabhuji felt something very special in his heart. He knew right away that Jagatanand was a good soul who was meant to follow the path of love and devotion.

So, Shri Mahaprabhuji quietly went and sat down among the listeners.

Jagatanand saw him but thought he was just another kind Brahmin. He began his talk and explained a passage from the sacred book. Then, he looked at Shri Mahaprabhuji and asked, “Do you think this verse has any other meanings?”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently smiled and said, “There are many beautiful and deep meanings filled with love in this verse.”

Jagatanand was surprised and said, “I only know what I shared. If you understand more, please help me learn.”

But Shri Mahaprabhuji said softly, “You are sitting on the Vyasa seat, the special place for the speaker. It would not be proper for me to speak while you are there.”

Hearing this, Jagatanand quickly got down from his seat and folded his hands. He said, “Please, I request you to take this seat and teach me.”

With great love, Shri Mahaprabhuji sat on the seat and began to explain the verse. His words were full of sweetness and devotion. Time passed by quickly. Morning turned to afternoon as he kept sharing the deep feelings hidden in that one verse.

At last, Shri Mahaprabhuji said, “To explain this verse fully, I would need three months. You must be hungry now. You can go eat.”

Jagatanand’s heart was touched. With great respect, he said, “O ocean of kindness, please accept me as your disciple.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and gave him a sacred mantra, a special prayer to keep in his heart forever. Then he went with Jagatanand to his home.

There, Jagatanand shared how he used to worship Shri Krishna by simply pouring a glass of water over the Lord’s form. Shri Mahaprabhuji gently said, “Please don’t do that.” He then lovingly showed him the proper way to serve Shri Krishna with care and joy. This way of loving service is called seva.

Later that evening, as they sat together and spoke more about Shri Krishna, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave Jagatanand a very important teaching. He said, “The Shrimad Bhagavatam is not something to be spoken for money.”

Hearing this, Jagatanand’s heart changed. Right away, he promised that he would never again give discourse on the Bhagavatam for payment. From that day

forward, he spoke about other holy books, like the Mahabharat and the Puranas, to earn a living. But he never again spoke the Bhagavatam for money.

He had come to understand something very deep. The Shrimad Bhagavatam is not just a book. It is Shri Krishna himself. Each of its twelve parts is like a part of Shri Krishna's divine body. It is the sweetest fruit of all the holy teachings in the world. It helps us know who Shri Krishna truly is.

After some time, Shri Mahaprabhuji left to visit another place. Jagatanand stayed behind, but his life was no longer the same. He had found a new path. He spent his days serving Shri Krishna with full love and devotion. With time, by Shri Mahaprabhuji's grace, Jagatanand had a beautiful experience—he truly felt and realized Shri Krishna's divine presence.

His heart was full. His life had changed forever.

Poem: The Gift of True Devotion

Jagatanand spoke with grace,
Sharing tales in a holy place.
Shri Mahaprabhuji came one day,
And gently showed a better way.
A verse was read, a truth was found,
In loving words so deep, profound.

Three months he said it might require,
To share the depth of Shri Love's fire.
No more for money would he speak,
The Lord's sweet words are not for greed.
With folded hands and open heart,
He chose a brand new, sacred start.
He served with love both night and day,
In simple, pure and humble way.
And soon he saw, so clear, so bright,
Shri Krishna's form in shining light.
Speak with love and serve with care,
The Lord is always listening there.
Never sell what's meant for grace,
Let pure devotion take its place.

Story 41 Brothers Anandadas and Vishvambhardas



84 Vaishnav Story 41 Brothers Anandadas and Vishvambhardas

Long ago, in the sacred town of Prayag where two holy rivers meet, lived two brothers named Anandadas and Vishvambhardas. Even as small children, they were different from others. They didn't enjoy fancy clothes or tasty treats. They didn't play noisy games or run around the streets. What they loved most was sitting quietly by the river and watching the holy waters flow. When their parents gave them new clothes, the boys would wear them once, roll in the sand, and then give the clothes away to saintly travelers.

Their parents didn't understand. They wanted the boys to live normal lives. So, one day, the family decided to get Anandadas married. But the night before the wedding, Anandadas felt something deep in his heart. "If I get married," he thought, "I'll be caught in the world's many worries. I want only to be with saints and think of Shri Krishna."

So, without saying a word, Anandadas took his younger brother Vishvambhardas and left home. They walked quietly to Chitrakut, a peaceful forest where Shri Ram once lived.

When their parents found out, they were heartbroken and searched everywhere. On the ninth day, their father found the boys sitting under a tree. With tears in his eyes, he begged them to come home. The boys said, "We want to live with saints and listen to stories about Shri Krishna, but you don't like that."

Their father promised not to stop them from following their hearts. So the boys returned home and started spending all their time with other saints, listening to spiritual talks and eating just one simple meal each day.

One evening, the two brothers were sitting by the Yamuna river. They looked at the sunset and felt a deep sadness. "After taking so many births," they thought, "we have finally become human. But this life is slipping away without seeing the Lord." Their eyes filled with tears, and they cried until they fainted from sorrow.

At that very moment, Shri Mahaprabhuji, who was nearby in a village called Adel, suddenly received a message from the Lord. The Lord said, “Two young boys by the Yamuna are deeply sad because they miss Me. If you don’t go quickly, they may leave their bodies.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji quickly woke up his disciple Krishnadas Meghan and called a few other Vaishnavas. In the middle of the night, they went to the river and found the two brothers lying unconscious. Shri Mahaprabhuji gently sprinkled holy water on them and softly chanted a Vedic prayer.

The boys slowly opened their eyes and, as soon as they saw Shri Mahaprabhuji, they bowed down and folded their hands. With love in their hearts, they asked him to accept them as his disciples. Shri Mahaprabhuji brought them home and gave them initiation the next day.

After this, the boys said, “We want to give up everything and become renunciates.” Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and explained something very special.

He said, “Giving up the world is not always the answer. In this age, becoming a renunciate can bring pride, and pride takes you far from the Lord. Devotion is about love, not about leaving everything behind. If you live in your home with love for Shri Krishna, that is true renunciation.”

The boys listened with open hearts. Shri Mahaprabhuji's words were like sweet nectar. He told them, "Even if you wear simple clothes and live with your family, as long as your mind is filled with Shri Krishna, you are truly free. Many who become renunciates get caught in pride. But the Lord never comes to a heart full of pride."

He continued, "In devotion, we follow the ways of great souls like the Rishi Kaundinya and the gopis of Vrindavan. Their love was pure and full of longing. Even Shri Krishna Himself could not ignore such love. You don't need to leave your home. Serve the Lord where you are, and let love be your path."

Shri Mahaprabhuji then blessed the boys. "From now on, your hearts will always remember the Lord's divine pastimes."

The boys went back to their family home. Their parents, still worried, said, "At least let us see your faces once a day." So the brothers asked for a small separate room in the house where they could do their daily prayers and worship.

From then on, Anandadas and Vishvambhardas stayed with their parents but lived only for the Lord. They ate little, spoke gently, and filled their days with worship, prayer, and remembering the beautiful pastimes of Shri Krishna.

At night, Anandadas would sit with Vishvambhardas and speak about the Lord's leelas. Their room would glow with the warmth of devotion.

One night, Anandadas was speaking as always. His younger brother slowly drifted to sleep. But Anandadas didn't notice, because someone kept saying "uh huh" after every sentence. It sounded just like Vishvambhardas was listening.

But soon, Vishvambhardas woke up and said, "Bhaiya, I'm sorry. I fell asleep in the middle of your story." Anandadas was surprised. "Then who was saying 'uh huh' all this time?" The two brothers realized at once: it was Shri Krishna who had been listening and responding, not wanting the beautiful talks to end.

They were filled with joy. "Shri Mahaprabhuji has truly accepted us," they cried. "Because of his grace, we have felt Shri Krishna's presence."

From that day on, Anandadas and Vishvambhardas lived in full joy, untouched by worldly sorrow. Their hearts belonged only to the Lord.

Poem: The Brothers and the Lord

Two little boys in Prayag town,
Loved the Lord and turned things down.
No sweets or toys made them glad,
They missed Shri Krishna, and that made them sad.
They left their home, ran far away,
To live with saints and always pray.
But their dear dad found them soon,

Under trees and stars and moon.
They came back home with peaceful minds,
And sought the Lord with love that binds.
By the river, they cried one night,
Till Shri Mahaprabhuji came in light.
He brought them home, gave them the way,
To live with love and always pray.
“You don’t need robes or forest trees,
Just serve with heart, and you will please.”
At night they talked, and Krishna heard,
Saying “uh huh” at every word.
He stayed so sweet, He stayed so near,
Just so their love could remain clear.
So children dear, hold love so true,
And Shri Krishna will come to you.
No need to run or wear a crown—
Just love the Lord, and joy comes down.

Story 42 One Brahmin Lady from Adel



84 Vaishnav Story 42 One Bhramin Lady from Adel

Long ago in the peaceful town of Adel, there lived a kind-hearted Brahmin lady. Her life changed after her husband passed away. She began to think deeply about the meaning of life and decided to follow a spiritual path. She became a disciple of Shri Mahaprabhuji, who kindly gave her a small Shri Krishna deity to worship. She had no money, no gold, and no fancy things. Her home was a single small room. That little room was her kitchen, her bed, and her temple. She didn't even own a metal pot. She used simple clay pots to cook and serve Shri Krishna. She didn't know all the rules of worship or how to follow fancy rituals, but her heart

was full of love for Shri Krishna. She served Him with all the care and devotion she could.

She lived by accepting small offerings from others. Some gave her food, some gave clothes, and some gave coins. Even with so little, her heart overflowed with joy. She felt rich because she had the love of her Lord.

Some Vaishnavas in the town saw her way of worship and whispered to each other, “She doesn’t know the proper way to serve the Lord. She’s poor and old. Maybe someone else should look after her Shri Krishna deity.”

One day, one of them went to Shri Mahaprabhuji and said, “Your disciple doesn’t follow the proper Vaishnav ways. She cannot see well and has no money. If you give her Shri Krishna deity to someone else, the Lord will be served better.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji listened quietly and then smiled. He gently said, “Shri Krishna is happy with love. Not with wealth. Not with big rituals. That lady may not have much, but she offers everything with a loving heart. Her Shri Krishna is pleased with her devotion.”

The Vaishnava bowed his head and said no more.

Another day, as Shri Mahaprabhuji walked back from Shri Yamuna river after his prayers, someone told him, “This is where that Brahmin lady lives. You should see her worship.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji quietly entered her hut. She didn't know he had come in. She was busy cooking rotis for Shri Krishna. As she cooked, she placed each warm roti on a plate for the Lord. While she turned to make another one, the roti on the plate disappeared.

She looked at the empty plate and said, "Oh! These mice must be eating the rotis!" She tapped the floor to scare them and kept cooking. Each time she placed a roti, it vanished before she turned around.

Shri Mahaprabhuji saw everything. Shri Krishna was happily eating the rotis made with her love. The scene filled Shri Mahaprabhuji with joy, and he couldn't hold back his laughter anymore. He lovingly said, "Dear Brahmin lady, it's not mice who are eating your rotis. Your Shri Krishna is eating them Himself!"

The woman turned around in surprise. Tears filled her eyes as she saw Shri Mahaprabhuji standing there. "Oh my Lord," she cried, "I didn't know you were here. I'm just a poor woman. Shri Krishna only eats what I offer because of your blessing."

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently said, "Your love is pure. Keep serving your Shri Krishna just as you are."

Many great sages spend their lives trying to please Shri Krishna. But this simple lady, with her pure heart, had already won His love.

As Shri Mahaprabhuji stepped outside her home, he said to all the Vaishnavas,
“Shri Krishna only wants the love of His devotees.”

From that day, everyone understood how blessed the Brahmin lady from Adel was. Shri Krishna does not look at how much we have. He looks at how much love we give. He does not follow those who are proud. He walks with those who offer Him pure, simple love.

Shri Krishna ties His heart to the ones who surrender only to Him. He does not need gold or big temples. All He wants is love.

Poem: The Rotis of Love

In Adel town, so small and sweet,
Lived a lady with little to eat.
No golden pots, no grand delight,
Just love that sparkled pure and bright.
She cooked for Shri Krishna every day,
With simple clay and heartfelt way.
Rotis warm she placed with care,
But found them gone — they weren't there!
“Oh mice!” she said, “You must be near,”
Not knowing Shri Krishna was so dear.
He ate each bite with love so wide,

While Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled inside.

He softly laughed and told her true,
“Your love has made the Lord love you!”

No wealth, no rules, no learned book,
Just love — that’s all Shri Krishna took.

So remember this, both big and small,

Love is the greatest gift of all.

The Lord is close, not far above,

He lives within a heart of love.

Story 43 One Kshatriya Lady from Prayag



84 Vaishnav Story 43 One Kshatriya Lady from Prayag

A long time ago in the holy city of Prayag, there lived a kind-hearted lady who was born into a royal Kshatriya family. Even though she grew up with riches, her life changed when she married a simple man from a humble home. She truly loved her husband and chose to live with him instead of staying with her wealthy family. Sadly, her family did not like this and became very angry. In their anger, they did something terrible—they caused harm to her husband and his family.

When the ruler of that area heard about the awful act, he became very upset. As punishment, he had the lady's family home burned down. Only the Kshatriya

lady survived. Now all alone in the world, she lived a very quiet life filled with prayer and deep love for Shri Krishna.

Every day, before the sun came up, she would walk to the Yamunaji river to take a holy bath. After bathing, she would fill a small lota with the river's sacred water and bring it home. One morning, when she poured the water near her tulsi plant, something amazing happened. Inside the lota, she found a small and beautiful Deity of Shri Krishna!

She was surprised and could not understand how He came into her lota. All day she sat and wondered about this special event. She was so full of thoughts that she forgot to eat anything. That evening, something even more wonderful happened. Shri Krishna spoke to her. He said, "I have come from the river just for you. Tomorrow morning, go see Shri Mahaprabhuji and become his disciple. Worship Me as your own little child."

The lady's heart was filled with joy and love. She stayed up the whole night sitting beside her tulsi plant, waiting for the sun to rise. The moment the sky started to brighten, she bathed again in the Yamunaji and went straight to meet Shri Mahaprabhuji.

When she reached his home, she gently bowed down and shared everything that had happened. Shri Mahaprabhuji listened with love and said, "Even before doing any special prayers or offerings, Shri Krishna has already come to bless you." He

then gave her diksha, or initiation, and named the Deity Bal Krishna. He told her to treat and serve Shri Krishna like her own little child.

The lady was overjoyed and returned home with a heart full of devotion. From that day on, she cared for her little Bal Krishna with the love of a mother. She worked hard to earn money by spinning cotton and always saved some coins for her beloved Shri Krishna's offerings.

One day, she collected enough money to buy flour, ghee, and sugar from the market. She made lots of sweet balls with love and placed them in a clay jar. "These will last ten days," she thought. That afternoon, she made a fresh offering to Shri Krishna, ate her own simple meal, and then sat down to spin more cotton.

Suddenly, she heard a funny sound coming from her temple. It sounded like a cat or mouse had gotten inside. She rushed to check, and what she saw made her eyes open wide with surprise—her little Shri Krishna was sitting happily on His small throne with the whole jar of sweet balls in His tiny hands, munching them joyfully!

She was a little shocked and said, "Oh dear child, I made those sweets to last many days! Why are You eating all of them at once?"

With a sweet smile, Shri Krishna replied, "I do not like old food. I love fresh sweets made with love every single day!"

The lady felt sorry and quickly understood. She lovingly said, “Forgive me, my dear. From now on, I will make fresh offerings for You daily.”

And so, every single day after that, she prepared a new dish just for her beloved Lord, never saving or storing anything. She served Shri Krishna not just with her hands, but with all her heart.

Her simple love, strong faith, and daily service made her life full of joy and blessings.

Poem: The Little Lord and the Sweet Jar

In Prayag once lived a gentle soul,
Whose life was tough, but heart was whole.
She bathed each dawn in Yamunaji’s grace,
With silent tears upon her face.
One morning there in her lota so small,
Shri Krishna appeared, to bless her with all.
He said, “Take Me now to Shri Mahaprabhuji,
And serve Me with love, so true and free.”
She held Him close like a mother would,
And gave Him sweets made fresh and good.
But once she stored them for ten long days,
And found Him munching in joyful ways!

“Oh little Krishna, why eat them all?”
He smiled and said, “I heard your call!
I love what’s fresh, not what grows old,
Serve Me each day with love so bold.”
So now we know from her sweet deed,
Love every day is all we need.
Serve with care, and sing with cheer,
Shri Krishna will always be near!

Story 44 Goraja and her daughter-in-law Samarai



84 Vaishnav Story 44 Goraja and her daughter-in-law Samarai

A long time ago, in a quiet village called Sinhananda, there lived two kind-hearted women—Goraja and her daughter-in-law Samarai. Both of them were very simple and loved Shri Krishna with all their hearts. They had the great fortune of becoming disciples of Shri Mahaprabhuji. He once told them to visit the holy Saraswati River, where they would find a divine form of Shri Krishna.

They went to the river and found a beautiful small deity of Shri Krishna. Shri Mahaprabhuji gave Him the name Shri Damodarji. He asked them to do His seva with love. Samarai was clever and careful, so she took care of Shri Damodarji's

puja and cooking. Goraja helped with cleaning and other work. Together, they served their Lord every day with great joy.

Living near a very spiritual devotee named Vasudevdasji also inspired them even more. Just like an unlit coal catches fire when close to a burning one, their hearts began to burn brightly with devotion.

One day, Goraja came to Samarai and said, “I want to go visit Shri Mahaprabhuji in Thaneshwar. He’s across the river from here. You take care of Shri Damodarji while I’m gone. Wake Him up, dress Him nicely, and offer Him food.”

Samarai was happy. This was her first chance to do all the seva by herself. She bathed, decorated Shri Damodarji lovingly, cooked tasty food, and offered it to Him. Then she closed the curtain of the temple, washed the dishes, and cleaned the kitchen.

When she opened the curtain later, she was shocked. The food looked untouched. She felt very sad and thought, “Maybe I did something wrong. Maybe Shri Damodarji didn’t like it.” So she bathed again, cooked fresh food, and offered it once more.

But again, the food looked exactly the same. Tears came to her eyes. She folded her hands and prayed, “O Shri Krishna, I’m just a simple girl. I don’t know anything. Please tell me what mistake I made. Why aren’t You eating?”

Not giving up, she tried a third time. She cleaned everything, bathed again, and made another full meal for Shri Damodarji. After offering it, she felt so weak and sad that she fainted on the floor.

Shri Damodarji could not bear to see her in pain. He stepped down from His seat, gave her water from His own pot, and gently said, “Why are you so upset? I ate all your offerings, each time. Why don’t you believe Me?”

Samarai looked up in surprise and said, “But the food still looks untouched! How can I know You really ate it?”

Shri Damodarji smiled and said, “Whatever I eat does not change. Tomorrow, I will eat in front of you. Now please eat something. You haven’t eaten all day.”

Samarai was still unsure. So she gave the food to the cow and went to bed hungry. The next morning, she bathed, woke up her Lord, decorated Him, and cooked a fresh meal. As she was about to close the curtain, Shri Damodargi said, “Don’t close it today. I will eat while you watch.”

Samarai stood quietly and watched in wonder. Shri Damodarji began eating with joy, even laughing and playing as He ate. Samarai was filled with happiness. She now believed that He had truly eaten the offerings before too. Her heart was full of peace and love.

For the next five days, she joyfully served Shri Damodarji with all her heart. Her home was full of divine happiness.

At the same time, Shri Damodarji told Shri Mahaprabhuji all about Samarai's devotion. When Goraja was ready to return, Shri Mahaprabhuji said, "Please send Samarai to see me soon."

When Samarai arrived, she found Shri Mahaprabhuji cooking food. He welcomed her kindly and said, "Bathe and help me roll the rotis." She happily helped. He smiled and said, "Your Lord told me everything. You are so lucky to be with Him."

Samarai shyly said, "My Lord cannot keep any secrets! What did He tell you? He's just a small child."

Shri Mahaprabhuji laughed gently and said, "I should come visit your home, but I never cross the Saraswati River. Your house is on the other side."

She told him all about her lovely time with Shri Damodarji. On the third day, she asked to go home. Shri Mahaprabhuji replied, "I wish I could always listen to you talk about the Lord, but He is waiting for you. You may return."

Samarai thanked him with folded hands and said, "It is only by your grace that I was able to feel His love."

Even though Samarai had seen Shri Krishna with her own eyes and had served Him directly, she never felt proud. Real devotees stay humble, even after seeing the Lord.

When Samarai got home, she told Goraja everything. Then she went to rest. But soon, she woke up with a thought: “I wonder if Shri Damodarji liked the food?”

She quickly bathed and rushed to the temple. There, she saw Him joyfully eating His meal! Later, He told Goraja, “You should cook for Me, but let Samarai do the decorations. I enjoy her service very much.”

From that day on, both women continued to serve Shri Damodarji with love and creativity. He was always pleased with their care.

When Shri Krishna comes into our homes, plays with us, and accepts our offerings, that is the greatest gift. Samarai and Goraja were two blessed souls who showed how to love the Lord with a pure heart. Their story teaches us that with love, care, and faith, even a simple home becomes a temple.

Poem: The Loving Heart of Samarai

In a village small by river wide,
Two ladies lived with hearts of pride.
Not pride of self, but pride in grace,
To serve their Lord in every place.

Samarai cooked with love so bright,
Three times a day, both day and night.
But food looked full, her heart grew sad,
“Why won’t my Lord eat what I had?”
She cried, she prayed, and fainted low,
Then saw her Lord with loving glow.
He smiled and said, “I ate it all,
My love for you will never fall.”
He proved it true with joyful cheer,
And ate before her, calm and clear.
He laughed, He played, and blessed her day,
With love that never fades away.
The lesson shines both near and far,
Love and service are who we are.
With humble heart and steady hand,
We serve the Lord just as He planned.

Story 45 Krishnadasi



84 Vaishnav Story 45 Krishnadasi

Long ago, in a village near the holy river Ganga, a little girl named Krishnadasi lived with her mother. One day, when she was just five years old, something very sad happened. While they were near the river, both she and her mother accidentally fell into the water. The river was flowing very fast. Her mother could not swim and drowned. But little Krishnadasi held tightly to a piece of wood and floated with the river for many miles.

As she floated down, she passed by Shri Mahaprabhuji. He was sitting quietly, praying near the river. When he saw the little girl in the water, he rushed to save

her. Gently, he pulled her out and looked into her eyes. Shri Mahaprabhuji could feel that she was a very special soul. He softly whispered Shri Krishna's name into her ear, blessing her with divine love.

Shri Mahaprabhuji then sent her with a devotee named Krishnadasji to the city of Patna. There, one of his dear disciples, Harivams, helped her. Harivams searched for her family and, after some time, was able to find her father. When the father came, he saw a change in his daughter. She now wanted to live with Shri Krishna's devotees and sing His name. Her father, with a kind heart, allowed her to stay with Harivams and grow in the love of Shri Krishna.

As Krishnadasi grew older, she remained full of devotion. When she became a young woman, many people thought she would get married. But she gently told Harivams that she did not want to marry. She only wanted to serve Shri Krishna. So Harivams brought her to Shri Mahaprabhuji's home and told Shri Mahaprabhuji's son, Shri Gusainji, about her wish.

Shri Gusainji saw her pure heart and welcomed her with great joy. He asked her to help his wife, Rukmini. Krishnadasi became like a daughter to the whole family. Everyone loved her because she was gentle, kind, and always thinking about Shri Krishna.

One day, Rukmini was expecting a baby. Krishnadasi smiled and told her, "You will have a baby boy, and his name will be Gokulnathji." Some days later, Rukmini

began feeling the baby would come. But Krishnadasi knew that day was not lucky. She placed her hand gently on Rukmini's stomach and said, "Not today. Wait a little longer." Right away, the pain stopped.

A few days later, when the stars were shining in a happy way, an astrologer said the time was now perfect. Krishnadasi went to Rukmini again and softly rubbed her stomach. "Now it is time," she said with a smile. That same moment, Rukmini gave birth to a healthy baby boy. Shri Gusainji named him Vallabh, but because of Krishnadasi's earlier words, everyone lovingly called him Shri Gokulnathji.

Years later, another baby boy was born in the family. Shri Gokulnathji, who was now older, said to his father, "Let's name him Gokulnathji too." But Shri Gusainji gently said, "That name is already yours. It was chosen with love by our dear Krishnadasi. We cannot use it again." So the new baby was named Ghanshyam.

One peaceful night, when the sky was clear and full of stars, Shri Gusainji and Rukmini asked Krishnadasi to sing something about the Lord's beautiful pastimes. Her heart was full of devotion. She closed her eyes and began to sing softly. Her voice was so full of love that Shri Gusainji said, "It feels like you are really watching Shri Krishna's divine dance."

From that day, Krishnadasi would sing and write songs about Shri Krishna's loving pastimes. She felt His presence all the time. Her life became a song of love and joy. Shri Krishna was her dearest, and she was deeply loved by Him.

She lived with a heart full of faith, singing of the Lord with pure love, and showing everyone that true happiness comes from being close to the Divine.

Poem: The Girl by the River

A girl once floated far and wide,
Down Ganga's stream, with tears she cried.
But Shri Mahaprabhuji came near,
And whispered Krishna's name so clear.
He saw her light, her heart so true,
And knew just what she came to do.
With love she grew in service sweet,
With dancing songs and tender feet.
She named a child with love so bright,
And knew the stars and time were right.
She sang at night of Krishna's play,
And felt His presence every day.
So children learn this tale so kind,
Keep love for God in heart and mind.

Serve with joy, both big and small—
For love of Shri Krishna is the best gift of all.

Story 46 Bula Mishra



84 Vaishnav Story 46 Bula Mishra

Long ago, in a small village lived a bright young boy named Bula Mishra. His father hoped Bula would grow up to be a great scholar. So, he brought a teacher to teach Bula. But something surprising happened. Before even beginning the lessons, the teacher asked for money. Bula did not like this at all. He got upset and left. His father became very angry. But Bula made up his mind. “I’m going to Benares to learn,” he said, and walked away from home.

His father thought Bula would return after a while. But Bula did not turn back. He begged for food along the way and finally reached the big city of Benares. There,

he found a kind teacher and began his studies. For three long years, Bula worked hard and begged for his food. But no matter how much he tried, he just couldn't learn to read.

One day, his teacher said, "Bula, maybe learning is not meant for you. You've tried hard, but nothing is working. Maybe you should try something else."

Bula felt very sad. He decided to go to the bank of the Ganga river and pray to the Goddess Sarasvati, who gives knowledge. He sat there with no food or water, and for three days, he kept chanting her name again and again.

On the third day, something magical happened. Bula heard the voice of Goddess Sarasvati coming from the sacred river. She said, "Why are you trying to leave this world while chanting my name? Don't you know I follow the wishes of Shri Krishna? If He wants, even someone who has never studied can become wise. If He doesn't want, even a learned Brahmin won't understand anything. So if you want true knowledge, pray to Shri Krishna. Only He can give it."

Hearing this, Bula's heart changed. He began to chant Shri Krishna's name with every breath, day and night, without stopping.

Seeing his deep love, Shri Krishna spoke to Goddess Sarasvati and said, "He is ready now. Go and give him knowledge. Also tell him to eat something."

So Goddess Sarasvati returned to Bula and said, “Now you will have full knowledge. Please eat and drink.”

Bula was surprised. He asked, “Earlier you said I wouldn’t gain any knowledge. Why are you saying the opposite now?”

She smiled and said, “Because Shri Krishna now wishes to bless you with it. Your steady chanting has removed all blocks in your heart.”

Then Bula said something beautiful. “Even more wonderful than the Lord is His name. Even more precious than knowledge is the Lord’s name. I don’t want knowledge anymore. I just want to see Him.”

When Shri Krishna heard this, He was happy. He said, “Ask me for anything.”

Bula replied, “I only wish to see You.”

The Lord said, “When you become a disciple of Shri Mahaprabhuji, I will appear before you.”

Bula asked again, “Please let me see You now. What if I lose my way while going to Shri Mahaprabhuji? After I see You, no illusion will be able to confuse me.”

Shri Krishna was pleased. He appeared before Bula in His beautiful four-armed form. He smiled and said, “Now that you have seen Me, the power of confusion will never touch you again.” Then Shri Krishna disappeared.

Bula now set out happily to meet Shri Mahaprabhuji. He found Him in the town of Adel. As soon as Bula arrived, he bowed low with respect. Shri Mahaprabhuji welcomed him with joy and said, “You are a strong-hearted soul. You pleased the Lord with your deep devotion.”

Bula asked for Shri Mahaprabhuji’s blessings and wanted to become His disciple. Shri Mahaprabhuji said, “But you have already seen Shri Krishna. Why do you need a guru now?”

Bula humbly answered, “Yes, I saw Him, but I did not feel the full joy of being with Him. Only you can give me that sweetness of devotion. Shri Krishna Himself told me to come to you.”

Seeing Bula’s true humility even after meeting Shri Krishna, Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly accepted him as a disciple. He began to teach Bula a special truth known as “Krishnashraya”—the path of taking complete shelter in Shri Krishna.

Shri Mahaprabhuji explained:

“In this age, many paths to grow spiritually have become blocked. Hypocrisy is everywhere. That is why I only take shelter in Shri Krishna.

Even holy places are filled with worldly desires. People who are innocent are often troubled. I take shelter only in Shri Krishna.

Even the sacred rivers are losing their purity. Even good people are becoming proud and follow the wrong ways. Most people only want fame or wealth. But I turn only to Shri Krishna.

Mantras and fasting don't work as they used to. So I take full shelter in Shri Krishna.

There are too many different ideas. People don't know what is right. I only trust Shri Krishna.

The Deities and the form of God without a body are not as sweet as the joy Shri Krishna gives. So I take shelter only in Him.

People are weak and easily drawn to sin. I take shelter only in Shri Krishna.

O Shri Krishna, You help everyone who calls out to You. You are my only hope and joy.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji taught these words to Bula. Hearing them filled Bula's heart with happiness. He began to see Shri Krishna's divine pastimes in his heart. Shri Mahaprabhuji blessed him with deep wisdom and the ability to think always of the Lord.

After some days, Shri Mahaprabhuji asked Bula to return to his village. He told Bula, “Your company will help many people.” Even though Bula wanted to stay longer, he obeyed.

Back at home, his parents were overjoyed to see their son again. Bula lived a pure and kind life. Every day, he would prepare food, offer it to Shri Krishna in his heart, and then give it to his parents, a cow, and anyone hungry. Only after that would he eat. He followed all of Shri Mahaprabhuji's teachings and became a true Vaishnav.

One day, a Kshatriya man who often came to Bula asked for a favor. "My wife cannot have a child," he said. "Please read the Harivamsa Purana for us. Maybe that will bless us with a child."

Bula smiled and said, "I am busy now. Maybe later."

In his heart, Bula thought, "Only Shri Krishna can decide who gets children. I should not try to change His plan."

But Shri Krishna thought differently. He said, "A devotee's promise should never go empty. Help him."

Later, Bula went to the man's house and read just one special passage from the Purana. Then he said, "Those who hear about Shri Krishna's great stories are truly lucky. From even one verse, blessings can come."

He looked at the older wife and said, "You will have a child."

The Kshatriya was surprised. "Why her? She cannot have children."

Bula softly replied, “If Shri Krishna wishes, He can bless anyone, even the older wife.”

The man then asked, “Please stay and read more of the scripture.”

But Bula replied, “You asked to hear it only to have a son. Now that you will get one, what more do you need?”

That blessing worked. The older wife gave birth to a very special boy. He later became a great saint and brought spiritual light to the whole family.

Through Bula Mishra’s life, we learn the power of Shri Krishna’s name, the kindness of a true guru, and the joy of walking the path of devotion with humility and love.

Poem: The Boy Who Found the Lord

Bula walked with feet so sore,
Dreaming of wisdom, wanting more.
To Benares he went with hope in his heart,
But learning and letters wouldn’t start.
Three years passed with no success,
Till sorrow filled his heart with stress.
He sat by Ganga, hungry and still,
Chanting the name with all his will.

Goddess spoke from river wide,
“Pray to Shri Krishna, be by His side.”
So he did, with heart so true,
Till Shri Krishna knew what to do.
The Lord appeared in golden light,
Filling Bula with holy sight.
But Bula still longed for the sweetest part,
To feel the joy deep in his heart.
He found Shri Mahaprabhuji kind and wise,
Who opened Bula’s inner eyes.
With gentle love and sacred song,
He taught where the pure belong.
A son was born by Bula’s grace,
A saint who brought light to every place.
From this tale, let all hearts see—
The Lord’s sweet name is the highest key!

Story 47 Ramdas Mevada



84 Vaishnav Story 47 Ramdas Mevada

When Ramdasji was just twelve years old, his father took him on a very special trip. They traveled to Gujarat to visit the beautiful temple of Shri Dwarkanathji. It was a grand and holy place where many people came to pray to Shri Krishna.

At the temple, something amazing happened. Shri Mahaprabhuji was also there that day. As soon as Ramdasji saw him, his heart filled with love and respect. He quietly whispered to his father, “We would be so lucky if we could become his followers.”

But his father didn't agree. He said, "He is a Brahmin, and so are we. Why should we follow another Brahmin?"

Ramdasji didn't argue. He stayed quiet, but deep inside, he wished with all his heart to be close to Shri Mahaprabhuji.

When his father was not paying attention, Ramdasji gently slipped away and ran to Shri Mahaprabhuji. He bowed low with great respect and said softly, "I really want to be your follower. But my father is full of pride. If you show him a miracle, maybe he will also believe."

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled kindly and said, "You are a special soul. Your father is not able to see clearly now, but through you, he will change. You will be the one to show him a miracle. From now on, whatever you say will come true."

Ramdasji felt peace in his heart and went back home. One day, while his father was cooking, he accidentally burned his hands. Ramdasji asked gently, "If I heal your hands right now, will you promise to become a follower of Shri Mahaprabhuji?"

His father, in pain, agreed. So Ramdasji took some water and placed it on the burns. Just like magic, the pain disappeared and the burns healed.

But instead of being thankful, his father proudly said, "This happened because of my own good luck!"

Hearing that, Ramdasji became upset. “Then you will become blind,” he said.

And just like that, his father lost his sight.

Now his father understood something very big. He realized that Ramdasji’s words were full of truth. He went straight to Shri Mahaprabhuji and humbly asked to become his follower. Shri Mahaprabhuji welcomed him kindly and gave him initiation. Then, with just a gentle touch to his eyes, Shri Mahaprabhuji brought back his sight.

From that day on, Ramdasji did seva, or loving service, to the Lord with all his heart. His father, now full of love and devotion, helped him every day.

Later, Ramdasji met a famous devotee named Mira Bai. She loved Shri Krishna very much and sang many beautiful poems about him. One day, while at her home, Ramdasji was singing songs about Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Mira Bai asked, “Why don’t you sing something about the Lord instead?”

This made Ramdasji very sad and upset. He replied, “The songs I sing are not about any ordinary man. Shri Mahaprabhuji and Shri Krishna are one and the same.”

Ramdasji felt hurt and left her home, never to return. From that moment, he understood that he must be careful. The special path of Shri Mahaprabhuji was not something to share with those who might not understand.

Ramdasji's love for Shri Mahaprabhuji stayed strong like a mountain. He always remembered that true faith and deep respect for the guru can light the path to Shri Krishna's love.

Poem: Ramdasji's Faith

Ramdasji saw with heart so wide,
A shining path he could not hide.
To Shri Mahaprabhuji he ran,
A boy with a brave and gentle plan.
His father said, "No need to go,"
But Ramdasji's heart said, "Yes, I know."
With water he healed his father's pain,
Then blindness fell like gentle rain.
When sight returned through holy grace,
A smile lit up his father's face.
Side by side they served with care,
Their hearts in loving, faithful prayer.
To Mira Bai he spoke so true,
That Shri Mahaprabhuji's light shines through.
He walked away, but kept the flame,
Of love and faith in guru's name.
The story shows, both kind and wise,

That faith can open blinded eyes.
Trust your heart and serve with cheer,
The Lord and guru are always near.

Story 48 Ramdas Chauhan



84 Vaishnav Story 48 Ramdas Chauhan

A long time ago in the land of Bundelkhand, there lived a young boy named Ramdas Chauhan. He was just twelve years old, but his heart was already full of love for Shri Krishna. His father worked for the king and wanted Ramdasji to also work in the royal court.

But Ramdasji gently told his father, “I do not want to serve any king. I only want to serve the Supreme Lord. He is the one who takes care of everyone.”

His father was surprised. He couldn’t understand why his son didn’t want a job in the palace. “How will you live if you don’t work for the king?” he asked.

Ramdasji smiled and said, “It is not the king who gives us food or shelter. It is Shri Krishna who takes care of everything.”

His father became worried. He thought that some saint must have filled Ramdasji’s mind with such ideas. He didn’t want his son to become more spiritual, so he locked him inside the house and asked a guard to keep watch, making sure that no saint could visit him.

But Ramdasji was calm and happy. He sat quietly and kept chanting the name of the Lord.

One day, the king heard about this boy who refused to serve him. He ordered Ramdasji’s father to bring the child to the palace. Ramdasji’s father bowed before the king and said, “My son does not listen to me anymore. He only wants to live a holy life. Please forgive us and give him some time.”

The king became angry and warned him, “Bring your son tomorrow, or I will have him thrown into jail.”

When his father came home and told him, Ramdasji replied peacefully, “If Shri Krishna wants me to go to jail, I will go. I am not afraid. I will not go just to salute a king.”

The next day, the king called Ramdasji again. When he didn't come, ten royal guards were sent to bring him. The brave young boy told them, "I have nothing to do with kings. I will not come."

The guards tied Ramdasji and took him to the palace. The king was very angry. "Put him in jail! Do not give him food! He must learn to bow before me!" he shouted.

Ramdasji was locked up and treated very badly. But he never became upset. He quietly accepted everything as Shri Krishna's wish and kept chanting the holy name.

The queen came to know about this and told the king, "He is just a child. Why are you punishing him for not saluting you? Let him go. Otherwise, something bad may happen."

The king didn't listen. But very soon, his kingdom was attacked by a strong army from the south. In the battle that followed, the king was killed, and the town was captured.

Ramdasji's father ran away from the city. The prison gates were opened, and all the prisoners ran free. Ramdasji was now truly free too.

He made his way to Mathura and visited all the holy places there. Then, he went to Govardhan Hill and found a quiet cave to live in. Every day, he worshipped Shri Krishna with love. At night, he would go into town and ask for some food to eat.

Ramdasji spent his days in joy, singing Shri Krishna's name and living a life full of peace and devotion.

One day, Shri Krishna became very pleased with Ramdasji's pure love and told him in a dream, "Go and become the disciple of Shri Mahaprabhuji. You will serve Me in a very special way."

Ramdasji went to see Shri Mahaprabhuji and bowed down with great respect. Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled with love and accepted him as a disciple.

Shri Mahaprabhuji said, "From today, you will serve Shri Krishna. Whatever the people of the village give you—milk, butter, or curd—offer it to the Lord with love. This will be your service and your way of living."

The villagers were very kind and gave him whatever they could. Ramdasji offered everything with devotion to Shri Krishna.

At that time, Shri Nathji's temple on Govardhan Hill was just a small hut made of grass. Great devotees like Sadu Pande and Kumbhandasji helped take care of the temple. Ramdasji felt very blessed to live there and serve the Lord.

Later, a big stone temple was built by a man named Puranamal. When the grand temple was ready, Ramdasji had already spent many joyful years serving Shri Nathji. His heart was full. His life's purpose was complete. And one day, peacefully, he left his body and went to live forever with the Lord.

After Ramdasji left the world, Shri Nathji wanted even more beautiful service. Since the local people couldn't give much time to the temple anymore, Shri Mahaprabhuji called some Bengali devotees from Radha Kund to help. They served until later, when other Brahmins were brought in to continue the seva.

Ramdasji's whole life was a gift of love to Shri Krishna. He had no job, no riches, and no fame. But his heart was full of joy because all he ever wanted was to serve his Lord.

Poem: The Brave Devotee

In Bundelkhand a boy once said,
"I'll serve the Lord, not kings instead!"
Though young in years, his heart was wide,
With love for Shri Krishna deep inside.
He faced the king, he faced the jail,
But never once did his courage fail.
He smiled through pain, he did not cry,
For he felt the Lord was always nearby.

In Govardhan, he found his peace,
Where chants and love would never cease.
He served with milk and simple food,
In joy and grace and grateful mood.
Shri Mahaprabhuji blessed him so,
And taught him how true love should grow.
Ramdasji served with heart so bright,
Until he walked into the Light.
So children, know and never fear,
The Lord is always very near.
With loving hearts, just sing His name,
And feel His joy like a glowing flame.

Story 49 Ramanand Pandit



84 Vaishnav Story 49 Ramanand Pandit

A long time ago, in the holy town of Thaneshwar, there lived a wise Brahmin named Ramanand Pundit. He spent his days reading sacred books and teaching others. He was proud of his knowledge and wanted everyone to know how smart he was.

One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji visited Thaneshwar. Ramanand Pundit, wanting to show off, went to speak with Him. But something strange happened. The words he had planned in his mind came out all wrong. Embarrassed, he returned home without saying what he wanted.

At home, he decided to pray to the goddess of knowledge, Sarasvati. He stopped eating and drinking, and for three days, he only chanted her name and thought of her. On the third day, she appeared and gave him a blessing. She asked, “What would you like?” He replied, “I want to win every debate with anyone I meet.”

With great pride, he went back to speak with Shri Mahaprabhuji, thinking he would surely win this time. But again, all his words came out backward and confusing. Shri Mahaprabhuji gently asked, “You pleased the goddess of knowledge. Then why do your words come out like this?”

Once more, Ramanand went home and prayed. Sarasvati came again and asked, “What is it now? I already gave you what you wanted.” Ramanand Pundit sadly said, “I still could not win against Vallabhacharya.”

The goddess gently explained, “My blessing helps you win against people, but not against the Lord. Don’t you know that Shri Vallabhacharya Mahaprabhuji is the Lord Himself? You cannot defeat Him. You must surrender to Him.”

At that moment, Ramanand Pundit understood. His heart changed. He bowed down, left his pride behind, and humbly asked Shri Mahaprabhuji to accept him as a disciple. Shri Mahaprabhuji said, “You are a great scholar. Why do you want to follow me?” But when He saw Ramanand’s true and humble heart, He lovingly welcomed both Ramanand and his wife into the Path of Grace.

Later, when Shri Mahaprabhuji came again to Thaneshwar, He stayed at Ramanand's home. That evening, Ramanand said something silly to his wife. He said, "Hurry and collect the cow dung, or the Vaishnavas will take it all!"

Shri Mahaprabhuji heard these words and became upset. He loved all Vaishnavas very dearly. He thought, "If Ramanand speaks like this, how can he truly respect the Lord's beloved devotees?" Shri Mahaprabhuji said a special mantra and declared, "You are no longer my disciple."

Then, He left Ramanand's home with a few Vaishnavas and went to a nearby place called Amitirth, where He took a bath and did His prayers.

Even though Shri Mahaprabhuji could forgive anyone who wronged Him, He could not ignore when someone disrespected a Vaishnava. He believed that Vaishnavas must always be honored with love, care, and deep respect. They are special souls, and to serve them is like serving Shri Krishna Himself.

After Shri Mahaprabhuji left, Ramanand Pundit became deeply sad. He stopped thinking about himself and wandered around in a half-dreamy state. But he never forgot one thing—whatever he ate, he first offered it to Shri Krishna.

One day, he saw fresh jalebis being made in the market. They were golden, hot, and sweet. He bought a few, mentally offered them to Shri Nathji on Govardhan Hill, and then ate them.

That very same moment, Shri Nathji was having His lunch. Shri Mahaprabhuji entered the temple to wash Shri Nathji's hands, and He saw something surprising. There was a piece of jalebi in Shri Nathji's mouth!

He asked, "No jalebis were offered today. Where did this come from?" Shri Nathji lovingly replied, "From Ramanand Pundit."

Shri Mahaprabhuji was surprised. "You accepted his offering even though I had renounced him?" He asked.

Shri Nathji answered with a smile, "You told Me to accept souls. You may have let him go, but I will never leave the ones You give Me. He is Mine now."

Later, when Shri Mahaprabhuji was speaking with Damodardasji, He said, "Even though I gave him up, the Lord accepted his jalebi offering."

Damodardasji asked, "If Shri Nathji has accepted him, will you also accept him again?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji said, "Only if he never says a bad word about a Vaishnava for the next 100,000 lives."

A Vaishnava from Thaneshwar heard all of this and went back to tell Ramanand Pundit. When Ramanand heard Shri Mahaprabhuji's words, he did not become sad. Instead, he became joyful. He thought, "Even if it takes 100,000 lives, one day, my guru will accept me again!"

That night, Ramanand had a dream. In the dream, he passed through 100,000 lifetimes, learning to always respect Vaishnavas. When he woke up, something wonderful happened—Shri Mahaprabhuji accepted him again!

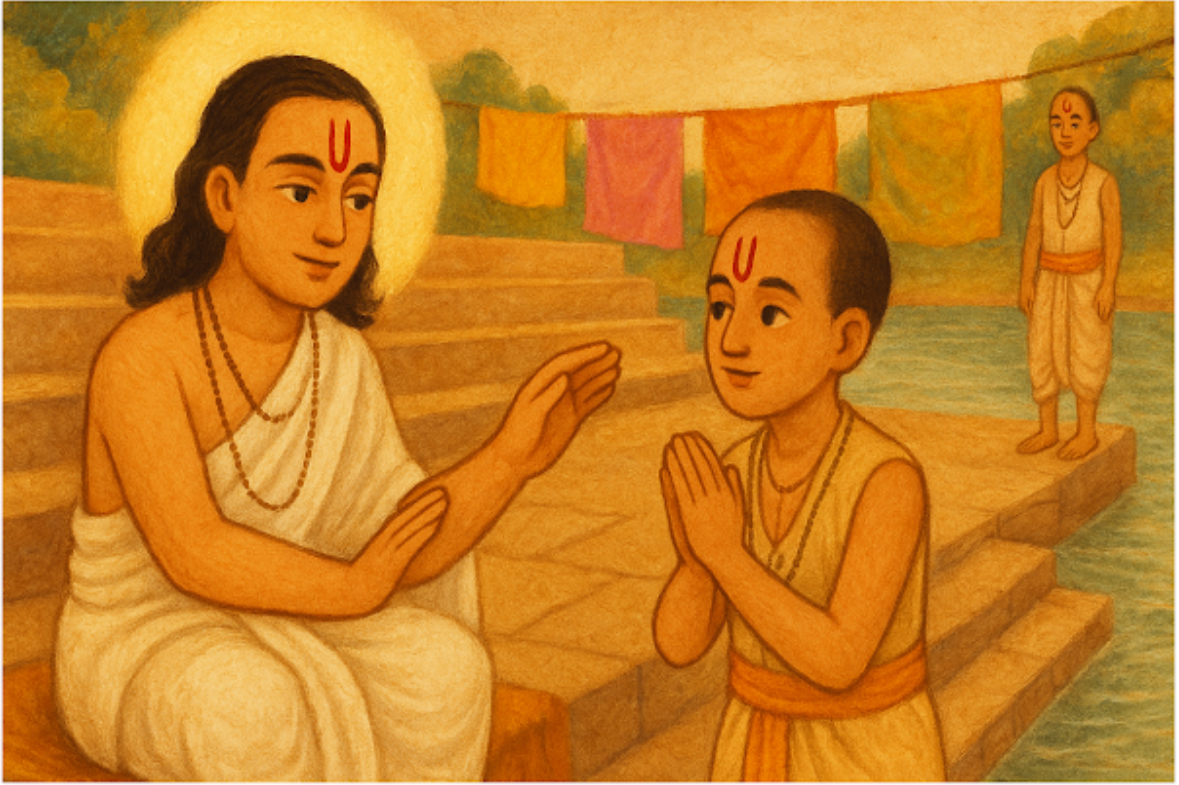
Through this story, Shri Mahaprabhuji taught the world a gentle but strong message: never speak badly of a Vaishnava. If Shri Krishna accepts someone, He never lets them go. His love is forever.

Poem: The Sweet Jalebi

Ramanand knew all the holy books,
He taught and read with prideful looks.
He tried to win with words so smart,
But pride had closed his humble heart.
He prayed to Sarasvati so bright,
To help him speak and win the fight.
She gave her boon with power strong,
But still his words came out all wrong!
Shri Mahaprabhuji, wise and kind,
Helped him leave his pride behind.
He joined the Path with joy so true,
And served the Lord in all he'd do.
But one suspicion, so mean and wrong,

About Vaishnavas and cow dung—
Made Shri Mahaprabhuji feel pain,
And so he walked away again.
Though sad and lost, Ramanand stayed,
And offered sweets before he prayed.
A jalebi made with love so deep,
To Shri Nathji, his heart would leap.
The Lord accepted with a smile,
Though it had been a little while.
And when his Guru heard the tale,
He said, "Let true love never fail!"
Then came a dream through lifetimes vast,
Where all bad words were in the past.
And waking up with tears of grace,
He found his Guru's warm embrace.
Respect the Vaishnavas with care,
The Lord Himself is always there.
With love, devotion, heart so free—
You'll find the Lord eternally.

Story 50 Vishnudas Chipa



84 Vaishnav Story 50 Vishnudas Chipa

A kind man named Vishnudas lived near the city of Agra. He worked by coloring cloth in bright shades and then took them to the city to sell. One day, as he walked toward Agra with his colorful cloth, Shri Mahaprabhuji saw him from far away. The beautiful colors caught Shri Mahaprabhuji's eye. He told his loving follower, Krishnadasji, "I would like some of that cloth. Please buy it, no matter what price he asks."

Krishnadasji walked over to Vishnudas and asked how much the cloth cost. Vishnudas, just to see what would happen, asked for four times the usual price.

But Krishnadasji gave the money without any complaint. He did exactly what Shri Mahaprabhuji had told him.

This made Vishnudas stop and think. “This man didn’t argue at all,” he thought. “He must be a holy man. What if, by taking his money, my family turns away from the world and becomes saints like him? Would I lose everything?” Feeling nervous, he told Krishnadasji, “Please take back your money. I don’t want to sell the cloth anymore.”

But Krishnadasji replied, “This is a strange thing to say. First, you sell me the cloth, and now you want to take it back? If you want more money, I can give you more—but I will not return the cloth.”

Vishnudas explained, “It’s not about money. When I saw how calmly you paid, I felt something deep inside. I realized that maybe the Lord is pulling me toward a different life. Please, I beg you—take your money back.”

But Krishnadasji smiled and said, “My guru, Shri Mahaprabhuji, really liked this cloth. He told me to buy it no matter the price. So I cannot return it.”

Hearing the name of Shri Mahaprabhuji, Vishnudas felt something stir in his heart. He wanted to meet this great guru right away. “Where is your guru? I must see him,” he asked.

So Krishnadasji took him to meet Shri Mahaprabhuji. When Vishnudas saw him, he felt a deep joy and said, “You must be the Lord Himself to have such a gentle and faithful follower. Please let me be your disciple.”

Vishnudas was eager to begin his spiritual journey. He went to bathe in the holy Yamuna River. But as he came back, a leaf plate that someone had eaten from touched his foot. He felt impure and wanted to bathe again. Shri Mahaprabhuji saw this and gently called out, “Where are you going now? Come with me later when I go to the Yamuna for prayers.”

But Vishnudas said with care, “I do not want to trouble you in any way.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and said, “Dear one, I have come to this world for devotees like you. I have walked all across India, shared the path of love, and written many teachings to help seekers. Don’t ever feel that you are a burden.”

Then he took Vishnudas to the Yamuna and lovingly gave him a sacred mantra. Vishnudas felt peaceful and full of devotion. Still, he asked humbly, “Please teach me the deep meanings of the holy books.”

So Shri Mahaprabhuji gently taught him about devotion. He said that true worship brings blessings, but only when the Lord decides it is time. Some problems come from the world—those can be given up. But if a delay comes from the Lord, we should patiently wait, because He knows best.

Shri Mahaprabhuji explained that there are three special gifts a devotee might receive. The first is divine love, where the Lord becomes close to the devotee. The second is merging with the Lord. The third is a body that is perfect for serving the Lord. But he also warned that things like worry, worldly pleasure, and daily distractions can get in the way of true devotion.

Vishnudas listened with a full heart. He felt like a new person.

Later, Krishnadasji said to him, “If you want, take your cloth and your money back. Or give it to Shri Mahaprabhuji.”

But Vishnudas smiled and said, “What cloth? I have already given my whole life to the Lord. This cloth is nothing in front of that.”

Krishnadasji was quiet. He was amazed at how much love Vishnudas had gained so quickly.

When Shri Mahaprabhuji told Vishnudas, “Now return to your home,” Vishnudas replied with a prayer, “My true home is at your feet. Where else could I go?”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently said, “I will be going to Adel now. When my son, Shri Gusainji, comes to Gokul, go to him. He will guide you. Don’t worry about the world. It will not trouble you. Always stay happy in the Lord’s service.”

Vishnudas kept these words close to his heart and returned home joyfully. As he reached home, his wife saw the change in him and became upset. “I don’t want to see your face again,” she said and left him forever.

But Vishnudas was not sad. He saw it as Shri Krishna’s way of helping him leave behind all worldly attachments. From that day on, he spent his time singing the Lord’s name and reading Shri Mahaprabhuji’s writings.

Years passed. Vishnudas grew old. One day, remembering Shri Mahaprabhuji’s words, he went to Gokul to meet Shri Gusainji. He told him about the promise Shri Mahaprabhuji had made long ago.

Shri Gusainji welcomed him warmly. “You may live here and do whatever you feel you can manage,” he said.

Vishnudas thought about his age. He said, “If I can be a door guard at your home, I will see you every day, and that will be enough.”

Shri Gusainji agreed happily.

From that day on, every time Shri Gusainji passed him, he would say with love, “Vishnudas, are you happy?”

And Vishnudas would reply with joy, “Because of your grace, I am always happy.”

One day, scholars started coming to Shri Gusainji to debate the scriptures. Vishnudas saw that they were bothering the guru too much. So he began speaking with them himself. Because of his deep understanding, none of the scholars could defeat him. They were so surprised that they thought, “If the door guard is so wise, how much greater must the guru be?” And they left without meeting Shri Gusainji.

Later, Shri Gusainji asked, “Why don’t any scholars come anymore?”

A Vaishnav said, “They come, but your door guard defeats them all, so they go back home.”

Shri Gusainji called Vishnudas and said, “You are wise because you are a true disciple of Shri Mahaprabhuji. But we should never send people away empty-handed. From now on, let them come in so I can bless them too.”

Vishnudas bowed and agreed.

There was a relative of Shri Gusainji named Bhatt who lived in Mathura. He often asked, “Let me feed your Vaishnavs one day.” But Shri Gusainji would say, “Why get involved?”

One day, Bhatt insisted and invited Shri Gusainji to lunch. Shri Gusainji took Vishnudas with him and asked him to bring some water. After the meal,

Vishnudas washed his guru's hands. Then Shri Gusainji told him to eat the remaining food from his plate.

Just as Vishnudas was about to eat the sacred leftovers, Bhatt came and said, "Why are you eating that? I have made fresh food for you!"

But Vishnudas said, "I don't want your food. If you touch my plate, it will no longer be pure."

Bhatt became angry and walked away. Vishnudas quietly gathered his things and left for Gokul.

Bhatt later complained to Shri Gusainji, "Your low-caste follower insulted me!"

Shri Gusainji replied, "You said you wanted to feed all the Vaishnavs, but you couldn't even feed one. How then will you feed many?"

Bhatt had no answer.

Vishnudas only accepted food that was connected to Shri Krishna's service. He lived a simple life filled with love, devotion, and the sweet memories of Shri Mahaprabhuji's blessings.

Poem: The Cloth and the Calling

A cloth so bright, a price so high,
A kind soul watched as coins went by.

No quarrel came, just gentle grace,
That warmed the dyer's heart and face.
He met the saint with folded hand,
And felt his soul begin to stand.
A mantra sweet, a path so pure,
A love that made his faith feel sure.
The world let go, the Lord drew near,
His heart held joy, his mind was clear.
At Gokul's door, he found his place,
With daily glimpses of the guru's face.
Through kindness, faith, and truth so deep,
He sowed the seeds that still will keep.
The moral glows like morning sun:
A heart with love, already won.

Story 51 Jivandas Kshatriya



84 Vaishnav Story 51 Jivandas Kshatriya

Jivandas was born in a quiet little village called Sinhananda. As a young boy, he moved with his father to the big city of Delhi. At first, everything felt new and exciting. But soon, Jivandas started spending time with people who made bad choices. His father tried hard to help him, but nothing worked. So he decided to send Jivandas back to their village, hoping the change would help.

On the way home, Jivandas met some more bad people and went with them to Agra. There, he began working for a cloth merchant as a middleman. But Jivandas

still spent half of his money on wrong things, and his heart became heavy with sadness.

One day, a thief tricked him and ran away with cloth worth a hundred rupees. The merchant got very angry and had Jivandas put in jail. Jivandas was scared and didn't eat or drink anything. He just sat there, feeling lost and alone.

Then, he remembered something a Vaishnav had once said: "The holy river Yamuna takes away all pain. Just by touching her water, one can feel peace." That gave him hope. When the merchant came to visit, Jivandas begged, "Please let me go to the Yamuna river. I will not live if I don't. I will also send money to pay you back."

The merchant allowed it and sent four guards with him. As Jivandas bathed in the river, Shri Mahaprabhuji, who was sitting nearby with his devotees, noticed him. Shri Mahaprabhuji said, "Bring that man who is guarded by four people."

The guards agreed to let him go with the devotees. Shri Mahaprabhuji looked kindly at Jivandas and asked, "Are you ready to give up your bad habits now?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji then gave one hundred rupees to his followers and told them to pay the merchant. Jivandas was free. He bowed with tears in his eyes and said, "You have freed me from jail, now please free me from this life full of pain."

Worried that Jivandas might fall into bad company again, Shri Mahaprabhuji kept him close. Jivandas began eating prasada with the other Vaishnavs. Slowly, his heart softened, and his mind became peaceful. He felt as if a light had filled him from within.

Jivandas traveled with Shri Mahaprabhuji to many places. When they reached Thaneshvar, which was close to his home village, Shri Mahaprabhuji sent a Vaishnav to tell Jivandas's parents that their son had returned. His parents were overjoyed and rushed to see him. When they met, everyone cried tears of happiness.

Jivandas told his parents everything. Touched by his change and Shri Mahaprabhuji's grace, his whole family became disciples of Shri Mahaprabhuji. Jivandas also returned the one hundred rupees to Shri Mahaprabhuji. He felt that a true disciple should never keep a debt, especially to one's guru.

Before moving on, Shri Mahaprabhuji blessed Jivandas and said, "Your wishes for a spiritual life will come true. Keep your heart always in the loving service of the Lord."

One day, Jivandas and a group of Vaishnavs from Sinhananda went on a pilgrimage to Adel to see Shri Mahaprabhuji again. As they were about to cook food to offer to the Lord, the sky became dark, and heavy rain started falling.

The Vaishnavs were worried. “How will we cook the offering now?” they said sadly.

But Jivandas stood calmly and said, “In the name of Shri Mahaprabhuji, I ask the clouds to stop raining!”

At first, the others didn’t believe him. But then, something amazing happened. The rain stopped! The clouds floated away, and they were able to cook and offer the food with love.

Later, when they reached Adel, the Vaishnavs told Shri Mahaprabhuji what had happened. Shri Mahaprabhuji asked, “What would you have done if it had rained anyway?”

Jivandas gently replied, “Even the great rain god Indra must listen when Shri Mahaprabhuji’s name is spoken. Nothing is more powerful than His holy name.”

Jivandas never wanted fame or praise. Even though he had great faith and strength, he only wished to show others the greatness of Shri Mahaprabhuji. His true power came from his deep love, his pure heart, and his simple, humble faith. A heart full of faith and love is stronger than any storm.

Poem: The Light of Faith

Jivandas wandered far from right,
Lost in the dark, away from light.

But Shri Mahaprabhuji showed the way,
And brought him to the light of day.
The holy Yamuna made him new,
And with her touch, his spirit grew.
Shri Mahaprabhuji set him free,
From pain, from jail, from misery.
When heavy rains began to pour,
His faith alone could close the door.
In Mahaprabhuji's name he stood,
And skies cleared up just like they should.
He taught us all, both big and small,
That pride must go, and love stands tall.
With humble heart and spirit true,
The Lord will always walk with you.

Story 52 Bhagavandas Sarasvat



84 Vaishnav Story 52 Bhagavandas Sarasvat

In the town of Hajipura lived a Brahmin named Bhagavandas Sarasvat. Since he was little, he worked for wealthy families, doing religious rituals and helping with prayers. But as he grew older, he started to feel unhappy. The people he worked for were rich, but they did not really love God. They only cared about money and status. Bhagavandas wanted something more.

So, he left their homes and went back to his own. But soon, he set out again to find a better life. On his journey, he met Shri Mahaprabhuji. At first, Bhagavandas thought Shri Mahaprabhuji was just another learned Brahmin. He didn't know

yet how special he truly was. But something about him felt peaceful and wise. So Bhagavandas decided to travel with him.

That evening, they stopped at a campsite. Shri Mahaprabhuji asked his disciple, Krishnadas, to buy supplies and told him, “Give Bhagavandas whatever he needs.” Bhagavandas, however, took three times more food than he needed. He did the same thing for three days.

On the fourth day, he finally thought, “Maybe I should help out in some way.” But when he asked Krishnadas Meghan if he could do some work, Krishnadas said, “Only disciples of Shri Mahaprabhuji can serve. That is the way.”

Bhagavandas felt confused. “Why is this?” he asked. “You let people of lower castes carry water and help, but I, a Brahmin, am not allowed to do anything?”

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled kindly and said, “In this path, what family someone is born into doesn’t matter. The ones who know Shri Krishna are truly high-born. Even a Brahmin who doesn’t know the Lord is not greater than a humble servant who does.”

These words made Bhagavandas curious. “How can someone know Shri Krishna?” he asked.

Shri Mahaprabhuji replied, “Shri Krishna is not controlled by our actions. He can only be known when He shows His mercy.”

“Then how can we receive His mercy?” asked Bhagavandas.

“By serving a true teacher with love and respect,” Shri Mahaprabhuji explained, “then Shri Krishna showers His grace.”

Bhagavanda’s heart began to change. He wanted to become a disciple. He asked Shri Mahaprabhuji to accept him. But Shri Mahaprabhuji said gently, “It is not easy to be a disciple. You are proud of being a Brahmin. A disciple must be full of humility.”

Bhagavandas bowed his head. “I thought I was important,” he said. “But that pride only brought me pain. Now I see that being humble is far greater than being proud.”

Hearing his honest words, Shri Mahaprabhuji agreed to make him a disciple. From that day on, Bhagavandas lived a very simple and pure life. He cleaned pots. He felt blessed to eat the leftover food from Shri Mahaprabhuji’s plate. He walked on the path of humility and devotion. His heart became full of love.

For one year, Bhagavandas served Shri Mahaprabhuji with joy. Then one day, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave him a special gift—a pair of His wooden sandals—and asked him to return home. Before leaving, Bhagavandas said, “Please, Gurudev, come bless my home and give your blessings to my family too.”

But Shri Mahaprabhuji said, “They are not ready yet for this path.”

Bhagavandas respected Shri Mahaprabhuji's words and went home. He kept the sandals safe and worshipped them with love. Every day, he thought of Shri Mahaprabhuji and followed His teachings.

Some time later, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to his house and gave blessings to his family. From then on, Bhagavandas worshipped the very spot where Shri Mahaprabhuji had sat. Because his love was pure, Shri Mahaprabhuji began to appear to him in a divine way and shared with him the sweet pastimes of Shri Krishna.

Bhagavandas Sarasvat's life had truly changed. He had left behind pride and found peace in service, devotion, and humility.

Poem: The Path of Humility

Bhagavandas, proud and tall,
Thought he knew the best of all.
But meeting Shri Mahaprabhuji wise,
He saw the world with humbler eyes.
Greedy hands took food with glee,
Yet his heart still longed to be free.
“How do I find the Lord so kind?”
“In a teacher's grace, you'll truly find.”
He dropped his pride, his heart made light,

And served his guru day and night.
He washed the pots, he swept the floor,
And found more joy than ever before.
From high-born ways to servant's shoes,
He found the path he'd never lose.
With sandals blessed and heart so pure,
His love for God would long endure.
So little ones, remember this tale,
A humble heart will never fail.
The Lord loves those both kind and small,
For love and faith are best of all.

Story 53 Bhagavandas Sanchora



84 Vaishnav Story 53 Bhagavandas Sanchora

In a peaceful town called Rajnagar in Gujarat, a boy named Bhagavandas Sanchora was born. From a young age, he loved to learn and spent ten long years studying with his teacher. One day, they both went to the grand temple of Shri Dwarkanathji. There, his teacher met a great saint named Shri Mahaprabhuji.

When a friendly debate began between the teacher and Shri Mahaprabhuji, the wise saint gently showed how the teacher was mistaken. The teacher, feeling a little sad, decided to travel to Benares to study more and invited Bhagavandas to

join him. But Bhagavandas chose to stay at the temple in Dwarka. He felt a strong pull towards Shri Mahaprabhuji and was deeply inspired by his wisdom.

Bhagavandas humbly went to Shri Mahaprabhuji and said, “Please teach me something.” Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and asked, “Haven’t you already studied a lot? What more do you hope to gain?”

Bhagavandas replied honestly, “If I keep learning, I can earn wealth, become famous, and be respected by other scholars.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently explained, “There are two kinds of knowledge. One makes us proud. It brings anger and greed. It burns like fire and does not give peace. The more one learns in that way, the more restless one becomes. But the other kind of knowledge is calm and cool. It fills the heart with joy and helps us see the world as the Lord’s play. This true knowledge makes us humble, peaceful, and full of love for Shri Krishna.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji continued, “The best kind of knowledge teaches us to be satisfied with what we have, to love the Lord deeply, and to live a simple, pure life.”

Hearing this, Bhagavandas felt peace in his heart. He bowed down and asked to stay with Shri Mahaprabhuji. From then on, he served Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly wherever he went. Pleased with his devotion, Shri Mahaprabhuji taught

him a special text called Chatushloki and blessed him. He said, “The meaning of the holy books will stay forever in your heart.”

With joy and thankfulness, Bhagavandas returned to his hometown. He lived with his wife and did his daily worship with great care.

After his wife passed away, Bhagavandas went to the holy Shri Nathji temple on Govardhan Hill. There, he met Shri Gusainji and requested to serve Shri Krishna. Shri Gusainji gave him the service of cooking food for the Lord.

Every day, Bhagavandas cooked with love and care. But one day, by mistake, he burned one of the dishes. The food was still offered to Shri Krishna, but Shri Gusainji became upset and told Bhagavandas to stop his service.

Feeling very sad, Bhagavandas went to meet a saint named Achyutadasji, who lived in a quiet cave on Govardhan Hill. Achyutadasji listened with love and told him gently, “Next time, be more careful. Shri Gusainji is kind. He will surely forgive you.”

That same day, Shri Gusainji came to visit Achyutadasji. Seeing tears in Achyutadasji’s eyes, Shri Gusainji asked, “Why are you upset today?”

Achyutadasji softly said, “You have been chosen by Shri Mahaprabhuji to guide many souls. If you start finding faults in all of them, how will they grow? Everyone makes mistakes.”

Shri Gusainji understood. “You’re right,” he said. “I only meant to teach Bhagavandas a lesson, but now I see I, too, have learned something. From now on, I will never be angry with any devotee.”

Later, Shri Gusainji found Bhagavandas sitting near Govinda Lake. With kindness, he took him back to the temple and gave him his service again.

Bhagavandas was so happy that he sang a joyful song full of love for Shri Gusainji. He praised him as a light in the world and a true servant of Shri Krishna.

From that day on, Bhagavandas served Shri Krishna with even more care and love. His heart was full of joy, and Shri Krishna accepted all his offerings with grace. Shri Krishna blessed him with deep realization and divine happiness.

Bhagavandas had learned the most important lesson: True knowledge is not just about reading and studying, but about loving the Lord with all your heart, and serving with care, humility, and devotion.

Poem: The Joy of True Knowledge

Bhagavandas learned with all his might,
He studied day and he studied night.
But Shri Mahaprabhuji helped him see,
That love and peace are the true degree.
“Some learn for pride, for gold, for fame,

But such desire is not the aim.
Real wisdom brings a heart so kind,
With joy and calmness in the mind.”
He served the Lord with gentle hand,
He cooked with care, just as planned.
One day he slipped, his dish was burned,
But through this trial, a truth he learned.
Forgiveness came, the pain was gone,
With Shri Gusainji to guide him on.
He sang with love, his heart so light,
And served Shri Krishna day and night.
So little ones, remember well,
True knowledge rings like a temple bell.
It’s not just books or what you know,
But how your heart and actions grow!

Story 54 Achyutadas Sanodiya



84 Vaishnav Story 54 Achyutadas Sanodiya

Long ago, in the holy city of Mathura, there lived a little boy named Achyutadas Sanodiya. He was born into a loving Brahmin family, and his heart was full of love for Shri Krishna. When he turned nine, something very special happened. Achyutadas got to go with his parents to walk around the sacred Govardhan Hill, which is dearly loved by Shri Krishna Himself.

As they walked along the path, the beauty of Govardhan Hill touched Achyutadas's heart. He saw the trees, the rocks, and the soft paths where Shri Krishna once walked with His friends and cows. Every step made Achyutadas feel

closer to Shri Krishna. At the end of the walk, he turned to his parents and said, “I don’t want to leave this place. I feel so peaceful here.”

His parents were surprised but gently said, “You must come home with us.”

Achyutadas replied with a smile, “Let me stay a little longer. I promise I’ll come back after I walk around Govardhan twenty times.”

His parents agreed, and Achyutadas went to live with some kind relatives in a nearby town called Anyor. Each day, he walked around the hill with joy, thinking of Shri Krishna. The trees, the stones, and the breeze all felt alive with the Lord’s love.

One day, a great saint named Shri Mahaprabhuji came to Govardhan. He was filled with divine light and kindness. When Achyutadas saw him, he felt something very special in his heart. Without waiting, he went to Shri Mahaprabhuji and asked to be his student.

Shri Mahaprabhuji saw the sweetness in the boy and lovingly accepted him. Later, Shri Mahaprabhuji asked Achyutadas to begin serving Shri Nathji, a beautiful form of Shri Krishna.

Achyutadas wanted something very deep. He went to Shri Mahaprabhuji and said, “Please bless me so that I can feel Shri Krishna’s presence in my heart, and worship Him in my thoughts every day.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji was very pleased. He gave Achyutadas some water that had touched his holy feet. Achyutadas drank some and gently placed the rest on his chest and eyes.

Right away, something amazing happened. His eyes were opened to divine visions. He could now see the sweet pastimes of Shri Krishna — the way He laughed, played, and danced in joy with His friends. His heart was full of bliss.

Seeing this, Shri Mahaprabhuji taught him a sacred message, called the Siddhanta Muktavali. He explained that worshiping Shri Krishna with love in the mind is the most special kind of worship. When we use our body, mind, and all that we have to serve Shri Krishna, our pain from the world slowly melts away.

He also said that Shri Krishna is the Supreme Lord. Some people say the world is not real, others say it has always existed, and some say different things. But the truth is, everything comes from the Lord. Just like the river Ganga has a form of water and also a divine form as a goddess, the world and the Lord are connected in a special way.

Shri Mahaprabhuji explained that Shri Krishna gives true happiness to the soul. When we really understand this, we start to see the Lord everywhere, just like a person who sees the Ganga not just as water but also as the sacred goddess.

He said that people who love Shri Krishna feel sad when they cannot see Him. And those who worship Him only for worldly reasons often face troubles. But those who stay steady in their love, even during hard times, receive Shri Krishna's blessings and peace.

Shri Mahaprabhuji shared that while knowledge is good, devotion is even better. If someone lives near the Ganga but doesn't worship with love, it's a waste. Real worship comes from the heart.

Achyutadas listened carefully. From then on, he lived in a small cave near the lovely Govinda lake. Day and night, he thought of Shri Krishna. His eyes would often fill with tears—not of sadness, but of deep love.

Even after Shri Mahaprabhuji left this world, his divine son, Shri Gusainji, would visit Achyutadas every day after finishing the mid-day prayers of Shri Nathji. Shri Gusainji saw the light of Shri Mahaprabhuji shining in Achyutadas's eyes.

Sometimes, without anyone telling him, Achyutadas would describe exactly what had been offered to Shri Nathji in the temple that day—what dishes were made, how they were prepared, and even whether Shri Nathji enjoyed them or not.

Achyutadas lived a quiet life, full of devotion. He stayed close to Govardhan Hill, always thinking of Shri Krishna, and teaching us all how sweet and deep love for the Lord can be.

Though we don't know every detail of his life, what we do know is this:
Achyutadas's heart was always with Shri Krishna, and that made his life truly
special. With faith and love that's pure and true, Shri Krishna always lives in you.

Poem: The Boy of Govardhan Hill

A boy once walked a sacred trail,
Where Govardhan stood, so strong and pale.
He saw the stones, the trees, the skies,
And felt Shri Krishna in his eyes.
He asked his parents, "Let me stay,
I'll walk around the hill each day."
He wandered near with heart so light,
Till Shri Mahaprabhuji came in sight.
The saintly master, full of grace,
Lit up young Achyutadas's face.
He took some water, pure and sweet,
That touched Shri Mahaprabhuji's feet.
With eyes now blessed, he saw the Lord,
In every leaf, in every chord.
He lived in love both deep and wide,
With Shri Krishna by his side.
He saw the bhog, the Lord's delight,

Even without seeing the sight.
His love was pure, his heart was still,
A true friend of Govardhan Hill.

Story 55 Achyutadas Gaura Brahmin



84 Vaishnav Story 55 Achyutadas Gaura Brahmin

A long time ago in a peaceful village, there lived a young boy named Achyutadas Gaura. From a very young age, he loved spending time with a kind and wise devotee named Narayanadas. Whenever Shri Mahaprabhuji came to visit Narayanadas, Achyutadas would quietly sit and watch, his heart full of joy.

One special day, when Achyutadas was only eight years old, Shri Mahaprabhuji gently gave him initiation. It was a blessing that would stay in Achyutadas's heart forever.

As years passed, Achyutadas grew into a thoughtful young man. When he turned twenty, he felt a strong wish to meet Shri Mahaprabhuji again. He hadn't seen his beloved Guru in many years. So, with excitement in his heart, he traveled to Adel where Shri Mahaprabhuji lived.

When Achyutadas reached Adel, Shri Mahaprabhuji welcomed him lovingly and asked how he had been spending his time. Achyutadas smiled and said, "I enjoy walking around Govardhan Hill."

Hearing this, Shri Mahaprabhuji said with kindness, "If you walk around Govardhan Hill three times in one day, you will receive a divine vision."

Achyutadas's heart leapt with joy. He bowed respectfully and set off right away.

He first stopped to pay his respects to Narayanadas, and then began the long walk. The path around Govardhan Hill is very long—forty-two miles! But Achyutadas did not feel tired. With every step, he thought of Shri Krishna and Shri Mahaprabhuji.

By the time he finished two rounds, night had fallen. It was dark and quiet. Achyutadas had only one more round left, but his legs felt weak, and his body was very tired.

Just then, a young cowlad appeared on the path. "Where are you going?" the boy asked gently. "There's a lion up ahead. You should turn back."

Achyutadas thought carefully. “How can I stop now?” he said. “Shri Mahaprabhuji asked me to complete three rounds.”

Hearing this, the cowlad smiled and suddenly disappeared. Achyutadas felt a strange, new energy fill his body. He stood up straight and walked forward.

Soon he saw the lion that the boy had warned about. But instead of turning back, Achyutadas kept walking. As he got closer, he realized something amazing. The lion wasn’t a lion at all—it was just a gentle cow!

Smiling with relief, Achyutadas lovingly rubbed the cow’s tail over his head. He then walked the rest of the way with a joyful heart and completed the third round.

Eager to understand what had just happened, he returned to Adel to ask Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Shri Mahaprabhuji listened and then explained, “The cowlad was Shri Krishna Himself. The lion was the form of Govardhan Hill. When you walked with love and courage, it turned into a cow. This was a very special experience, but because you do not yet have divine love, you were not able to see the full beauty of Shri Krishna’s divine play.”

Achyutadas bowed and asked softly, “How can I receive this divine love?”

“By serving Shri Krishna with love in your heart,” said Shri Mahaprabhuji with a smile.

Some time later, while walking under a big peepal tree, Achyutadas found something wonderful in the grass—a beautiful Deity of Shri Radha and Shri Krishna! He was full of joy. With Shri Mahaprabhuji’s blessing, he began to care for the Deities every day with great love and devotion.

For many years, Achyutadas served Them faithfully. Shri Radha and Shri Krishna were so pleased with him that They told him to ask for whatever he wished. But Achyutadas needed nothing more than Their love.

After Shri Mahaprabhuji left this world, Achyutadas felt deep sadness. Missing his Guru very much, he gave his beloved Deities to Shri Mahaprabhuji’s eldest son, Shri Gopinathji. Then he quietly made his way to the snowy mountains of Badripath, where he left his body and returned to Shri Krishna forever.

Achyutadas’s deep love for Shri Mahaprabhuji was the light that guided his heart. Just like a magnet pulls iron, the love of a true devotee pulls us closer to Shri Krishna. While worldly things may bind us, love for the Guru, the Lord, and His devotees sets us free.

Poem: The Three Sacred Circles

Young Achyutadas walked with care,

To see his Guru waiting there.
Shri Mahaprabhuji gave advice,
“To walk three rounds would be so nice.”
Around Govardhan Hill he went,
With every step, his love was sent.
A cowlad came and warned with grace,
“A lion waits at your next place.”
He would not stop, he would not stray,
He walked with faith and did not sway.
The lion changed into a cow,
Divine love had blessed him now.
Later he found, in soft green grass,
Deities that made joy last.
He served with love, so pure, so true,
Until his earthly time was through.
His Guru’s love stayed in his soul,
It made his heart feel strong and whole.
The lesson here, so soft and sweet,
Is serve with love and feel complete.

Story 56 Achyutadas Sarasvat



84 Vaishnav Story 56 Achyutadas Sarasvat

Achyutadas Sarasvata had a very sad heart. He had lost his dear parents and his loving wife. Feeling all alone, he decided to leave his home and go on a long journey to visit holy places. He hoped that by visiting these places, his sadness would go away.

As he was traveling, he reached the sacred city of Jagannath Puri. There, many people had gathered to hear a beautiful spiritual talk by Shri Mahaprabhuji. Achyutadas Sarasvata also joined the crowd and quietly sat down to listen.

Shri Mahaprabhuji's words were full of love and wisdom. They touched everyone's hearts. After the talk, Shri Mahaprabhuji looked at Achyutadas Sarasvata and saw the sadness in his eyes. With great kindness, Shri Mahaprabhuji asked him why he looked so troubled.

Achyutadas Sarasvata gently shared his story. He told Shri Mahaprabhuji about the loved ones he had lost and how empty he felt inside. Hearing this, Shri Mahaprabhuji leaned close and softly whispered the name of Shri Krishna in his ear.

At that very moment, something amazing happened in Achyutadas Sarasvata's heart. A warm, peaceful feeling washed over him. His sorrow slowly faded away, and he felt full of hope and devotion. He understood that the pain he had been feeling came from forgetting his deep connection to Shri Krishna.

He bowed to Shri Mahaprabhuji and asked if he could serve him in any way. Shri Mahaprabhuji accepted him with great love. Achyutadas Sarasvata then joined him on a long journey all around India. Wherever they went, he served Shri Mahaprabhuji with care and joy—offering food, helping with travel, and doing whatever was needed.

After many days, they reached a town called Adel. There, Shri Mahaprabhuji told him, "It is time for you to go back home now."

Achyutadas Sarasvata's eyes filled with tears. "Please, I cannot live even one day without seeing you. How will I go home without you?" he asked.

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled gently and gave him a special gift—his own sandals. "Take these," he said, "and remember that I will always come to you. Wherever you are, I will appear."

With this sweet promise, Achyutadas Sarasvata returned home. He kept Shri Mahaprabhuji's sandals with great love and worshipped them every day.

Some time later, news spread that Shri Mahaprabhuji had taken the path of renunciation, becoming a sanyasi. He had gone to Benares and entered the holy river Ganga. Some people said they saw him rise up in a beam of light and go to his eternal home.

One day, a Vaishnav who had seen this came to visit Achyutadas Sarasvata. He shared what he had witnessed in Benares.

But Achyutadas Sarasvata calmly said, "You must be mistaken. Shri Mahaprabhuji would never leave his children behind like that."

Seeing the visitor's confusion, Achyutadas Sarasvata quietly opened the doors of his temple. The visitor was shocked to see Shri Mahaprabhuji sitting inside, calmly reading a book.

Shri Mahaprabhuji looked up and said to the visitor, “Do not feel sad. In Benares, you saw my worldly departure. But remember, I live in the homes of my true devotees.”

Achyutadas Sarasvata knew in his heart that Shri Mahaprabhuji was always with him. From that day on, he lived each moment feeling the loving presence of his Guru. He never felt alone again.

Even when others thought Shri Mahaprabhuji was gone, Achyutadas Sarasvata knew the truth—his Guru lived in his heart, in his home, and in every breath of his devotion.

Poem: The Sandals That Stayed

Achyutadas cried with a heart full of pain,
He'd lost his dear ones, like flowers in rain.
To Puri he went, where he sat down so still,
He listened to words that gave his soul will.
Shri Mahaprabhuji saw the tears in his eyes,
And whispered a name that opened the skies.
The name of Shri Krishna, so gentle and sweet,
Made sadness and sorrow quickly retreat.
He followed his Guru on paths far and wide,
With service and love, right by his side.

But when told to go home, he started to cry,
“I can’t be without you, not even to try.”
So Shri Mahaprabhuji gave him a pair,
Of sandals so sacred, with love and care.
“Wherever you are, I’ll always appear,”
These words stayed with him, ever so dear.
One day came news that brought some despair,
“Shri Mahaprabhuji’s gone, he rose through the air!”
But inside his temple, so peaceful and bright,
He sat reading calmly, glowing with light.
“Don’t be afraid,” he said with a smile,
“I live with my bhaktas all the while.”
The truth of devotion forever will stay—
Our Guru’s with us, each night and day.

Moral: If your heart is full of love and faith, your Guru is never far away.

Story 57 Narayandas Kayasth



84 Vaishnav Story 57 Narayandas Kayasth

A long time ago, there lived a boy named Narayandas. He belonged to a family of scribes, but instead of studying or helping at home, he loved to play games of chance. Narayandas became so caught up in gambling that he did not listen to his father's warnings. One day, he lost a huge amount of money—one thousand rupees! His father had to pay it for him, and it brought great sadness to the family.

Feeling ashamed, Narayandas decided to leave home. He traveled far to the south, where he gave up gambling. He started learning from a wise Brahmin teacher

and later became a teacher himself. But Narayandas still had a bad habit—whenever his students forgot a lesson, he would beat them.

One day, a kind Vaishnav named Krishnadas Meghan saw Narayandas hitting a young boy. Gently, Krishnadasji said, “Please do not hurt your students. If one of them gets badly injured, it will be your fault. My guru, Shri Mahaprabhuji, has shown me that harming others only brings sorrow.”

But Narayandas did not listen. That very afternoon, he hit a student so hard that the boy fainted. Narayandas tried everything to wake him up, but the boy stayed still. Remembering Krishnadasji's words, Narayandas became afraid. He ran to the garden outside town where Shri Mahaprabhuji was staying.

There, he found Krishnadasji and told him what had happened. Krishnadasji brought him to Shri Mahaprabhuji. Shri Mahaprabhuji listened calmly and gave Narayandas some water that had been blessed with Vedic mantras. He gently said, “Sprinkle this water on the boy. He will be fine. But remember—never be cruel to anyone again.”

Narayandas ran back and poured the sacred water on the boy. Slowly, the boy opened his eyes. Narayandas felt a wave of relief and deep thankfulness. He returned to Shri Mahaprabhuji and asked with great respect, “Please accept me as your disciple.” From that moment, Narayandas gave up his harsh ways. He stayed close to Shri Mahaprabhuji and learned from him with a humble heart.

Later, when they traveled together to Dwarka, Shri Mahaprabhuji shared with Narayandas a very special teaching called “Bala Bodha.” He said, “I bow to ever-joyful Shri Krishna. Let me explain for those who are like children in spiritual matters, a simple path to understanding the truth.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji then lovingly explained that some people seek truth by leaving behind worldly things, like the paths of Sankhya or Yoga. Others follow the path of Shiva or Shri Vishnu. Shiva loves those who seek peace and gives happiness but rarely gives freedom from birth and death. Shri Vishnu, who enjoys loving devotion, freely gives spiritual freedom but not always worldly joys. Brahma, who is always busy with creating, almost never grants liberation.

Then Shri Mahaprabhuji shared the simplest and most loving way: “By listening to the Lord’s glories with a heart full of love, the soul becomes pure. Offering everything to Shri Krishna is the best path. If one cannot do that, then at least take shelter in Him. If that is hard, follow your own duties with care. And if even that is not possible, then life becomes very heavy. But those who understand this will never be confused.”

After learning all this, Narayandas felt deep joy in his heart. He went to visit his parents after four long years. They were amazed to see the change in him. They gave him a peaceful place to pray and serve Shri Krishna, and Narayandas also helped his parents and worked honestly for the local ruler.

But one thing always made him sad—he missed Shri Mahaprabhuji very much.

So, Narayandas had an idea. He hired a man and paid him four rupees every month to ask him, again and again, “When are you going to Gokul to see Shri Mahaprabhuji?”

Every time the man asked, Narayandas would reply, “Now I will go.” His eyes would fill with tears, and his heart would overflow with love. He never wanted to forget his guru or the holy town of Gokul, where Shri Krishna spent His childhood.

For the rest of his life, Narayandas kept that man by his side, just to keep reminding him to think of Shri Mahaprabhuji and go to Gokul. In this way, Narayandas lived a life full of love, memory, and devotion.

Poem: The Path to Gokul

Narayandas once loved to play,
Games of chance led him astray.
But one great fall made him see,
That a better soul he wished to be.
He learned and taught, though still unkind,
Till Krishnadasji tried to remind.
But he did not hear, and soon one day,

His actions led a boy to lay.
With tears he ran to seek the grace,
Of Shri Mahaprabhuji's peaceful face.
With sacred water and kind advice,
He changed his heart, so cold as ice.
From then he lived a life so true,
And let his love for Shri Krishna bloom too.
Each day he asked, "When shall I go,
To Gokul, where love begins to flow?"
His heart stayed soft, his mind stayed bright,
With thoughts of Gokul day and night.
The lesson here for me and you—
Stay close to love, and you'll stay true.

Story 58 Narayandas Bhat



84 Vaishnav Story 58 Narayandas Bhat

In the holy city of Mathura, there once lived a man named Narayandas Bhat. He came from a family known for their deep knowledge and learning. But Narayandas was different. He couldn't write beautiful poems or speak like a scholar. Instead, he spent his days sitting quietly at the Vishram Ghat near the river Yamuna, living on the food kind pilgrims offered him.

One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to Vishram Ghat. The moment Narayandas saw him, he felt something special. He quickly walked up to Shri Mahaprabhuji and said, "I was born into a smart Brahmin family, but I don't know anything. I can't

even write one line of poetry. I've been begging for food all my life. Will I ever have some wealth? Can you look at my hand and tell me what will happen?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji looked at him with kindness and said, "It is good that you are not a poet, because if you were, you might have only written about rich kings. It is also good that you don't have a lot of money, because too much wealth can pull people toward wrong paths. When someone has a heart filled with devotion, the Lord gives them spiritual gifts, not gold. But if you want, tonight go to Dhruva Ghat. You will see a lot of treasure there—but do not touch it."

That night, Narayandas went to Dhruva Ghat. To his surprise, he saw piles and piles of shining gold! His heart filled with greed. He forgot what Shri Mahaprabhuji had said and tried to take some of the treasure.

But as soon as he reached for the gold, two strong men rose from the Yamuna river. They came close, scolded him, and beat him. "Don't touch what is not yours!" they shouted.

Scared and shocked, Narayandas ran away. The next morning, he went to see Shri Mahaprabhuji again. Shri Mahaprabhuji looked at him and gently said, "You acted like a beast because you didn't believe what I said."

Confused, Narayandas asked, "Who were those men? And why did you call me a beast?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji replied, “They were the guards of the water god, Varuna. You saw how real the treasure was, but you must also see how important it is to listen to your guru. I called you a beast because in a past life, you were a monkey living in Shri Krishna’s home in Gokul. You once ate food that was not offered to the Lord. That mistake brought you into this world of pain and confusion.”

Tears filled Narayandas’s eyes. He folded his hands and said, “Please forgive me and help me. I don’t want money anymore. I just want to serve the Lord.”

Seeing his honest heart, Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly gave him a sacred mantra and asked him to return to his homeland. From that day on, Narayandas lived a peaceful and joyful life, always chanting the holy name of Shri Krishna and feeling safe in His care.

Many days passed. Then, one night, Shri Krishna Himself came to Narayandas in a dream and said, “I am resting under the ground in the Radha Garden in Vrindavan. Come and bring Me out.”

Narayandas woke up with joy and went straight to Vrindavan. Just as Shri Krishna had said, he found a beautiful idol of the Lord hidden beneath the earth. He carefully took it out and began worshipping it with great love.

Later, Shri Mahaprabhuji’s eldest son, Shri Gopinathji, came to Mathura and helped begin the proper worship of Shri Krishna’s idol. For some time,

Narayandas served the Lord with all his heart. When his time on Earth came to an end, Shri Gusainji gave the idol to some kind devotees from Bengal, who continue to care for it even today.

This story teaches us something very important. Even animals, trees, and rocks from Shri Krishna's divine world have love for Him. So imagine how much love lives inside the heart of a person who once lived there too! When someone from the Lord's home is born on Earth, their love for God shines again, just like it did before.

Poem: The Gold That Did Not Shine

Narayandas sat by the riverside,
Wishing for riches the world could not hide.
He asked Shri Mahaprabhuji for a peek,
Into his future, both shiny and bleak.
“Go see the gold,” the kind guru said,
“But take not a coin, or trouble will spread.”
At night he saw the golden pile,
And reached with greed, forgetting for a while.
Out came guards from the river deep,
They shouted and struck, made Narayandas weep.
He ran to the guru with shame and pain,

Who reminded him not to seek worldly gain.

“You were once a monkey, wild and free,
Now seek only love for Shri Krishna, not gold or tree.”

He prayed for peace, his heart now pure,
And found Shri Krishna—blessings secure.

The idol was found, in Vrindavan’s land,
Worshipped with care by many a hand.

The tale reminds us, plain and true,
The richest of all are those who love too.

Story 59 Narayandas Lohana



84 Vaishnav Story 59 Narayandas Lohana

A long time ago, there lived a little boy named Narayandas. When he was just five years old, he became very sick with a disease called leprosy. His father, who was a very rich man, felt so sad seeing his son in pain. He promised a big reward to any doctor who could help Narayandas. But no matter how many doctors came, no one could cure him. Five years passed, and little Narayandas still suffered.

One day, something special happened. Shri Mahaprabhuji came to their town. Narayandas's father went to see Him and placed a thousand shiny rupees in front of Him. He begged, "Please cure my son!"

But Shri Mahaprabhuji gently said, “Do you think I am a doctor? I don’t want your money.”

Still, the father kept asking with all his heart. Finally, Shri Mahaprabhuji walked over to Narayandas and softly touched the boy’s head with His holy feet. In that moment, the sickness disappeared. Narayandas was healed!

Later, when Narayandas asked his father who had helped him, he was told the whole story. Filled with love and thankfulness, Narayandas ran to meet Shri Mahaprabhuji. The kind guru smiled and gave him a special blessing. He marked Narayandas with the imprint of His lotus feet and gave him a promise: “Your love for Shri Krishna will grow strong.”

From that day, Narayandas wanted to live a life full of devotion. He moved out of his parents’ home and made a quiet place to pray to Shri Mahaprabhuji. His father did not like this. He was upset that his son was living so simply and not enjoying the comforts of wealth. So Narayandas returned all the fancy clothes, pots, and treasures his father had given him. He wanted nothing but to serve his guru.

Soon, the local king heard about Narayandas and his quiet life. The king was curious and called Narayandas to speak with him. After their talk, the king saw how wise and honest Narayandas was. He made him his chief minister.

Narayandas now had riches again, but he used all his wealth to serve Shri Mahaprabhuji and help other Vaishnavas.

But one day, the king became angry with Narayandas for a reason no one knows. He fined him a huge amount—five hundred thousand rupees—and put him in jail. On top of that, the king said Narayandas had to give him five thousand rupees every single day. If he failed, he would be whipped.

Even in jail, Narayandas's heart stayed full of devotion. One day, two Vaishnava Brahmins came to see him. They were his god-brothers, and they needed help. Their daughter was getting married, and they had no money. Narayandas was so happy to see them that he gave them the five thousand rupees he owed the king that day. He knew he might get whipped, but helping the Vaishnavas was more important to him. He sent them off with kind words and asked them to give his love to Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Later that day, the king came and shouted, "Where is today's money?"

Narayandas calmly answered, "Two god-brothers came today. They needed help for a wedding, so I gave the money to them. I know I may be punished, but I could not turn them away."

The king was surprised. He thought for a moment and said, "Is there anyone as kind as Narayandas in this whole world?" He changed his mind, praised Narayandas, let him go free, and even gave him a fine horse to ride.

When Narayandas met the Brahmins again, he smiled and said, “Just seeing your faces helped free me!” Then he gave them another gift—a thousand gold coins—to offer to Shri Mahaprabhuji on his behalf.

Later, the Brahmins gave the coins to Shri Mahaprabhuji and told Him the whole story. Shri Mahaprabhuji listened quietly and said with love, “Everyone should love Vaishnavas like Narayandas does.”

Poem: Narayandas’s Loving Heart

Little boy, so sick and small,
No doctor helped, no cure at all.
Shri Mahaprabhuji came one day,
And with His feet, took pain away.
Narayandas ran with joy so bright,
To meet the guru, full of light.
He gave up riches, gold, and fame,
To serve with love in Shri Krishna’s name.
In jail he sat, still kind and true,
Helped Vaishnavas, as good hearts do.
The king saw love so big, so wide,
And freed him with a horse to ride.
So always give and always care,

For Shri Mahaprabhuji is always there.
Love the Vaishnavas with all your might,
And you will walk in golden light.

Story 60 One Kshatriya Lady from Sinhanand



84 Vaishnav Story 60 One Kshatriya Lady from Sinhanand

A long time ago, in the village of Sinhanand, there lived a kind-hearted lady from a Kshatriya family. She was married young, but sadly, her husband passed away soon after. She returned to her parents' home and stayed with them until she was thirty. Then her father also passed away, and she began to live all alone.

There were two gentle Vaishnavas in her town who served Shri Krishna with deep love. The lady would often visit them. Over time, her heart began to wish, "How wonderful it would be if I could also help in serving Shri Krishna." When

she told them this, they smiled and said, “You may help us when Shri Mahaprabhuji gives his blessings.”

Soon, something very special happened. Shri Krishna spoke to the two Vaishnavas in a dream and said, “That Kshatriya lady belongs to me. I want her to make cloth for me.” The Vaishnavas were amazed and understood that Shri Krishna had chosen her for a divine task.

They gave her a plain white piece of cloth and asked her to decorate it. The lady sat down quietly and carefully printed a beautiful pattern on the cloth with love. The next day, the Vaishnavas dressed their Shri Thakurji in the very cloth she had made.

That night, Shri Krishna came to the lady in her dream. His sweet voice said, “I love the cloth you printed for me. Shri Mahaprabhuji is coming in two days. Ask your brother for his Krishna deity and begin my seva.”

In the morning, the lady went to her brother and asked for his Shri Krishna deity. Her brother was troubled and said, “My wife has been upset and hasn’t cooked for days. I can’t do proper seva in this situation. Please take my deity and serve Him with care.”

The lady gently brought the small deity to her home. She made a simple offering and later lovingly ate the prasadi. Her heart was filled with joy.

Soon, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to the nearby town of Thaneshvar. The lady went there with the two Vaishnavas and told him all that had happened. They asked if Shri Mahaprabhuji would give her diksha. He said softly, “I already know. Shri Krishna has shown His love to her.” He then gave her initiation and gave her Krishna the name Shri Navanitpriyaji. He blessed her to serve Shri Krishna with care and love.

Time passed. The Kshatriya lady became very poor. But her heart was full of love. Every day after finishing Shri Krishna’s seva, she would spin cotton into thread. Then she would sell it in the market to earn a few coins.

Each day, when the vegetable seller passed by, Shri Krishna would call out, “Ma, the vegetable man is here!” The lady would buy a few vegetables and offer them to her beloved child, Shri Krishna. Later, when the fruit seller passed, Shri Krishna would say, “Ma, the fruit man is here!” She would again buy a little and offer it with love.

Soon, the vendors became used to hearing Shri Krishna’s voice. They thought the lady had a sweet little son whom she kept hidden so that no one would cast an evil eye on him.

One day, Shri Krishna saw the vegetable man from far away and quickly ran out to call him. The lady scolded Him lovingly, “You must not go outside like that.”

Shri Krishna replied, “But he was about to leave! Then how would you make food for me?”

She smiled and said, “There are many other vegetable sellers. You must not go out like that again.” Sometimes, when the lady did not hear Shri Krishna’s call, He would come to her with a frown and say, “The vegetable man is here, and if you don’t buy vegetables, I will not eat!”

She would lovingly reply, “We can buy from someone else. Please be happy with what I can offer.” Shri Krishna, though pretending to pout, would always eat what she made with love.

There came a time when she had no money at all. She could not buy ghee or make any rich food. So she made simple dry rotis for her Shri Krishna.

Sometimes, in the middle of the night, He would wake up and say, “Ma, I’m hungry.” She would gently say, “I have no ghee today, but here are some rotis.”

She would break the dry rotis, add a little ghee and sugar if she had any, and feed her Divine Child.

One day, she thought, “I want to make something special for my Shri Krishna.” So she borrowed some money, bought ghee and sugar, and made many delicious things. That night, Shri Krishna woke up and said, “I’m hungry.” She gave Him the tasty treats with love.

But Shri Krishna paused and asked, “Where are the rotis? And how did you get ghee and sugar if we had no money?”

She replied honestly, “I borrowed some money because I wanted to make something nice for you. I will spin cotton and pay it back.”

Shri Krishna looked at her sweetly and said, “You should not borrow. I liked the dry rotis you made. From now on, never take a loan. Just give Me what you can, and I will be happy.”

From that day onward, the lady never borrowed again. When she had enough money, she made rich food. When she didn’t, she made dry rotis. But Shri Krishna always accepted her offering with joy, because it was made with pure love.

Poem: The Lady and Her Shri Krishna

In Sinhanand a lady stayed,
In simple ways, her love she gave.
To Shri Krishna, small and bright,
She offered meals with heart so light.
She spun her thread and earned each day,
To feed her Lord in her own way.
Be it fruit or rotis dry,

Her love would always satisfy.
He'd call for fruits, He'd run with glee,
"My Ma must cook the best for me!"
But when she borrowed coin one night,
Shri Krishna said, "That isn't right."
"Just feed me what you always do,
Your love is rich, your heart is true.
Don't worry, Ma, for ghee or treat,
Your simple food is more than sweet."
So day by day her love would shine,
With simple meals and heart divine.
And Shri Krishna, her loving child,
Forever stayed, forever smiled.

Moral: True love and care are the richest offerings. The heart matters more than the feast.

Story 61 Vira Bai



84 Vaishnav Story 61 Vira Bai

A long time ago, there lived a gentle and loving lady named Vira Bai. She was born in the holy city of Benares. After she got married, she went to live with her husband in a small village called Sheghar, which was near Braj, the land of Shri Krishna.

But one day, something very sad happened. A cruel ruler came to their village. He told lies about Vira Bai's husband and took all their money. With nothing left, her husband sold everything they owned. He gave the money to Vira Bai and told her to go back to her parents' home in Benares, where she would be safe.

Later, that wicked ruler did another bad thing. He stole from a Brahmin. While walking through the market one day, the Brahmin saw the ruler and, out of anger, struck him. That ruler died. Soon, a kind and honest new ruler came to their village. Vira Bai's husband sent word for her to return home.

As Vira Bai was on her way back to Sheghar, another sad thing happened. Thieves attacked and stole the box that held all her money. Vira Bai sat down and began to cry. She felt helpless and alone.

But just then, Shri Mahaprabhuji came by. Seeing her tears, he kindly asked what had happened. She told him everything. Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and gently told her where the thieves had dropped her box. She followed his words and found the box with all the money still inside!

Overjoyed, Vira Bai came back to Shri Mahaprabhuji and offered half of the money to him. She folded her hands and prayed to become his disciple. But Shri Mahaprabhuji said sweetly, "I will come to your home in Sheghar and give you my blessings there. For now, please keep your offering."

True to his word, Shri Mahaprabhuji visited her home. Vira Bai and her husband welcomed him with love. They did everything they could to serve him and worship Shri Krishna in their home. From that day on, both husband and wife became fully devoted to Shri Krishna.

Time passed, and Vira Bai became pregnant. Soon, she gave birth to a beautiful baby boy. Her whole family was filled with joy and celebrated his birth.

The next morning, Vira Bai noticed something that made her sad. It was already very late in the morning, and no one had yet offered worship to Shri Krishna.

This thought made her heart ache. How could the day begin without Shri Krishna's seva?

Suddenly, Shri Krishna himself appeared before her. He had come just for her. He said, "You should do My seva."

Vira Bai was surprised. She said softly, "But I have just had a baby. I am not pure right now. How can I do your seva?"

Shri Krishna looked at her with love and said, "I want only you to do My seva. That is enough for Me."

Hearing this, Vira Bai happily got up, made a simple offering, and served Shri Krishna with all her heart. Then she ate the prasad. Even though it is usually not allowed to do puja right after giving birth, Shri Krishna accepted her love. For true love, even big rules can be left behind.

From that day on, Vira Bai never stopped doing Shri Krishna's seva, no matter what. Her love was so pure and deep that Shri Krishna was always happy with her.

When love is true and full of faith, Shri Krishna does not look at outside things.
He only sees the heart. Vira Bai's story shows us that loving Shri Krishna with all
your heart is the greatest seva of all.

Poem: The Gift of Love

Vira Bai walked with heart so true,
Faced many storms, but always knew,
Shri Krishna's name would light her way,
And bring her peace both night and day.

A cruel king stole all they had,
Yet still her heart was never sad.
When thieves ran off with all her gold,
Shri Mahaprabhuji made her bold.
He showed her where her money lay,
And smiled her tears and pain away.
She prayed, "Please let me be with You,"

He said, "In Sheghar, I will too."
Her son was born, the house was glad,
But missing seva made her sad.
Shri Krishna came with sweetest voice,
And said, "Today, you are My choice."
She served with love so rich and deep,

And won the Lord she wished to keep.
True love, not rules, brings Krishna near,
A heart that serves, is what's most dear.

No rule is greater than love so bright,
True seva shines like morning light.

Story 62 Couple from Sinhanand



84 Vaishnav Story 62 Couple from Sinhanand

A long time ago, in the town of Sinhanand, lived a kind-hearted husband and wife. They were from a noble family and had plenty of wealth, but they did not care for riches or comforts. Instead, they wished to find Shri Krishna and feel His presence in their hearts.

To show their love for Shri Krishna, they gave up many worldly pleasures. Every eleventh day of the moon, they would fast the whole day without even drinking water. Because of these strict practices, their bodies became very thin. Their

parents worried and asked them to stop, but the couple gently refused. Their only dream was to meet Shri Krishna.

One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to a nearby town. After taking a holy bath in the river Sarasvati, He sat down to pray. Just then, He noticed the Kshatriya couple standing in the cold river water, doing very hard austerities.

Shri Mahaprabhuji asked someone nearby, “Who are they?”

A Vaishnav standing there said, “They are trying to find God through these strict practices.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji called the couple to Him and softly asked, “Why are you being so harsh on your bodies?”

The couple answered, “We don’t have much, but our wish is very big. We want to hear the voice of Shri Krishna.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently explained, “You don’t need to hurt your body to reach Shri Krishna. He becomes happy when we serve Him with love and care.”

Hearing this, the couple felt peace in their hearts. They became disciples of Shri Mahaprabhuji and started doing Shri Krishna’s seva with love. Since their parents still did not accept their new spiritual path, the couple moved into a separate home with the help of a kind god-brother. He made sure they had all they

needed. The Vaishnavas in that area also cared for them and helped them with seva.

But soon, a problem arose. The husband heard that his parents were saying bad things about them. They said, “They only act like devotees and take money from others.”

The husband was deeply hurt. When he told his wife, she calmly said, “Maybe they are right. The Vaishnavas have given us everything. This does not feel right anymore. We must live on our own and do seva with honesty. Only then will Shri Krishna truly be pleased.”

So, the couple quietly moved to the city of Agra. There, they found a very tiny room to rent. Inside that room, they kept Shri Krishna and did seva with great love. They didn’t want to disturb Shri Krishna’s rest, so every night they would sleep outside the room.

When the rainy season came, they got wet sitting outside. One day, as they sat in the rain, they heard Shri Krishna’s sweet voice say, “Why are you sitting in the rain? Come inside.”

The couple replied humbly, “How can we come near You when we are not doing seva?”

Shri Krishna said, “It hurts Me to see you getting drenched. Please, come inside.”

Only then did the couple quietly enter the room. The next day, they built a small shelter outside the door to rest at night. Later, Shri Krishna asked again, “Why don’t you sleep inside?”

The couple replied, “When we are not serving You, we feel it’s not right to be in Your temple room. We now sleep under this shelter.”

Shri Krishna was very touched by their love and humility. From that day on, He showed them His divine presence again and again. He would speak to them and even ask for whatever He wished. Their hearts were full of joy, and their days were spent only in seva and love for Shri Krishna.

Poem: The Rainy Night and Shri Krishna’s Call

A couple from Sinhanand town,
Left behind riches, fame, and crown,
To find Shri Krishna, pure and true,
They gave up comfort, just to pursue.
They stood in rivers, fasted long,
Hoping to hear Shri Krishna’s song,
But Shri Mahaprabhuji came one day,
And gently showed a kinder way.
They moved to Agra, small and sweet,
Where Krishna’s joy was their only treat,

They slept outside, through rain and storm,
To not disturb the sacred form.
But Shri Krishna's heart was soft and wide,
He called them gently to come inside,
Their love so deep, their hearts so clear,
Shri Krishna spoke and drew them near.
So serve with love, both bright and small,
And Shri Krishna will hear your call,
Not through pain, but with love so bright,
We reach His arms and feel His light.

Story 63 One Carpenter from Adel



84 Vaishnav Story 63 One Carpenter from Adel

In a small village called Adel, there lived a young boy who worked as a carpenter. He made things out of wood with his hands. One day, when he was just thirteen years old, something very special happened.

The young carpenter saw a divine man walking by. This was Shri Mahaprabhuji. The moment the boy saw him, his heart filled with peace and love. He felt something he had never felt before. He didn't know why, but he just wanted to stay close to Shri Mahaprabhuji forever.

From that day on, the carpenter boy stopped going to work. He spent all his time with Shri Mahaprabhuji. He followed him everywhere, listened to his kind words, and watched him speak about Shri Krishna with so much love. Every moment near Shri Mahaprabhuji felt like joy.

But soon, the boy's family became worried. They needed him to work so they could earn money and buy food. They went to Shri Mahaprabhuji's mother and said, "Our son is always with your son. He doesn't help us anymore. We are not able to earn enough."

Hearing this, Shri Mahaprabhuji's mother gently asked her son, "Please tell the carpenter boy to go back to work. His family is struggling."

So Shri Mahaprabhuji kindly told the boy to return home. The boy was heartbroken. "But I can't stay without seeing you," he cried.

Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly said, "Don't worry. I will come to see you."

The boy obeyed and went home. But every minute felt like a year. He missed Shri Mahaprabhuji so much. His heart ached with love. Shri Mahaprabhuji, who could feel his pain, began visiting him every day. He would sit with him and speak about Shri Krishna, filling his heart with sweetness.

After some days, the boy's family again came to complain. "Now your son comes to our house and makes our son stop working again!" they said.

Shri Mahaprabhuji's mother was worried and asked her son not to go again. But Shri Mahaprabhuji loved the boy too much. So he made a special plan. He said, "I will only visit him for a short time every day."

So every day, for half an hour, Shri Mahaprabhuji would visit the carpenter boy. That little time together became the boy's most precious moment of the day.

As days went by, Shri Mahaprabhuji knew it was time to teach the boy a deeper lesson. He knew that true love for Shri Krishna becomes stronger when there is a little distance. Just like a small clay pot must be baked in fire to become strong enough to hold water, a heart must feel a bit of longing to truly hold Shri Krishna's love.

So Shri Mahaprabhuji started staying away for longer. The boy missed him deeply, but something beautiful began to happen. Even though he could not see Shri Mahaprabhuji, he could feel him inside his heart. The love grew stronger and purer.

By the time Shri Mahaprabhuji left Adel for a long pilgrimage across India, the carpenter's heart was full. He did not cry anymore. He smiled, because he knew Shri Mahaprabhuji's divine form now lived forever within him.

Just like the Gopis of Shri Krishna in Vrindavan, who loved him more and more even when he went away to herd cows, the carpenter boy's love only grew with each day.

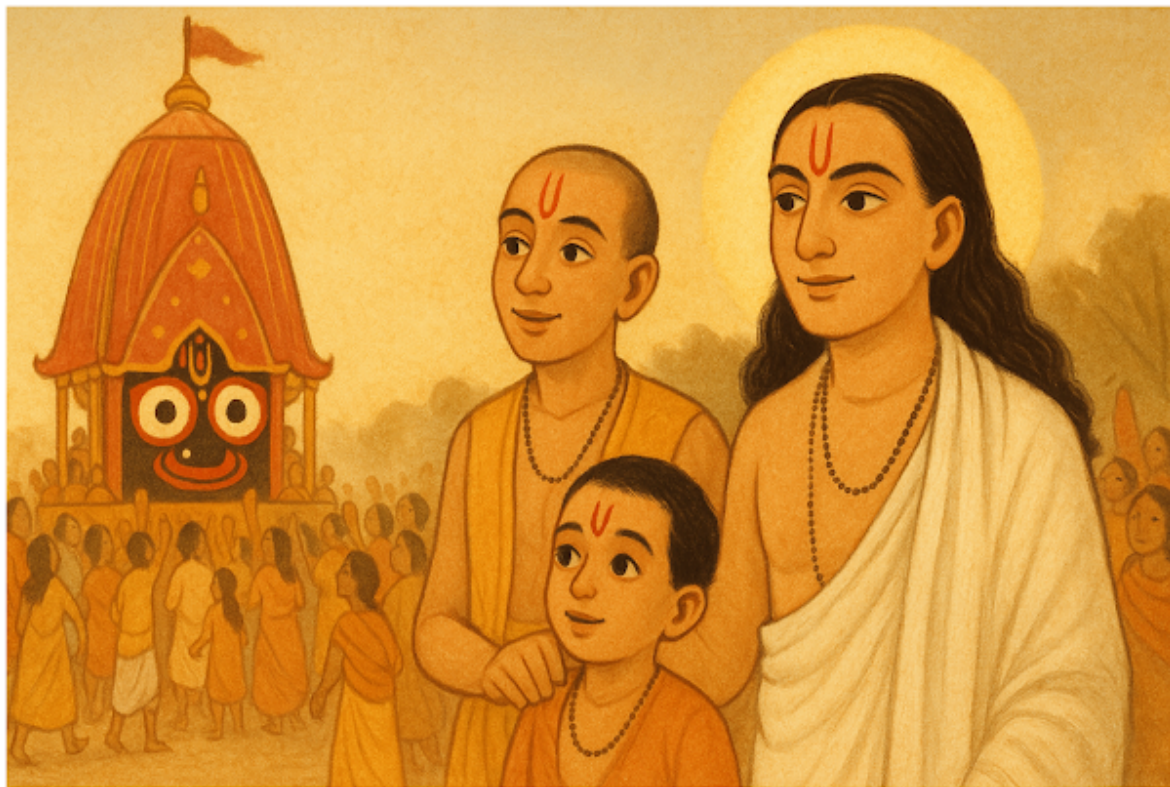
And in this way, Shri Mahaprabhuji helped the simple carpenter become one of the most blessed souls—full of steady love, deep devotion, and a heart always longing for Shri Krishna.

Poem: “A Carpenter’s Love”

A boy in Adel with tools in hand,
Saw Shri Mahaprabhuji take a stand.
His heart lit up, his work set down,
He followed love through the little town.
Each day he stayed by his dear side,
With glowing joy he could not hide.
But his family cried, “He must return!”
So came a gentle lesson to learn.
Shri Mahaprabhuji, with love so sweet,
Said, “I will come to you and we’ll meet.”
For just half an hour, each day they’d sit,
And talk of Shri Krishna, never to quit.
Then slowly the visits became less and few,

Yet the boy's pure love only stronger grew.
With longing and faith, his heart became light,
For his beloved guru stayed in his sight.
Like cups made strong by the fire's song,
His heart could hold devotion strong.
The lesson is simple, pure and true,
Real love stays—even out of view.

Story 64 One Kshatriya from around Patna



84 Vaishnav Story 64 One Kshatriya from around Patna

Long ago, near the town of Patan, there lived a kind-hearted Kshatriya man. One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji passed through his village on the way to visit the great temple of Shri Jagannath in Orissa. The Kshatriya and his father felt very lucky and decided to join Shri Mahaprabhuji on this sacred journey.

When they reached the city of Puri, they arrived just in time to witness the famous chariot festival. It was the day of the grand Rath Yatra, where the beautiful Deity of Shri Jagannath rides a tall, colorful chariot through the streets, surrounded by singing and dancing devotees.

As the chariot rolled forward, the Kshatriya's father did something surprising. Believing it would bring him great spiritual blessings, he laid down in front of the chariot and let it pass over him. He left his body that very moment, hoping to reach a heavenly world.

The Kshatriya was shocked and full of questions. He went to Shri Mahaprabhuji and asked, "What will happen to my father now?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji answered gently, "Whatever someone is thinking about at the moment of death, that is where their soul goes. Your father wanted to reach the heavenly worlds, so he will go there for a little while. But because you are a special soul and very close to the Lord, your connection will help him one day become free and reach Shri Krishna forever."

The Kshatriya felt peaceful after hearing these words. He became a devoted follower of Shri Mahaprabhuji. From then on, he lovingly worshipped Shri Krishna in His playful child form. After spending a few days with Shri Mahaprabhuji, the Kshatriya returned home and offered his worship every day with great love.

In his town lived a Brahmin who had been the Kshatriya's friend since childhood. This Brahmin followed strict rules from the scriptures and worshipped the Lord in his own way. The Kshatriya, who cared deeply for his friend, wished that he

too would become a follower of Shri Mahaprabhuji. But the Brahmin said, “I already have a guru. I cannot change.”

Even though his friend said no, the Kshatriya still prayed in his heart that one day the Brahmin would join the Path of Grace. That very afternoon, Shri Mahaprabhuji told the Kshatriya, “Do not worry. I will accept your friend. But you must do one thing. If your friend ever asks you to cook, go to his house and offer the food to his Deity.”

That winter, the Brahmin invited the Kshatriya over. “Come cook for my Deity today,” he said happily.

The Kshatriya cooked the meal with care. Then he offered the food to the Brahmin’s Deity. But in his heart, he offered the food to Shri Krishna as a little child. Shri Krishna accepted the offering joyfully, eating it with love.

Later, after they ate the prasada together, the Kshatriya went back home. That night, while the Brahmin was sleeping, he had a strange dream. His Deity appeared and said, “Today, I did not get to eat.”

The Brahmin replied in the dream, “But my friend cooked for you. He offered everything!”

The Deity replied, “Yes, your friend did offer the food to both of us. But I am just a small part of Shri Krishna. Your friend gave the offering with such pure love to

Shri Krishna, the Supreme Lord. Shri Krishna came Himself and ate everything before I could. I stay in the Deity only when mantras are chanted. But Shri Krishna comes where there is true love.”

The Brahmin woke up in awe. The next day, he went to his friend and said, “Now I understand the greatness of your path. I want to become a disciple of Shri Mahaprabhuji too.”

Very soon, Shri Mahaprabhuji returned to their town. The Brahmin and his whole family became His followers. Through the love and prayers of the Kshatriya, his dear friend also became a great devotee of Shri Krishna.

Just like iron turns into gold when touched by a magical gem, being close to loving devotees can help anyone become closer to God.

Poem: The Gift of a Loving Heart

Near Patan lived a brave young man,
Who followed Shri Mahaprabhuji’s plan.

To Jagannath’s chariot he went,
With his father on pilgrimage sent.
His father passed beneath the wheel,
Wishing for heaven, his fate was sealed.

But the son, in love, stayed true,

And Shri Mahaprabhuji's path he knew.
He worshipped Shri Krishna, pure and sweet,
With tiny hands and dancing feet.
He prayed for his friend, the Brahmin kind,
With hopes of grace in heart and mind.
One day he cooked with hands so neat,
And offered Shri Krishna a loving treat.
That night the Brahmin heard and saw,
The Lord's deep love without a flaw.
He joined the path with joyful cheer,
Knowing Shri Krishna was truly near.
A friend's deep love lit up the way,
And brought them both to God one day.
When you wish the best for others too,
Shri Krishna's love will follow you.

Story 65 Laghu Purushottamdas Kshratiya



84 Vaishnav Story 65 Laghu Purushottamdas Kshratiya

Long ago, in the holy city of Benares, there lived a poet named Purushottamdas. He had a sweet voice and a clever way with words. People came from near and far to hear him sing. But his songs were not about Shri Krishna. Instead, he sang about rich kings and proud people, praising their gold, palaces, and power.

One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji was sitting peacefully near the sacred Ganga River. At that moment, Purushottamdas came there to sing. He was about to praise a wealthy man named Seth Purushottam, who was one of Shri Mahaprabhuji's dear followers.

But Seth Purushottam gently stopped him and said, “Please don’t sing about me while my guru is here. It’s not right.”

The poet replied kindly, “Don’t worry. I will sing about other kings instead.”

And so, he began his performance. His voice was beautiful, and the words flowed like the river. But after some time, Shri Mahaprabhuji softly spoke.

“Purushottamdas,” he said with love, “Why do you sing about worldly kings? Their lives are full of pride, quarrels, and mistakes. Instead, sing about Shri Krishna, the true King, who fills hearts with joy and love.”

Hearing these gentle words touched something deep in the poet’s heart. For the first time, he felt something beyond fame and riches. He folded his hands and bowed his head.

“O Shri Mahaprabhuji,” he said humbly, “From now on, I will never praise people just for their wealth or power. I want to sing only about Shri Krishna, even though I know so little about Him.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji saw that this was a special soul. With great compassion, he gave him blessings and gently put a few drops of sacred water in his mouth. In that magical moment, everything changed for Purushottamdas. It was like a light had been turned on in his heart.

From then on, he could see and feel the playful, loving leelas of Shri Krishna. He no longer cared for gold or glory. He only wanted to sing about the beauty of Shri Krishna and the kindness of Shri Mahaprabhuji, whom he saw as one and the same.

Every word he sang now came from love. His voice became even sweeter, because it was filled with truth. People still came to hear him sing, but this time, they didn't come for kings or fame. They came to feel Shri Krishna's love through his songs.

And that's how Purushottamdas, once a poet for the world, became a poet for the Lord.

Poem: The Song of Love

Purushottam sang of kings and gold,
Stories of pride and riches bold.
But then he met Shri Mahaprabhuji,
By the banks of the holy Ganga, so free.
“Why sing of men,” the master said,
“When Shri Krishna's joy can bloom instead?”
The poet bowed with teary eyes,
And gave up praise of worldly ties.
With sacred drops and heart so bright,

He saw Shri Krishna's play and light.

Now every song was soft and true,

With Shri Mahaprabhuji guiding through.

So sing not just of palace and throne,

But of the Lord who calls us home.

A heart that loves is rich and wise,

That's the truth no gold can disguise.

Story 66 Kaviraj Bhatt



84 Vaishnav Story 66 Kaviraj Bhatt

A long time ago, in the holy city of Mathura, there lived a gifted poet. He was born in a Brahmin family and was known far and wide for his beautiful poems and songs. Because of his great talent, people called him "Kaviraj," which means the king of poets.

Kaviraj loved to sing. He wrote poems for many gods and goddesses. He also sang about kings and their grand lives. One day, he was sitting near the calm waters of the Yamuna River. As the gentle breeze blew, he began singing praises of Lord Shiva.

Just then, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to the riverbank. Kaviraj saw Him and felt something special. He thought, “This is a wise and holy person. I should ask Him something important.”

So Kaviraj asked about various Devi & Devtas and who was bigger Shri Krishna or others.

Shri Mahaprabhuji kindly replied, “The scriptures say that Shri Krishna is the Supreme One. But in truth, whoever someone believes is the greatest becomes the greatest for that person.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji explained with examples from Shrimad Bhagavatam Mahapuran.

These explanations touched Kaviraj’s heart. His mind felt clear and peaceful. He bowed and said, “Please let me become your disciple. By being close to you, I believe Shri Krishna will bless me.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and asked gently, “But you are already the king of poets. Why do you want to be my student?”

Kaviraj replied, “Without your guidance, I will keep wasting my time singing about Devi, Devtas and kings. Please bless me so I can sing only of Shri Krishna.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji told him, “I am going to a village called Adel. If you truly wish to follow this path, come there with your two brothers. I will see if your heart remains firm.”

Kaviraj agreed and later went to Adel with his brothers. There, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave them all initiation. Kaviraj now had a true teacher and a clear path.

After the initiation, Kaviraj asked Shri Mahaprabhuji, “Can you tell me who I was in my past life? And why did I take birth in this world again?”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently shared, “In your last life, you were the wise sage Shandilya Muni. You wrote the ‘Bhakti Sutra,’ a book that teaches about love and devotion to God. But one day, you became proud. You thought, ‘I am the best because I know the most about devotion.’ Another sage, Vishvamitra, saw your pride and gave you a curse. Because of that, you had to be born again on Earth. But when you leave this life, you will return to your place as that great sage.”

Kaviraj listened quietly and bowed with a humble heart. Afterward, he went to Jatipura to have darshan of Shri Nathji. From the moment he met Shri Mahaprabhuji, Kaviraj’s life changed forever. He felt filled with joy and peace. He spent the rest of his life singing the glories of Shri Krishna and his beloved guru, Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Poem: The Song of Kaviraj

Kaviraj sang by river wide,
Praising gods with royal pride,
Till Shri Mahaprabhuji came that day,
And gently showed a better way.
“Shri Krishna’s love is sweet and true,
More than kings and praise you knew,”
Kaviraj bowed with heart so bright,
And asked to walk in holy light.
From sage to poet, back again,
He left behind his pride and fame,
Now all his songs were pure and free,
For Shri Krishna, full of glee.
Let your heart be soft and wise,
Look for truth, not outer prize,
Sing for love and not for fame—
That’s the joy in Krishna’s name!

Story 67 Gopaldas of Punjab



84 Vaishnav Story 67 Gopaldas of Punjab

Gopaldas was a gentle and faithful man who loved to go on pilgrimages to holy places. One day, he traveled to the sacred city of Mathura. From there, he continued his journey to Benares, where he performed special prayers for his dear father who had passed away.

After completing his rituals, Gopaldas began his journey back to Mathura. Along the way, he had the good fortune of meeting Shri Mahaprabhuji. Feeling blessed, he decided to travel with him.

But something sad happened during the journey. While Gopaldas was resting one night, a group of thieves came and stole all his belongings. In the morning, with a calm heart, he told Shri Mahaprabhuji what had happened.

He said, “I am not upset about losing my things, but I do not have any money left to go back to Agra, where I can get more.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently told him not to worry. “Go to Krishnadas Meghan and take whatever you need,” he said. Then Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and added, “This happened because of something long ago. Ten years back, you met some thieves who had stolen things. You stopped them, took the stolen goods from them, and gave them a hard beating. Now, you are facing the results of that action.”

Gopaldas was surprised and said, “Yes! That is exactly what happened!” He thought deeply and realized something very special—Shri Mahaprabhuji must be divine to know something no one had told him.

From that moment, Gopaldas felt a deep love and respect for Shri Mahaprabhuji. He asked to become his disciple. Shri Mahaprabhuji kindly agreed and taught him a sacred teaching called *Siddhant Rahasya*. As Gopaldas listened, his heart became full of light. He bowed to his guru and said, “Through you, I have come to know the truth about the Supreme Lord.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji was pleased with Gopaldas because he was humble and full of faith.

Some time later, it was the birthday of Shri Mahaprabhuji. On this special day, Gopaldas arrived as his guru was doing the birthday prayers. Gopaldas began to sing a sweet and beautiful song.

“In the bright month of Vaisakh,” he sang, “Shri Hari has come as Shri Vallabh, to show the path of love and devotion. He sets souls free and gives hope to those who trust him. Those who offer their hearts to the Lord become fearless.”

He continued singing, “Shri Vallabh is the prince of all three worlds. No one gives blessings like he does. He helps people cross the ocean of sorrow and shows them the joy of serving Shri Krishna.”

“Just one glance from him brings the wish to see Shri Krishna. He takes away all pain. Those who remember him feel peace in their hearts. Even the Vedas fold their hands to praise him. His life is like that of Shri Krishna.”

Then he sang softly, “You are Shri Krishna himself, the joy of your devotees. Those who see you are blessed. Your name brings comfort—Rama, Krishna, Mukunda, Madho, Lord of the Gopis, friend of the lost. The Vedas speak of your mercy. Shri Vallabh, you have shared countless loving lilas.”

With every word, Gopaldas poured his love and devotion into his song. Shri Mahaprabhuji's heart was touched. Gopaldas knew that the love of his guru and the grace of Shri Krishna were the greatest treasures of his life.

From that day on, he stayed close to Shri Mahaprabhuji, serving with love, singing with joy, and walking the path of bhakti with a heart full of thankfulness.

Poem: The Gift of Grace

Gopaldas walked to holy land,
With loving heart and open hand.

In Mathura he prayed so true,
Then met the saint so pure to view.
Some thieves had taken all his gold,
Yet Gopaldas stayed calm and bold.

Shri Mahaprabhuji spoke with cheer,
"Your past has brought this moment here."

He gave him help, he gave him care,
He showed that Shri Krishna is always there.

Gopaldas sang with joy so bright,
Praising his guru with heart so light.

"Shri Vallabhji shows the way,
To love, to peace, to endless day."

The moral here is sweet and clear,
Serve with love, and hold Him near.

Story 68 Janardandas Chopda Kshatriya



84 Vaishnav Story 68 Janardandas Chopda Kshatriya

In the sacred land of Thaneshwar, there lived a brave young boy named Janardandas. He was born into a family of warriors, and from a very young age, he learned that true warriors always stand strong in the face of fear.

One day, an enemy king invaded their land. The local ruler gathered his soldiers to defend the kingdom. Janardandas's father also prepared for battle, wearing his armor and carrying his weapons. But as he stood on the battlefield, fear filled his heart. He turned back and came home without fighting.

Janardandas saw his father return and felt very sad. He gently told him, “A warrior should never run away from the battlefield. If you cannot stay true to your duty, it is better for you to leave this place.”

Hearing his son’s words, the father left Thaneshwar and went south, hoping to find peace elsewhere.

When the battle was over, the local ruler came back and asked Janardandas, “Where is your father?”

Janardandas replied truthfully, “My father has run away.”

But the ruler thought Janardandas was hiding his father. In anger, he had Janardandas locked in prison. That very evening, the ruler’s home caught fire. The flames spread quickly, and sadly, his entire family perished in the blaze.

Realizing his mistake, the ruler felt deep regret. He went to the prison and freed Janardandas. “You may return safely to Thaneshwar now,” the ruler said softly.

Janardandas was filled with sadness and worry for his father. He set out on a long journey to search for him. On the way, he noticed two shining gold coins lying on the road. He picked them up and kept walking, his heart heavy with questions.

Soon he met a kind devotee of Shri Mahaprabhuji named Vasudevadasji.

Janardandas asked him, “Have you seen my father?”

Vasudevadasji replied gently, “I have not seen him. But listen carefully, dear one. You are a blessed soul. Leave your search for your father and travel to Gokul. There, you will meet Shri Mahaprabhuji and begin a life of true devotion. Your father’s journey is ending, and in one month, he will leave this world.”

At first, Janardandas could not believe these words. Seeing his doubt, Vasudevadasji said, “Did you not find two gold coins on the road recently? Those coins will only bring you worry. Offer them to a Brahmin.”

Hearing this, Janardandas realized Vasudevadasji’s wisdom. He felt certain that these were not ordinary words.

With a calm heart, he began his pilgrimage to Gokul. When he arrived, he humbly offered the two gold coins to Shri Mahaprabhuji.

But Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and said, “You are a great fool for bringing these coins to me. Give them instead to a Brahmin in Mathura. Now, come with me to Shri Nathji’s temple.”

At Jatipura, Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly initiated Janardandas as his disciple. He gave him the service of preparing the turbans for Shri Nathji. For ten days, Janardandas stayed close to his guru in Anyor, a peaceful village near the Govardhan Hill.

Before Janardandas left, Shri Mahaprabhuji blessed him, saying, “Keep your mind always focused on Shri Krishna’s seva.”

From that day on, Janardandas felt Shri Nathji’s divine presence in his heart. His life became filled with love and devotion. Every day, he remembered how Vasudevadasji’s kind words had brought him to this sacred path.

For the rest of his life, Janardandas was deeply grateful to Vasudevadasji. Because of him, he had found Shri Mahaprabhuji, and through Shri Mahaprabhuji’s grace, he became a true bhakta.

Poem: The Golden Path

Janardandas walked with a heart so true,
Looking for his father, not knowing what to do.
Two gold coins he found along his way,
But they brought no joy, only worry and dismay.
Vasudevadasji spoke with a gentle tone,
“Go to Gokul, you are not alone.
Give up the coins, seek Shri Mahaprabhuji’s grace,
There you will find your rightful place.”
Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled, his blessings so bright,
“Serve Shri Nathji with love, day and night.”
Janardandas’s heart blossomed like a flower,

He felt Shri Krishna's joy in every hour.

Moral: True peace comes not from gold, but from serving with love and a devoted soul.

Story 69 Garu Svami Sanadya



84 Vaishnav Story 69 Garu Svami Sanadya

Long ago in the holy city of Mathura, there lived a little boy named Garu. He was only eight years old, but his heart already longed for Shri Krishna. One day, Garu felt a deep calling in his soul. He decided to leave his home and journey to Vrindavan, the sacred land where Shri Krishna played as a child.

In Vrindavan, Garu sat quietly by the banks of the Yamuna River. The gentle water whispered to him as he closed his eyes and thought about Shri Krishna's love. Day after day, he spent his time remembering the Lord and praying for His mercy.

As time passed, people began to notice this young boy with such a calm and loving spirit. They started coming to him for advice. Garu would smile and softly say, “Always chant the names of the Lord. Never forget Him.” The villagers respected him so much that they started calling him Garu Svamiji.

But one evening, as the sun set and the Yamuna sparkled with golden light, Garu Svamiji felt sadness in his heart. He thought, “I have spent so many years praying, but I have not seen Shri Krishna. Was my life wasted?” His eyes filled with tears, and his heart ached with longing.

That night, Garu Svamiji fell asleep with tears still on his cheeks. In his dream, Shri Krishna appeared, glowing like a thousand suns, yet gentle like the moon. Shri Krishna said, “Garu, tomorrow Shri Mahaprabhuji will come here. Become his disciple, and through him, you will feel My grace.”

The next morning, Shri Mahaprabhuji arrived at the riverbank. He bathed in the Yamuna as Garu Svamiji watched with hope in his eyes. Gathering courage, Garu Svamiji approached Shri Mahaprabhuji and bowed low. “Please make me your disciple,” he said softly.

Shri Mahaprabhuji looked at him with kind eyes and asked, “Why do you wish to follow me? The people already call you Svamiji.”

With folded hands, Garu Svamiji replied, “Because Shri Krishna has asked me to.”

Hearing this, Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and blessed Garu Svamiji. He also blessed all of Garu Svamiji's followers who had gathered around.

When Garu Svamiji asked for guidance, Shri Mahaprabhuji taught him the beautiful prayer called *Trividha Namavali*. Garu Svamiji began reciting it with great love. Slowly, his heart filled with the sweet presence of Shri Krishna.

From that day on, Garu Svamiji spent every moment in loving thoughts of Shri Krishna. He became so deeply absorbed in devotion that words could no longer describe his joy. His soul was full of divine love that could only be felt, not spoken.

And so, Garu Svamiji's journey of faith showed how a heart full of longing and surrender can find the Lord's grace.

Poem: The Little Boy by the River

By the river calm and wide,

Sat a boy with love inside.

He left his home, so young, so small,

To hear Shri Krishna's gentle call.

"Chant His name, never delay,

The Lord will come to you one day."

And when his tears began to flow,

Shri Krishna's grace began to glow.
Shri Mahaprabhuji came so near,
With blessings sweet and words so clear.
A prayer was given, love so deep,
Now Garu's heart was His to keep.
The moral shines, so pure and true,
The Lord gives grace to hearts that woo.

Story 70 Kanaiyalal Kshatriya



84 Vaishnav Story 70 Kanaiyalal Kshatriya

Long ago in a small village, a baby boy named Kanaiyalal was born to very poor parents. On the very same day, something amazing happened. While working in the fields, his parents found a hidden treasure buried in the ground. They believed their son brought them great fortune and felt their lives had turned brighter.

As Kanaiyalal grew, he became a kind and thoughtful boy. But when he turned thirteen, his father passed away, leaving only his loving mother to care for him. She was so attached to her only son that she never wanted him out of her sight.

But Kanaiyalal dreamed of visiting the holy city of Mathura, the land of Shri Krishna's pastimes. He kept asking his mother for permission until, at last, she agreed to let him go with his uncle. Her only condition was that he must return home quickly.

When they reached Mathura, Kanaiyalal's heart longed to see all the sacred places of Braj. Though his uncle hesitated at first, Kanaiyalal's deep yearning convinced him. Together, they began their pilgrimage through the divine land. On the fifth day, they arrived at the Govardhana Hill. The moment Kanaiyalal saw the sacred hill, his heart overflowed with devotion. He felt so overwhelmed that he stopped speaking and eating. He wouldn't even dress himself unless someone helped him. His uncle became worried and didn't know how to bring him back home in this strange state.

For a whole month, they stayed near Govardhana, trying everything to heal Kanaiyalal. Doctors and holy men came, but no one could help. Back home, Kanaiyalal's mother grew anxious and sent someone to find out about her son. When she heard that her beloved child had lost his senses, she rushed to Govardhana.

Seeing her son, she held him close and wept bitterly. She blamed her brother for allowing the boy to go. She tried many remedies, but Kanaiyalal remained the same. Finally, she asked the local people if there was a great saint who might

help. Just then, Shri Mahaprabhuji's disciple Sadu Pandeji arrived. Hearing her plight, he said his guru was nearby. The mother begged him to take her to Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Sadu Pandeji led her to the great saint. Seeing her sorrow, Shri Mahaprabhuji said gently, "Bring your son to me at once."

The mother hurried back and carried Kanaiyalal to Shri Mahaprabhuji. The saint softly chanted sacred mantras and sprinkled holy water on the boy. At once, Kanaiyalal regained his senses. He bowed before Shri Mahaprabhuji and asked, "Why did you awaken me? I was lost in the sweet bliss of Shri Krishna's lilas."

Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly explained, "Your heart was full of divine love, but it had grown too strong, beyond its limits. It could have drowned you. True devotion should stay steady and quiet within, unseen by the world. That is the way of deep love for Shri Krishna."

"Please bless me with such firm love," Kanaiyalal pleaded.

With great kindness, Shri Mahaprabhuji brought Kanaiyalal before Shri Nathji and spiritually joined his soul with Shri Krishna's eternal play. Kanaiyalal felt the joy of Shri Krishna's lilas fill his whole being. Shri Mahaprabhuji taught him about the path of loving devotion and blessed him, saying, "Now go home. Nothing will ever block your devotion."

Grateful, Kanaiyalal's mother offered one thousand rupees to Shri Mahaprabhuji and invited him to visit their home in Agra. Sometime later, Shri Mahaprabhuji stayed at their house for five days, teaching Kanaiyalal about the wonderful moods of Shri Krishna's lilas.

Years passed, and after Shri Mahaprabhuji left this world, his son Shri Gusainji asked his mother where he could find his father's writings. She told him to visit Kanaiyalal's home in Agra. Shri Gusainji went there, studied the writings, and wrote commentaries on them. He also shared with Kanaiyalal beautiful teachings about Shri Krishna's intimate lilas. Whenever Kanaiyalal tried to bow to him, Shri Gusainji would say gently, "Shri Mahaprabhuji lives within your heart."

One day, after Kanaiyalal's mother passed away, Shri Gusainji told him, "I am going to Dwarka."

Kanaiyalal replied, "I will meet you there."

"But how will you find your way? You do not speak to anyone," Shri Gusainji asked.

"I do not need to ask anyone," Kanaiyalal answered calmly.

Shri Gusainji went ahead. After a few days, Kanaiyalal began his journey. On the way, he got lost in a thick forest and found no water. Feeling faint, he sat under a

tree reading Shri Mahaprabhuji's writings. Suddenly, a young cowherd appeared and said, "Why are you sitting here? There are snakes and lions around."

Kanaiyalal replied softly, "I am a disciple of Shri Mahaprabhuji. Nothing can harm me."

The boy pointed to a nearby lake that had appeared miraculously. Kanaiyalal drank the sweet water. Soon after, another cowherd came and offered him prasada from Shri Nathji's temple. Though Kanaiyalal was hesitant at first, the boy insisted it was truly Shri Nathji's prasada. Kanaiyalal accepted it with respect.

Later, a third cowherd arrived and said, "Go have darshan at Shri Dwarkanathji's temple." When Kanaiyalal looked up, he saw the grand temple before him. Inside, he met Shri Gusainji who smiled and asked, "You spoke to no one on the way?"

"I spoke to no one, except the three cowherds," Kanaiyalal said.

Shri Gusainji revealed, "Those cowherds were me. By Shri Mahaprabhuji's grace, all this happened."

Hand in hand, they went into the temple. Though it was Shri Dwarkanathji's temple, Kanaiyalal saw Shri Nathji, as his heart was connected to the form of grace.

On the way back to Agra, Shri Gusainji asked Kanaiyalal to join him. But Kanaiyalal said gently, "You are here to uplift many souls. I prefer to travel alone."

Again, Kanaiyalal got lost in a forest. But as he read his guru's writings, a cowherd appeared and said, "Go bathe in the Yamuna before you continue." When Kanaiyalal looked up, the Yamuna River and the city of Agra appeared before him. He walked home peacefully.

When Shri Gusainji reached Agra, he asked, "How long did it take you to get here?"

Kanaiyalal replied, "I do not know. You brought me to Dwarka and brought me back."

Pleased, Shri Gusainji stayed with him for a few days before moving on.

From then on, Kanaiyalal lived a life filled with deep devotion. He carried out all his duties when he was aware of his body. But whenever he lost himself in Shri Krishna's bliss, he became unaware of the world. His story reminds us that the lilas of Braj are beyond what anyone can fully understand.

Even great beings like Sheshji, Shivji, and Narayanji cannot measure their sweetness.

Poem: The Blissful Heart of Kanaiyalal

Kanaiyalal's heart was pure and bright, He saw Govardhan and lost to delight.

Shri Mahaprabhuji brought him back with care, Teaching love so strong yet

hidden from stare.

He walked with faith through forest deep, Where grace and Krishna their
promises keep. Even when lost, the Lord showed the way, To Dwarka's temple
and home one day.

The moral shines soft, like the moon above, True devotion is quiet, deep, and full
of love.

Story 71 Naraharidas Gaudya



84 Vaishnav Story 71 Naraharidas Gaudya

In the beautiful land of Bengal lived a young Brahmin named Naraharidas. His heart was full of love for Shri Jagannathji, and he often traveled all the way to Orissa to visit the grand temple. Once, he stayed there for a whole year, praying and serving with all his heart.

When Naraharidas returned home, his father was not happy. He scolded his son, saying, “You waste your time at the temple! How will you ever earn a living? Will Shri Jagannathji give you food and clothes? You depend on my money for everything!”

Naraharidas answered softly, “Shri Jagannathji takes care of the entire world. He will take care of me too. From today, I will not use your money.”

His father laughed and said, “If Shri Jagannathji really gives to everyone, then why does He take offerings from people? You will soon learn what it means to beg!”

Naraharidas felt sad hearing his father speak this way. His heart hurt at the thought of someone speaking badly about the Lord. He decided to leave his home, saying, “I cannot stay in a house where the Lord is insulted. I will live only on what Shri Jagannathji gives me.”

With no money, Naraharidas went to the ocean near the temple. He sat there, thinking, “I will not beg. I will only accept what Shri Jagannathji Himself gives me.”

That evening, a young boy appeared. He looked about sixteen years old, with a gentle smile and eyes full of love. The boy held out a plate of delicious food and said, “This is Shri Jagannathji’s prasada for you.”

At first, Naraharidas hesitated. “I can only take what Shri Jagannathji gives,” he said.

The boy replied, “This is from Shri Jagannathji. Who else would send you food here?”

Believing the boy's words, Naraharidas accepted the prasada gratefully and ate it with joy. That night, he dreamed of Shri Jagannathji. The Lord said, "Go to Shri Mahaprabhuji and take His shelter. He will guide you."

The next morning, Naraharidas set out to find Shri Mahaprabhuji. When he finally met Him, Shri Mahaprabhuji welcomed him warmly. "You are very brave, Naraharidas. You could not bear to hear your father speak against the Lord. Your faith is strong like Prahlad's. Come, take initiation and walk the Path of Grace."

Naraharidas bowed low and became Shri Mahaprabhuji's disciple. His heart was now calm and full of devotion.

Soon after, Shri Mahaprabhuji sent Naraharidas back to the ocean with a special instruction. "There you will find the Lord's svarupa," He said.

Naraharidas returned to the ocean and, to his great surprise, found beautiful deities of Shri Radha and Shri Krishna. With deep love, he carried Them back to Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Shri Mahaprabhuji told him, "Take Them and serve Them with all your heart. Wherever you can do Their seva with love, that will be the best place for you to live."

Naraharidas then moved to Benares, where he had many friends and followers. There he served Shri Radha-Krishnaji with great devotion for many years. He

decorated Them with lovely clothes, offered delicious foods, and sang sweet songs of love.

When he became too old to serve, Naraharidas returned the sacred deities to Shri Gusainji in Gokul. He then spent the rest of his life in Braja, his heart lost in the sweet pastimes of Shri Krishnaji. Every day, he felt the Lord's loving presence, and his soul was full of joy.

Through his faith and service, Naraharidas showed the world that Shri Jagannathji and Shri Krishnaji truly care for those who surrender to Them with a pure heart.

The Ocean Gave Him Love

By the ocean's gentle waves,

A boy sat strong and brave.

No money, no food in sight,

But faith kept his heart so light.

Shri Krishna came in a sweet disguise,

With prasada and loving eyes.

"Take this gift," the boy did say,

"It's from the Lord in every way."

Naraharidas served with all his might,

Radha-Krishna day and night.

His life became a song of grace,
With the Lord's love in every place.
So trust the Lord, both big and small,
His blessings come to one and all.

Story 72 Narahar Sanyasi



84 Vaishnav Story 72 Narahar Sanyasi

In the city of Agra, a boy named Narahar was born. When he was still very young, his family moved to Gujarat. By the age of fifteen, Narahar had a deep longing for spiritual life. One day, he met a wandering monk, a sanyasi, who inspired him to take up a strict life of renunciation.

Narahar started practicing severe austerities. In the blazing heat of summer, he would sit beneath the hot sun, surrounded by four fires. During heavy rains, he would sit outside, letting the water soak him completely. In the cold winter, he would rest in icy water. People admired his dedication, and soon he became

known throughout the land. Many followers gathered around him, believing he was a true saint. It was said he never even looked at women.

One afternoon, a lady from the nearby town wished for a child and believed Narahar's blessings could help her. She walked four long miles to his hut, carrying fried breads and sweet halvah. With her face covered by a veil, she said softly, "I know you do not look at women, but please accept these offerings."

Narahar had not eaten for two days. Feeling her sincerity, he replied, "Because you have come so far, I will accept your offerings."

The next day, the woman returned with more food. This time Narahar said, "No one is here. You may remove your veil."

For ten days, the woman continued visiting Narahar. But one day, a king came to see Narahar while the lady was also there. Not wanting the king to know about her visits, Narahar quickly hid her in one of his rooms.

The king spent the night in the hut. The next morning, the lady's husband came angrily, demanding, "Where is my wife?" Narahar denied knowing anything, but the man found his wife inside.

Seeing this, the king grew furious. "You have broken people's trust," he declared, and ordered Narahar to leave the kingdom.

With a heavy heart, Narahar wandered until he reached the holy land of Braja. Around this time, one of his disciples, Beni Kotari, also journeyed to Braja to meet him. Together, they were invited by Shri Mahaprabhuji to join him on a pilgrimage to Dwarka.

While traveling, Narahar asked Shri Mahaprabhuji, “Which is better—renunciation or devotion?”

Shri Mahaprabhuji answered kindly, “In this age, renunciation is not the way. If a sanyasi’s mind wanders even a little from the Lord, all his efforts are lost. But devotion, the love of Shri Krishna, is never destroyed. The holy name of Shri Krishna can purify anyone. Tell me, what did you truly gain from all your austerities?”

Hearing these words, Narahar bowed low and said with tears in his eyes, “I wish to be your disciple.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji asked, “But you are a sanyasi, a renunciate. Can you develop the humble heart needed for loving service?”

Narahar replied, “I am no longer a sanyasi. Please accept me as your servant.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently instructed him to fast for one day, cut off his matted hair, and remove his robes of renunciation. Only then did Shri Mahaprabhuji

accept him as a disciple. Beni Kotari, a simple householder, was initiated without needing a fast.

When Narahar asked why he alone had to fast, Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and explained, “You followed a path not meant for this age. The fast was for your purification. Beni Kotari, a householder living a simple life, had no such need.”

From then on, both Narahar and Beni Kotari became devoted bhaktas. Beni Kotari returned home, but Narahar continued traveling to holy places, always filled with the joy of Shri Krishna’s name.

Years later, Narahar met Shri Mahaprabhuji again at the sacred temple of Badrinath high in the Himalayas. There, Narahar asked, “I now understand my earlier renunciation. But what does it mean to renounce in the path of devotion?”

Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly revealed his teachings. He said that in the Path of Grace, renunciation means letting go of selfishness to feel deep longing and separation from Shri Krishna. True renunciation in devotion is not about punishing the body but about offering the heart fully to Shri Krishna.

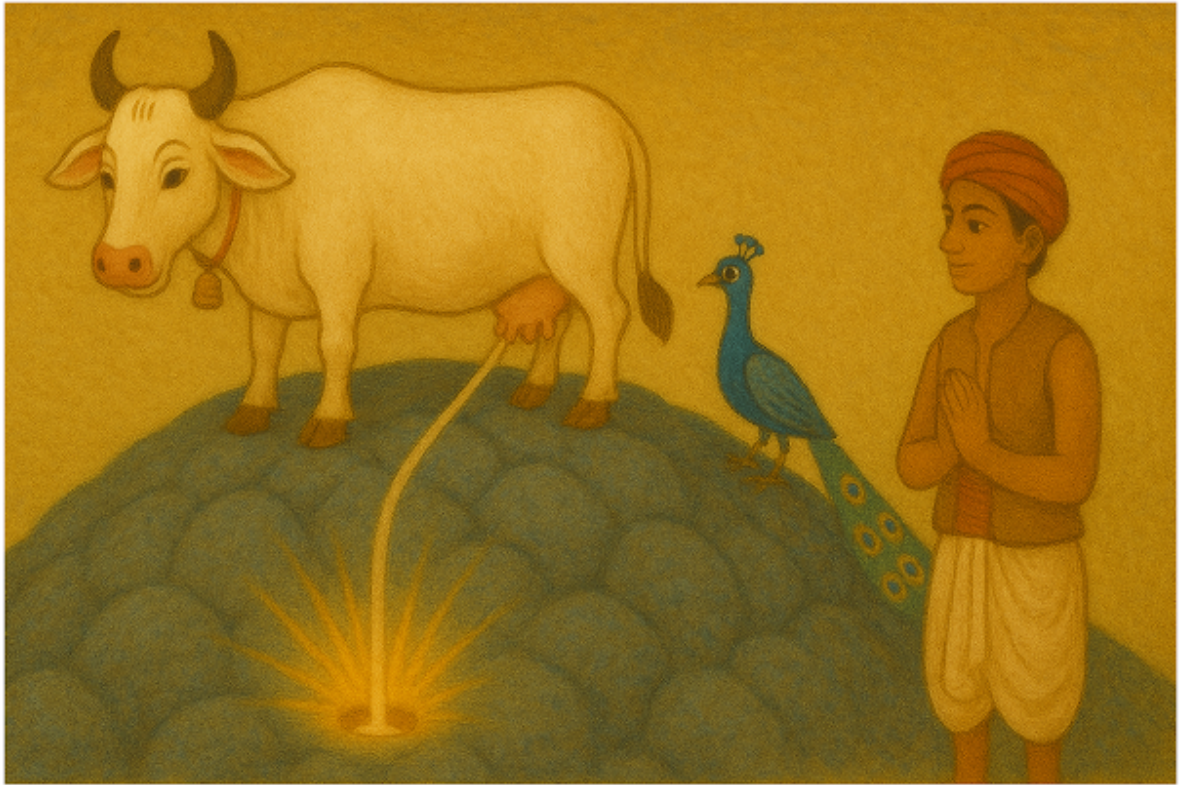
Hearing this, Narahar felt a wave of divine joy fill his being. From that day on, he wandered India, singing Shri Krishna’s name, his heart overflowing with bliss.

Poem: The Heart’s True Renunciation

Narahar walked with sandals worn,

From Agra's plains to Braja's morn.
He gave up heat, he gave up cold,
But found no peace in stories told.
Then Shri Mahaprabhuji's voice so kind,
Spoke words that changed his heart and mind:
"Renounce the ego, let love grow,
And Shri Krishna's grace will surely flow."
No more robes or fires to bear,
Just Shri Krishna's name in every prayer.
Now Narahar's heart would dance and sing,
In loving service to his Lord and King.

Story 73 Sadu Pande



84 Vaishnav Story 73 Sadu Pande

Long ago in the small town of Anyor, near the beautiful Govardhan Hill, there lived a kind man named Sadu Pande. One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji was traveling across South India when Shri Krishna Himself appeared to Sadu Pande in a dream. The divine voice said, "I have taken form on the Govardhan Hill. Come quickly and make My worship known to the whole world. I have come to Earth in three forms: Nagdaman, Indradaman, and now Devadaman."

Sadu Pande was filled with wonder and joy. He waited eagerly for Shri Mahaprabhuji to arrive. When Shri Mahaprabhuji came to Anyor with five of His disciples, Sadu Pande welcomed them warmly into his home.

As they spoke, a gentle voice called down from the top of Govardhan Hill, "Tell Sadu Pande's daughter, Naro, to bring me some milk."

Naro smiled and replied, "A guest has come to our home. After serving him, I will bring your milk."

She filled a bowl with milk and carefully climbed the hill. There she saw a beautiful young boy with a shining face and eyes full of love. This was Shri Krishna as Devadaman. He drank some of the milk and gave the rest back to Naro.

When Naro returned, Shri Mahaprabhuji asked, "What do you carry in your hands?"

She said softly, "These are the remains of Devadaman's milk."

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and said, "Please give me what is left."

Later that evening, Sadu Pande invited all the townspeople to meet Shri Mahaprabhuji. They gathered eagerly, and Shri Mahaprabhuji asked Sadu Pande to share the story of how Devadaman appeared.

Sadu Pande began, "There is a Brahmin in our village who owns a cow that gives a lot of milk. But for two days, the cow gave no milk. The Brahmin grew angry and told the young cowherd, 'You must be stealing the milk.'

The cowherd replied, 'I have not touched her milk, but I will watch carefully today.'

That day, he followed the cow to the top of Govardhan Hill. To his surprise, he saw her letting her milk flow over a rock with a small hole. The next day, the Brahmin himself came to see. Again, the cow climbed the hill and gave her milk to the rock.

The people of the village gathered and lifted the rock. Beneath it, they found a divine seven-year-old boy smiling at them.

The boy said, 'My name is Devadaman. I love milk, yogurt, and butter. Please send Naro to me every day with dairy sweets.'

From that day on, everyone in the village began to bring milk, butter, and yogurt to the hill. They believed that Devadaman fulfilled all their wishes."

Shri Mahaprabhuji was deeply moved and said, "Tomorrow, we will visit Devadaman together."

The next morning, Shri Mahaprabhuji and his disciples climbed the hill with Sadu Pande. Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly lifted the divine child into his arms and asked, "What do you wish, Baba?"

Devadaman replied sweetly, "Make me known all over the world."

Shri Mahaprabhuji built a small temple on the hill and placed his disciple Ramdasji in charge of caring for Devadaman. He said, "Adorn him with a peacock crown and a gunja bead necklace. Offer him all types of dairy delights every day."

As days passed, Devadaman's love for cows became known. Shri Mahaprabhuji even gave Sadu Pande his own gold ring, saying, "Sell this ring and buy a cow for Devadaman." Soon, the people of Braj brought many cows for Devadaman, and a large cowshed was built at the foot of the hill.

Devadaman often visited Sadu Pande's daughter Naro. Once he asked her for milk. She giggled and said, "But your bowl is so small."

He answered with a smile, "I will drink from whatever you give me."

She gave him a large bowl of milk, which he finished happily. The next day, Naro found Devadaman's small golden bowl in her house and took it back to the temple. Everyone was amazed at how Shri Krishna, as Devadaman, showered His love on Sadu Pande's family.

He also visited Manikchand, Sadu Pande's brother, and his mother. Dressed like a simple village boy, he asked for buttered rotis each morning. When asked his name, he replied, "Devadaman."

In this way, Shri Krishna filled their lives with sweetness and joy. Even today, people remember how He came as a little boy, loved by all, asking only for their love and simple offerings.

Poem: Devadaman's Smile

On Govardhan Hill so high and fair,
A little Lord waited with love to share.
He asked for milk, for butter and curd,
His voice so sweet, the softest heard.
Naro brought him milk so warm,
He drank it all in boyish charm.
The cows all gathered, the people too,
With love in their hearts, so pure and true.
Shri Mahaprabhuji built Him a home,
Where Devadaman's laughter could freely roam.
The hill still sings of that joyful time,
When the Lord as a child made Braj sublime.
So remember dear child, keep your heart light,

For love and kindness make the world bright.

Story 74 Gopaldas Jatadhari



84 Vaishnav Story 74 Gopaldas Jatadhari

Long ago, in the holy city of Prayag, a little boy named Gopaldas was born. He was just six years old when his father took him to the sacred place where the Ganga and Yamuna rivers meet. It was the winter festival of Makar, and the riverbanks were crowded with thousands of people who had come to bathe and pray.

But in the busy crowd, little Gopaldas lost sight of his father. Alone and scared, he looked around for help. A man dressed like a sadhu saw him crying and kindly

said, “Come with me, child. I will take you back to your father.” But instead of helping, the man took Gopaldas far away to the South of India.

There, Gopaldas lived with the man until he grew into a young man of thirty. When the sadhu passed away, Gopaldas felt lost again. He joined a group of holy men who were traveling to Dwarka, the land of Shri Krishna’s pastimes. Later, he continued his journey to Mathura, where a new chapter of his life was about to begin.

One day, as he stood quietly on the banks of the Yamuna River, he saw a gentle figure sitting under a tree. It was Shri Mahaprabhuji, glowing with peace and love. A Vaishnav nearby said to him, “Why are you standing there alone? Your friends have all gone ahead.”

Gopaldas softly replied, “I have wandered so far and for so long. But now, I will stay with loving devotees and find my true Lord.”

At that very moment, Shri Mahaprabhuji looked up and called out with a smile, “Gopaldas, come here.” Gopaldas felt warmth in his heart. He went closer and bowed down. “I have walked many paths, but now I know your grace will lead me home,” he said with tears of gratitude.

Shri Mahaprabhuji then gave him a special service: “Go to Jatipura and take care of Shri Nathji’s garden.”

Gopaldas joyfully obeyed. In Jatipura, he worked in the garden with great love. He watered every plant, spoke kindly to each flower, and cared for every fruit as if Shri Krishna Himself would come to play among them.

But one day, a young Vaishnav boy sneaked into the garden and began picking flowers for his own worship. Gopaldas, feeling protective of the Lord's garden, became very angry. He caught the boy and scolded him harshly. The boy broke free and ran straight into Shri Nathji's temple, but Gopaldas, still upset, followed and grabbed him there. Seeing this, other Vaishnavas rushed in and stopped him.

Shri Nathji was saddened by Gopaldas's anger towards the boy. To help him learn, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave Gopaldas a new service: to care for Shri Nathji's betel leaves. Gopaldas now spent his nights gently fanning the precious leaves and keeping them cool with wet cloths during the hot season.

One evening, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to the temple and saw many devotees singing and talking. But Gopaldas was different. He was asleep, yet his hands continued to move the fan over the betel leaves. Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled, thinking, "Gopaldas's service is so deep that even in sleep, his heart keeps serving."

The next day, Shri Mahaprabhuji said, "From now on, fan Shri Nathji, but always keep your eyes closed." Gopaldas followed the instruction with full faith. Day and night, he fanned the Lord with closed eyes.

One evening, Shri Nathji spoke sweetly to him, “Open your eyes and see Me.”

But Gopaldas replied, “Shri Mahaprabhuji has told me to keep them closed.”

Shri Nathji then placed some divine prasada into Gopaldas’s mouth, but even then, Gopaldas kept his eyes shut, staying true to his guru’s words. The Lord was so pleased with his devotion that He allowed Gopaldas to hear His playful talks with Shri Svaminiji.

Later, Shri Nathji decided to purify Gopaldas even more. “I must help him grow from the mistake he made with the boy,” thought the Lord. He inspired Gopaldas to leave the temple service and go on a pilgrimage.

After asking permission from Shri Mahaprabhuji, Gopaldas set out. The other devotees were surprised and wondered why such a dear servant of the Lord would leave. Shri Mahaprabhuji explained, “Through this journey, Gopaldas will feel a deep longing for Shri Nathji. In this sweet pain of separation, he will leave his body and join the Lord’s eternal play.”

As Gopaldas walked alone, far from the temple, he felt his heart fill with longing for Shri Nathji. Falling to the ground, he cried out, “Oh Lord, why did I ever leave Your service and the company of the devotees?”

In that moment of deep love, his soul left his body and entered Shri Krishna's eternal pastimes. There, Gopaldas found his true home, serving the Lord forever in joy.

Poem: Gopaldasji's Garden of Love

In Prayag's crowd, a boy was lost,
To the South he went, at a heavy cost.
Years rolled by, till one fine day,
He found Shri Mahaprabhuji to show him the way.
He cared for flowers, leaves, and trees,
He worked with love and felt at peace.
Though anger came and made him fall,
Shri Nathji's mercy forgave it all.
With closed eyes, he served with grace,
Till longing took him to a higher place.
In Krishna's land, where joy won't end,
Gopaldas found his dearest friend.

Moral: Love and service done with faith and humility brings us closer to Shri Krishna's eternal play.

Story 75 Krishnadas and his wife



84 Vaishnav Story 75 Krishnadas and his wife

Krishnadas and his wife were married when they were very young. From the time they could remember, they always welcomed holy men and women at their door. They gave whatever they had with open hands and happy hearts.

One sunny afternoon, Krishnadas's wife went with other village women to gather clay for their homes. As they worked, the clay pit suddenly caved in. The women screamed as the heavy earth fell over them.

At that very moment, Shri Mahaprabhuji was passing nearby. Seeing the accident, he quickly sent his followers to pull the women out. Shri Mahaprabhuji

then softly spoke a sacred mantra over them. Amazingly, all their wounds healed right away.

Krishnadas's wife bowed before Shri Mahaprabhuji and said with deep gratitude, "Your kindness has saved us all." Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled gently and said, "Because you have a pure soul, everyone with you was saved too."

Later, Shri Mahaprabhuji visited Krishnadas's home. He gave them initiation and said, "You both should serve the Vaishnavas with all your love." He stayed with them for three nights before continuing his journey to Dwarka. From that time on, Krishnadas and his wife welcomed every traveler and pilgrim who came to their village, feeding and caring for them as if they were family.

One day, a group of ten or fifteen Vaishnavas stopped at their home while on their way to see Shri Mahaprabhuji. Krishnadas was not at home, and there was no food or money left in the house. Krishnadas's wife greeted them warmly, but her heart was troubled. She didn't want the holy guests to leave hungry.

She remembered something the local grocer had once said: "If you spend an evening with me, I will give you anything you wish." Though the thought hurt her, her desire to serve the Vaishnavas was stronger. She rushed to the grocer and offered to spend the evening with him in exchange for food. The grocer agreed and gave her everything she needed.

She hurried back and prepared a delicious meal for the Vaishnavas. She fed them lovingly and even gave the leftovers to their cow.

That evening, Krishnadas came home. He saw the Vaishnavas content and asked his wife, "What did you serve them? I know there was nothing in the house."

His wife quietly told him what she had done. Hearing this, Krishnadas bowed at her feet and said, "You have done a wonderful and selfless thing. You have truly served the Lord's devotees."

The next evening, Krishnadas said gently, "That grocer must be waiting for you. Since he fulfilled your wish to feed the Vaishnavas, you should fulfill his wish too. Bathe and dress yourself beautifully."

When she was ready, it began to rain heavily. Krishnadas saw the muddy road and said, "Your feet will get dirty and your henna will wash away. Let me carry you." With great respect, he lifted her onto his shoulders and carried her to the grocer's doorstep.

The grocer greeted her and offered water for her feet. She replied, "My feet are not dirty."

The grocer was surprised. "How can your feet be clean when the road is full of mud?" he asked.

She answered calmly, "My husband carried me here on his shoulders."

The grocer was shocked and asked why her husband would do such a thing. She told him the whole story of how she had served the Vaishnavas and how Krishnadas had supported her selfless act.

The grocer's heart melted. He fell at her feet and said, "Forgive me. You and your husband are true saints." He treated her like a sister, gifted her a new sari, and walked her home. At Krishnadas's house, he bowed before both of them and begged for forgiveness.

The grocer said, "I wish to be your disciple." But Krishnadas replied humbly, "I do not take disciples. You should seek initiation from Shri Mahaprabhuji."

From that day on, the grocer visited Krishnadas and his wife daily, learning from their lives of love and devotion.

When Shri Mahaprabhuji visited again, Krishnadas and his wife shared the story with him. Shri Mahaprabhuji called the grocer and accepted him as a disciple.

"Through the good company of Krishnadas and his wife," he said, "you have found true knowledge."

As Shri Mahaprabhuji prepared to leave the next morning, he blessed Krishnadas and his wife. "You are truly blessed," he said. "You have served the Vaishnavas with your body, mind, and all you have. Serving the Lord and Guru is easy, but serving fellow Vaishnavas with such pure love is the greatest service of all."

Poem: The Gift of Pure Love

Krishnadas and his dear wife,
Lived a simple, selfless life.
They fed the guests with all their heart,
Even when they had no part.
She went to the grocer, strong and brave,
To serve the Vaishnavas was all she gave.
Her husband smiled, his love so deep,
He carried her where the mud ran steep.
The grocer saw their hearts so true,
He bowed in awe, his soul felt new.
Shri Mahaprabhuji blessed them bright,
“You served with love, you served with light.”
Serve the saints with all you own,
In such love, the Lord is shown.

Story 76 Santdas Chopda Kshatriya



84 Vaishnav Story 76 Santdas Chopda Kshatriya

A long time ago in the city of Agra, there lived a kind and wealthy man. For many years, he wished for a son who would grow up to love and serve Shri Krishna with all his heart. He visited many holy people, seeking their blessings. One day, someone advised him to worship Lord Shiva with deep faith and patience.

The man began his prayers with great devotion. He fasted, meditated, and offered flowers every single day. Then, one night, Lord Shiva appeared in his dream. “I am pleased with your prayers,” said Shiva. “What blessing do you wish for?”

The man folded his hands and replied, “Please grant me a son who will be a great devotee of Shri Krishna and bring joy to many.”

Lord Shiva paused and said gently, “Let me ask Shri Krishna if such a soul can be sent to your family. I will return tomorrow with my answer.”

That night, Shri Krishna told Shiva, “This man’s son will be born as a great bhakta. He will inspire many and uplift his family.”

The next evening, Shiva appeared again in the man’s dream. “You will have a saintly son,” he said, smiling.

And so, after nine months, a sweet baby boy was born. The happy parents named him Santdas.

When Santdas grew up, he married a kind young woman. Soon after their marriage, his father passed away. To ease his sadness, Santdas began attending spiritual talks and meeting holy people. One day, he met Shri Mahaprabhuji and felt a deep peace in his heart just from hearing him speak.

Santdas became Shri Mahaprabhuji’s disciple. Shri Mahaprabhuji also initiated Santdas’s wife and said, “Though she may not yet be a divine soul, she will achieve perfection through your company.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji then taught Santdas the thousand names of Shri Krishna. He told him lovingly, “By reciting these names, all your desires will be fulfilled. But

remember, there will come a time when you lose your wealth. In those days, stay strong. Do not use Shri Krishna's belongings for yourself. Trust in His grace and remain calm."

Santdas listened carefully and promised to follow this advice. Before leaving for Braj, Shri Mahaprabhuji gifted Santdas beautiful clothes and ornaments for his Shri Krishna at home.

As time passed, Santdas's wealth was indeed lost. Some of it was stolen, and the rest was taken away by the king. But Santdas did not feel sad. His heart was full of Shri Krishna's love, and he felt richer than ever.

He now had only forty paisa. He began exchanging coins for people, earning a small profit of two and a half paisa each day. With his earnings, he bought lentils in summer and roasted chickpeas in winter to offer Shri Krishna. Whatever little remained, he shared with visiting Vaishnavas during evening satsangs.

One day, his friend Narayandasji heard of Santdas's poverty. He sent him one hundred coins through the mailman, asking Santdas to give the mailman two paisa.

When Santdas received the money, he paid the mailman from his own daily earnings. But instead of using the gift, he sent all one hundred coins to Shri

Gusainji. Santdas wrote to Narayandasji, “Your kindness has stopped me from making my Lord’s offering today. Please do not send me such gifts again.”

Though he still had forty-eight paisa left, Santdas would not touch it because it belonged to Shri Krishna. When Shri Gusainji received the money, he smiled and said, “Santdas is a true bhakta. He would never keep another Vaishnava’s wealth for himself.”

Every evening, Vaishnavas gathered at Santdas’s home for satsang. Lord Shiva himself would come in disguise, quietly listening from a corner.

In the same town, a wealthy man heard that Santdas gave his guests only simple roasted chickpeas. The man thought, “I can do better.” He invited Vaishnavas to his home and offered them rich sweets made with ghee. Many Vaishnavas went to the rich man’s satsang for fifteen days, but others stayed with Santdas, preferring the deep devotion they felt in his home.

Curious, the rich man came to Santdas’s satsang. But he understood nothing and fell asleep. When Santdas woke him and offered chickpeas, the man angrily threw them on the floor.

When Shri Gusainji heard about all this, he said, “Santdas is a saint filled with wisdom, strength, and surrender.”

Years passed, and Santdas grew old. On Shri Gusainji's birthday, he could no longer travel to visit him. He wrote a letter asking Shri Gusainji to send two Vaishnavas to his home with prasada.

When they arrived, Santdas welcomed them warmly. He handed over everything he owned—his house and all of Shri Krishna's belongings—to be sent to Shri Gusainji.

As Santdas lay on his deathbed, people said, "We will take you to a holy place like Mathura or Gokul. It is auspicious to die there."

But Santdas smiled and said, "I have spent my whole life taking Shri Krishna's shelter. Will these places make me any purer? And why pollute Gokul with the ashes of my body? Stay here and sing Shri Krishna's glories instead."

As his breath grew slower, Santdas began speaking to Shri Gusainji in his mind. With a gentle smile, he left his body while meditating on his guru.

When Shri Gusainji heard of his passing, he said, "Santdas was a real saint. He lived with wisdom, strength, and full surrender to Shri Krishna."

The Pure Heart of Santdas (Poem)

In Agra town, a baby was born,
A saintly heart, so pure, so warm.
With simple love and gentle ways,

He served Shri Krishna all his days.
Though wealth was lost, his joy grew bright,
He sang of Krishna day and night.
With lentils, chickpeas, and a song,
His satsang drew the crowds along.
When riches tempted others near,
Santdas stayed humble, full of cheer.
He gave his all, both big and small,
To Shri Krishna, who gave him all.
At life's sweet end, his voice so mild,
He smiled at Shri Gusainji like a child.
“Do not seek shrines, nor sacred land,
The Lord is here, He holds my hand.”
The moral: Serve with love, both rich and poor,
Shri Krishna's grace will give you more.

Story 77 Sundardas Madhudas



84 Vaishnav Story 77 Sundardas Madhudas

Not far from the Jagannath Puri Temple in Orissa, there lived two good friends, Sundardas and Madhudas. Sundardas loved serving holy saints who visited his town. He would fetch water for them, bring their supplies, and even massage their tired feet. Madhudas, on the other hand, was a disciple of Krishna Chaitanya. He appeared to be a devotee of Shri Krishna, but in truth, his father had taught him to secretly worship a ghost.

One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji came to their town on his way to the Jagannath Temple. Sundardas felt drawn to Shri Mahaprabhuji and went to his camp, asking

if there was any service he could do. When Shri Mahaprabhuji came outside, Sundardas was amazed by his divine glow. Seeing his pure heart, Shri Mahaprabhuji gave Sundardas some prasada. The moment Sundardas ate it, his mind became completely pure and full of peace. He began praising Shri Mahaprabhuji and humbly asked to become his disciple.

Shri Mahaprabhuji, pleased by his sincerity, accepted him. That whole night, Sundardas joyfully massaged Shri Mahaprabhuji's feet. Even when Shri Mahaprabhuji asked him to take rest, Sundardas smiled and said, "I can sleep every night. But when will I get such a chance again?"

The next morning, Shri Mahaprabhuji went to Sundardas's home. He blessed the house and even initiated Sundardas's wife. Then he taught Sundardas how to serve Shri Krishna with love and care.

Sundardas cared deeply for his friend Madhudas. He thought, "If only Madhudas could also become Shri Mahaprabhuji's disciple, his soul would be blessed." But Madhudas refused, saying, "I already have a guru."

Later, when Shri Mahaprabhuji stopped again at Sundardas's house, Madhudas came to visit. He noticed Shri Mahaprabhuji taking food offerings to Shri Krishna and remarked, "Look, your guru's offering is still full. My Lord eats everything I offer."

Sundardas asked, “If your Lord eats it all, then what do you eat?”

Madhodas answered, “We set aside food for ourselves before making the offering.”

That evening, Sundardas shared this with Shri Mahaprabhuji. He said softly, “My friend says his Lord eats all his offerings.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji replied with a kind smile, “Dear Sundardas, your friend is mistaken. A ghost comes and eats his food. Shri Krishna’s prasada never diminishes. But since Madhodas is a divine soul and you care so much for him, his heart will soon awaken.”

The next day, Madhodas invited Shri Mahaprabhuji to witness his offering. Shri Mahaprabhuji came quietly and watched as Madhodas began. As Madhodas meditated, a ghost appeared, ready to eat the offering. But Shri Mahaprabhuji raised his hand and commanded, “Never return here again, or I will destroy you.” Frightened, the ghost fled.

When Madhodas came back, he saw the offering untouched and cried out, “Because of you, my Lord did not eat today!”

That night, in his sleep, Madhodas was visited by celestial servants of the Lord. They scolded him, “Today Shri Krishna finally accepted your offering, yet you insulted Shri Mahaprabhuji. If you ever act this way again, we will punish you.”

Shaken, Madhudas ran to Shri Mahaprabhuji the next morning. Falling to the ground, he begged, “Forgive me. I did not know your true form. My father taught me to worship that ghost, and I blindly followed. Now I will do as you say.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled warmly and said, “Call all the Vaishnavas in town to your home for prasada.”

Madhudas hesitated, “But there is only a little food. How can it be enough for everyone?”

Shri Mahaprabhuji replied, “Do not worry. Shri Krishna’s prasada never runs out.”

Madhudas obeyed. Soon his house was filled with Vaishnavas. Shri Mahaprabhuji served prasada to each guest. Even after everyone had eaten, the trays remained full, as if untouched.

Madhudas watched with wide eyes. His heart was overflowing with faith. From that day, his devotion to Shri Krishna became firm and pure. Both Madhudas and Sundardas spent the rest of their lives serving Shri Krishna with love and humility.

The Food That Never Ends (Poem)

Sundardas served with gentle hands,

Love for saints across the lands.

Madhudas prayed but lost his way,

Till Shri Mahaprabhuji came one day.
A ghost was eating what he gave,
But Shri Mahaprabhuji was wise and brave.
He sent the ghost forever away,
And taught Madhudas the true Lord to pray.
The food was shared, yet never gone,
A miracle shone like the golden dawn.
Two friends now walked the path so true,
With hearts of love both deep and new.
Serve with love and stand with right,
Shri Krishna's grace will bring pure light.

Story 78 Mavaji Patel and his wife Birajo



84 Vaishnav Story 78 Mavaji Patel and his wife Birajo

A long time ago, in the beautiful city of Ujjain, there lived a kind and wealthy couple named Mavaji Patel and his wife, Birajo. They loved Shri Krishna with all their hearts and spent their days helping others and sharing their blessings.

One day, Birajo felt a deep desire to see Shri Gusainji in Gokul. She wished to ask him how she could come closer to Shri Krishna and feel His presence in her heart. When she met Shri Gusainji, she asked softly, “Please tell me how I can truly experience Shri Krishna.”

Shri Gusainji smiled warmly and said, “Just as you love me and serve me with devotion, love and serve all Vaishnavas in the same way. Then Shri Krishna will surely fulfill all your wishes.”

Birajo returned home with great joy. She decided to invite many Vaishnavas from nearby towns to her home for a grand celebration. She gave them delicious food, gifts of money, clothes, and many other things. During this time, she also met a saintly man named Krishna Bhatt, who inspired her even more to remember Shri Krishna in every moment.

Twice every year, Birajo traveled to Gokul to visit Shri Gusainji and Shri Nathji’s temple. She never came empty-handed. One wagon carried sweet molasses, and another was full of rich, fragrant ghee. She stayed at Shri Nathji’s temple for fifteen days, offering large amounts of food and distributing the holy prasada to everyone. She fed the cows with grains and gave gifts to all the people doing seva in the temple. She even offered beautiful clothes and shiny jewels to Shri Nathji.

After her time at Shri Nathji’s temple, she would spend fifteen more days in Gokul, making more generous offerings to Shri Gusainji and his family. Her heart was full of love and happiness as she gave and served.

One day, while serving some Vaishnavas simple unsakari prasada, Birajo’s heart wished for something even more special. She thought, “How wonderful it would be if I could serve them all sakari prasada one day.”

Unsakari prasada included dry foods fried in ghee, but sakari prasada was rice and other grains boiled in water. Serving sakari was considered very auspicious and sacred.

When Birajo shared her wish with her husband, Mavaji Patel was overjoyed. He immediately offered one hundred thousand coins to make her dream come true. Krishna Bhatt helped by inviting Vaishnavas from all over western India. Soon, many Vaishnavas gathered in Ujjain and prepared to travel to Gokul, stopping at Shri Nathji's temple along the way for grand celebrations.

When they reached Gokul, Krishna Bhatt humbly asked Shri Gusainji for permission to let Birajo serve sakari prasada to all the Vaishnavas. Shri Gusainji thought about it carefully. Usually, Brahmins accepted sakari prasada only from other Brahmins. Since Birajo was not a Brahmin, some people might not understand. But Shri Gusainji knew Birajo's wish was pure and filled with love. He smiled and said, "Your desire will be fulfilled at Jagannath Puri."

Jagannath Puri was a holy place where such rules about caste and cooking were not followed. There, everyone could receive prasada lovingly from anyone.

With great joy, Shri Gusainji agreed to travel with all the Vaishnavas to Jagannath Puri. Along the way, more and more devotees joined their happy procession. There was singing, dancing, and chanting of Shri Krishna's name as they walked together.

When they reached Jagannath Puri, Birajo offered large amounts of food and served Shri Gusainji first with the sacred sakari prasada. Then she served all the Vaishnavas with her own hands. Her heart overflowed with joy. Tears of bliss filled her eyes, and her whole being felt light and filled with Shri Krishna's grace. Her long-cherished wish had come true.

After staying there for some days, the entire group returned to Gokul, still singing and rejoicing. Whatever money was left, Birajo offered it all to Shri Gusainji before returning home. Back in Ujjain, she continued to serve Vaishnavas by feeding them, giving money, clothes, and pots to the needy, and spreading happiness everywhere.

The Vaishnavas loved Birajo dearly, and Shri Gusainji was always pleased with her devotion and generosity.

The Joyful Feast

Birajo's heart was full of love so bright
She served with her hands, morning to night
Molasses and ghee, and grains in a row
To cows and to saints, her kindness would flow
She dreamed of a feast with rice and delight
For all of the Vaishnavas, her heart felt so light
At Jagannath Puri her wish came alive

With Shri Gusainji's blessings, her joy did arrive

The moral we learn is gentle and sweet

Love all and serve all, make kindness complete

Story 79 Gopaldas Kshatriya of Naroda



84 Vaishnav Story 79 Gopaldas Kshatriya of Naroda

Long ago, in the western part of India, there lived a boy named Gopaldas. From a very young age, Gopaldas was very smart. By the time he was just seven years old, he knew many scriptures and had become very famous. As he grew older, he became very rich. Wherever he went, ten people walked with him like guards. Gopaldas became proud and often found faults in others, even if they were good people.

One day, after getting married, Gopaldas was going home with his family. On the way, he met a learned man and got into a debate with him. They argued for three

whole days, but Gopaldas could not win. The argument turned into a fight. Sadly, in the fight, Gopaldas's father was hit by an arrow and passed away. Gopaldas tried to chase the man who caused it, but he could not find him. With a heavy heart, Gopaldas returned home after performing his father's last rites.

Later, Gopaldas went to the holy city of Dwarka. There, he heard that a great saint and scholar, Shri Mahaprabhuji, was staying. Gopaldas, full of pride, thought he could defeat Shri Mahaprabhuji in a debate. But as soon as they began, Shri Mahaprabhuji gently defeated him with wisdom and calmness.

Gopaldas, confused, asked, "You say everything is Shri Krishna, but then why is a dog considered impure? Isn't the whole world divine?"

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and explained, "Yes, the world is Shri Krishna's form. But even then, some things are pure and some are not, just like clean and dirty water. Still, we must be kind to everyone, even animals. If you truly believe that everything is one, why do you feel proud? Why do you hate others? If you think you are the supreme soul, why do you wear clothes and do daily things like anyone else?"

These words touched Gopaldas's heart. His pride slowly melted away. He bowed down and became a disciple of Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Later, Shri Mahaprabhuji told him something important. “Your wife and child are not divine souls. So, you will not be able to do Shri Krishna’s seva in your home. But because you love Shri Krishna deeply, you will feel His sweet separation. That feeling is also very special and will bring you closer to Him.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gave Gopaldas a special mantra written on paper and said, “Offer all your food to this paper as if offering to Shri Krishna.” He also allowed Gopaldas to help other people come to the path by giving them mantra initiation. “You were born a svami,” he said. “You will share this path with many and win over people’s hearts.”

Soon, Gopaldas became known all over western India as a spiritual teacher.

One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji returned to visit Gopaldas’s home. Gopaldas was not there, so Shri Mahaprabhuji asked his young son, “Where has your father gone?”

The child proudly said, “He went to do Shri Krishna’s seva.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji gently frowned. “Seva is a quiet, secret act. One should not speak of it openly.”

A little while later, Gopaldas came home. Shri Mahaprabhuji asked, “Where were you?”

Gopaldas simply replied, “I had gone to fill my stomach.”

Shri Mahaprabhuji was pleased with this honest answer. It showed that Gopaldas had become humble and truthful.

Gopaldas had a strong wish to see Shri Nathji, the divine form of Shri Krishna. So he traveled to the holy place where Shri Nathji was worshipped. But while he was there, he fell sick with a high fever. One night, he became very thirsty. Everyone was asleep, and there was no water nearby. Gopaldas felt helpless.

Shri Nathji, who always cares for His loving bhaktas, felt Gopaldas's pain. Shri Nathji Himself brought a pitcher of water and gave it to Gopaldas.

In the morning, the temple priests noticed that Shri Nathji's pitcher was missing. Shri Nathji told Ramdasji, "I gave it to Gopaldas."

Ramdasji went to ask Gopaldas, "Where did you get water last night?"

Gopaldas said, "I had fever and was so thirsty. Someone gave me water, but I don't know who it was."

Ramdasji smiled and said, "It was Shri Nathji Himself. You are truly blessed!"

Gopaldas was shocked. He felt sad that he caused trouble for Shri Nathji and scolded his disciples for not helping him. Before leaving, he visited the temple again to bow down to Shri Nathji. When he returned to his hometown, he felt Shri Krishna's separation deeply. Day and night, he remembered the Lord and sang songs of longing. One of his songs went like this:

“Blessed will be that day,
When I see those lovely eyes,
Shri Nandakumar wearing a peacock crown,
With jewels shining bright and wise.”

Years passed. One day, Shri Gusainji, the son of Shri Mahaprabhuji, was traveling to Dwarka. He stopped near the town of Naroda, where Gopaldas lived. That day, Gopaldas was on his way to meet Shri Gusainji with two people. These people wanted to take mantra initiation from Shri Gusainji.

But Gopaldas said, “You can take initiation from me instead.”

They said again and again that they wished to be Shri Gusainji’s disciples. But Gopaldas, forgetting humility, insisted they become his followers.

When Shri Gusainji heard what happened, he told Gopaldas, “Shri Mahaprabhuji accepted you, so Shri Krishna will always be with you. But the people you initiated without proper guidance will remain outside the true path.”

Later, many of Gopaldas’s followers chose to follow Shri Gusainji instead. Those who didn’t were called Gargoj, which means water that has gotten separated from the holy river Ganga and become still and impure.

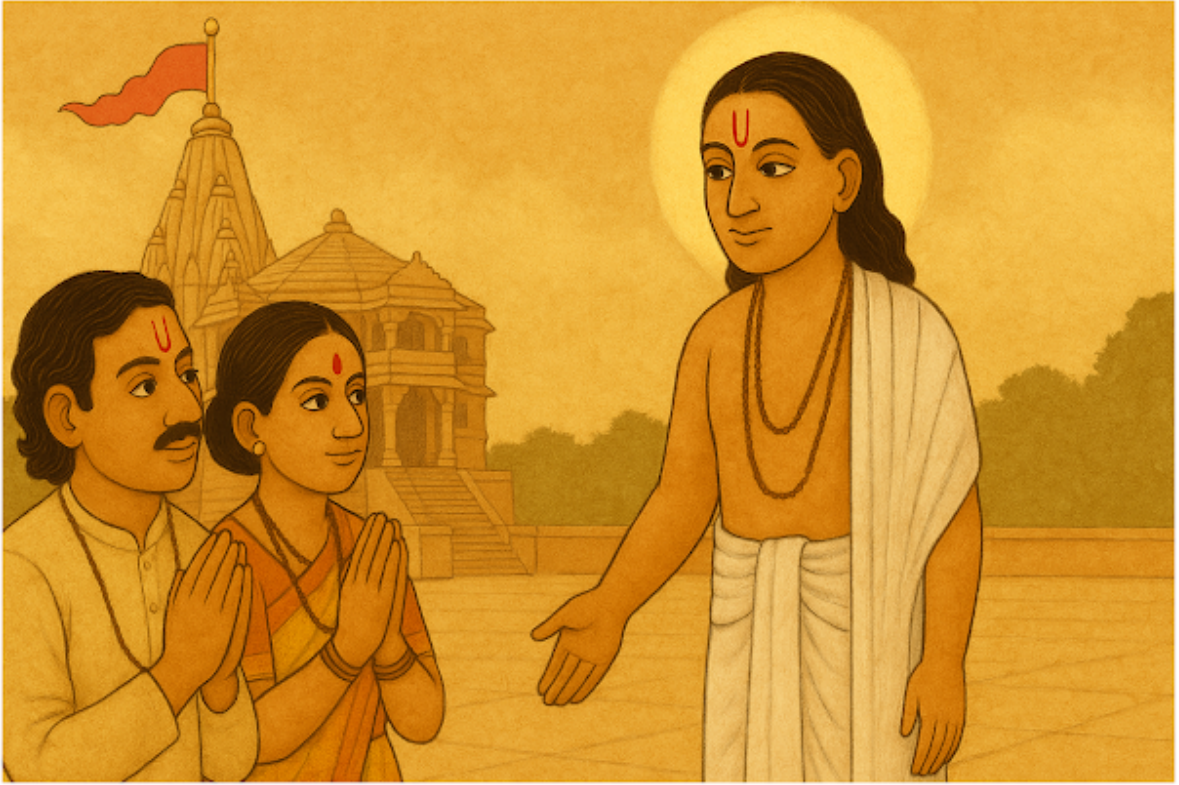
This story teaches us something very special. Pride can block us from seeing the truth, but humility opens our hearts to Shri Krishna’s love. Even though Gopaldas

made mistakes, he truly loved Shri Krishna and was blessed to feel His presence and longing.

Poem: Gopaldas's Journey

Gopaldas was clever and strong,
But pride made him feel he was never wrong.
He met Shri Mahaprabhuji wise and kind,
Who gently helped him change his mind.
From prideful talks to humble days,
He learned to walk in bhakti's ways.
Shri Krishna's love he came to feel,
And sang with longing deep and real.
Even sick and thirsty in the night,
Shri Nathji came with love so bright.
He gave him water with His hand,
A gift so pure, so sweet, so grand.
Though Gopaldas once led with pride,
He found the joy of Shri Krishna inside.
The story shows in every part,
True bhakti lives in a humble heart.

Story 80 Badarayanadas



84 Vaishnav Story 80 Badarayanadas

Long ago in Gujarat, there lived a kind man named Vada and his loving wife. Vada was deeply devoted to Shri Krishna and often listened to the holy Shrimad Bhagavata. His teacher, Vachava Bhatt, would travel from place to place, reading the sacred text and sharing its teachings with others. Vada and his wife respected him and followed his guidance with faith.

One day, Shri Mahaprabhuji was traveling to Dwarka and stopped in Vada's town, Moravi. The news spread quickly, and all the Vaishnavas in the town went to see Shri Mahaprabhuji. Vada joined them, eager to meet this saintly figure.

Shri Mahaprabhuji was sitting peacefully and explaining his Subodhini, a commentary on the Bhagavata. His words were filled with such depth and sweetness that Vada felt something he had never felt before. He became so absorbed in Shri Mahaprabhuji's discourse that he forgot his body completely. Time seemed to stop as his heart was filled with devotion.

When Vada came back to his senses, he thought, "I have heard the Bhagavata many times from my guru, but never like this. Shri Mahaprabhuji's words touch the soul so deeply."

Moved by this feeling, Vada approached Shri Mahaprabhuji and humbly requested to become his disciple. But Shri Mahaprabhuji said gently, "You already have a guru. Why do you seek another?"

Vada felt sad but respected Shri Mahaprabhuji's words. He returned home and shared everything with his wife. She listened carefully and said with determination, "You don't know how to ask properly. Take me to him. I will speak from my heart."

Together, they went again to Shri Mahaprabhuji. This time, Vada's wife spoke with deep sincerity. "My Lord," she said, "you have appeared on this earth to uplift souls like us. Vachava Bhatt, our guru, travels around reading the Bhagavata, but his life is about earning a living. How can such a person help us reach Shri Krishna? Please accept us as your disciples."

Shri Mahaprabhuji saw the purity and longing in her heart. The next morning, he visited their home. With great compassion, he initiated Vada, his wife, and their entire family into the Path of Grace. Shri Mahaprabhuji renamed Vada as Badarayanadas, marking the beginning of their new life of devotion.

Filled with joy, Badarayanadas and his wife followed Shri Mahaprabhuji to Dwarka. For over a year, they served him with great love and humility. They carried water, helped in cooking, and even washed Shri Mahaprabhuji's clothes. Every small act of service became a way to express their love for Shri Krishna.

Pleased with their pure hearts and selfless devotion, Shri Mahaprabhuji blessed them and said, "Now return to your home and serve Shri Krishna there. Perform seva with all your love."

Badarayanadas and his wife bowed down to Shri Mahaprabhuji and returned to their town. Back home, they spent their days in worship and devotion, feeling the presence of Shri Krishna in every moment. Their lives became a beautiful example of love, humility, and service.

This story reminds us that true devotion comes from a humble heart. It teaches us that even simple acts of service, when done with love, bring us closer to Shri Krishna.

Poem: The Gift of a Pure Heart

In Gujarat lived a pair so kind,
With Shri Krishna always on their mind.
They heard the Bhagavata day and night,
But longed for a path that felt so right.
Shri Mahaprabhuji's words touched their soul,
They wished to serve and be made whole.
With humble hearts, they did implore,
Till grace was theirs forevermore.
They carried water, cooked with care,
Washing clothes with love so rare.
At home they served with hearts so free,
Living in Shri Krishna's melody.
This tale reminds both young and old,
A humble heart is worth more than gold.

Story 81 Surdasji



84 Vaishnav Story 81 Surdasji

Long ago in a quiet village called Goghat, there lived a gentle and wise poet named Suradasji. Though he could not see with his eyes, his heart was full of love for Shri Krishna. He spent his days singing songs about the Lord and teaching many disciples who came to learn from him.

One day, Suradasji's disciples brought exciting news. Shri Mahaprabhuji, the great saint who had shown the Path of Grace to the world, had come to their village. Suradasji felt his heart leap with joy. He asked his disciples to let him

know when Shri Mahaprabhuji had finished his meal and was ready to meet visitors.

When the time came, Suradasji went to see Shri Mahaprabhuji, surrounded by his own disciples. Shri Mahaprabhuji welcomed him kindly and offered him a seat. With folded hands, Suradasji bowed low to the ground.

Shri Mahaprabhuji asked Suradasji to sing a song in praise of Shri Krishna. Suradasji's sweet voice filled the air as he sang two beautiful poems. Pleased, Shri Mahaprabhuji then asked him to sing about Shri Krishna's playful lilas (divine pastimes). Suradasji humbly said, "I do not know the lilas. I cannot sing of what I do not understand."

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and said gently, "Go and bathe in the Yamuna river. Then come back to me, and I will show you the lilas."

After his bath in the sacred river, Suradasji returned. Shri Mahaprabhuji blessed him with the ashtakshara mantra and gave him Brahmasambandha, the special initiation that connected his soul to Shri Krishna forever. As Shri Mahaprabhuji explained the Tenth Canto of the Shrimad Bhagavatam, Suradasji's heart overflowed with devotion. He felt as if the entire world had disappeared and only Shri Krishna remained.

With these blessings, Suradasji began to truly see the Lord's lilas with his inner eyes. Sitting on the banks of the Yamuna, he sang about Shri Krishna's appearance day, describing the joy of the people in Braj as their beloved Lord was born.

When Suradasji started singing of the Gopis' deep love for Shri Krishna, Shri Mahaprabhuji softly stopped him. "These feelings are too sacred to share with everyone," he said. "Such devotion is only for the purest of hearts." Suradasji understood and accepted this with humility.

He called his disciples and said, "Surrender to Shri Mahaprabhuji as I have done. In his grace lies the perfection of life." From that day, Suradasji no longer wished to be called "Swami." He became "Das" – a humble servant at the feet of Shri Mahaprabhuji.

Soon, Shri Mahaprabhuji and his group, including Suradasji, left Goghat for Gokul, the sacred land where Shri Krishna spent his childhood. When they arrived, Suradasji bowed deeply to the holy soil. With great devotion, he sang about Shri Krishna's childhood games, laughter, and sweet pranks.

Shri Mahaprabhuji, noticing Suradasji's deep love, decided to honor him. He gave Suradasji the duty of singing for Shri Nathji, so that the Lord could hear songs of His own daily and festive lilas.

At Govardhan Hill, Shri Mahaprabhuji asked Suradasji to bathe and then come for Shri Nathji's darshan. When Suradasji entered the temple, Shri Mahaprabhuji said, "There is no more darkness in your heart. Continue to sing of the Lord's lilas with joy and love."

Suradasji obeyed. Every day, with a pure heart and divine vision, he sang of Shri Krishna's cowherding, forest meals, dances, and endless games. His songs came alive with the sweetness of Braj, and Shri Mahaprabhuji praised him as an ocean of devotion.

One day, even Emperor Akbar heard of Suradasji's fame. He sent his court singer, Tansen, to meet the poet. When Akbar himself visited, he requested Suradasji to sing. Suradasji sang a song so full of love for Shri Krishna that Akbar was deeply moved.

To test him, Akbar offered Suradasji wealth and land if he would compose a song praising the emperor. But Suradasji refused gently and said, "I have only one desire – to sing of Shri Krishna. My heart thirsts only for His darshan."

Akbar tried again and asked, "How can a blind man's eyes thirst for seeing?" Suradasji replied with a smile, "Eyes of the heart see more than physical eyes. True love longs for the Lord's beauty endlessly."

Akbar, humbled, offered him gifts, but Suradasji politely declined. “Please, never call me again,” he said and returned to his service of Shri Nathji.

Back at the temple, Suradasji continued to sing for Shri Krishna. Sometimes, he also sang cradle songs for Navanita Priyaji, Shri Krishna’s child form. Shri Gusainji, the son of Shri Mahaprabhuji, was delighted by Suradasji’s poems and even taught him some songs to sing to the Lord.

Suradasji spent his life in devotion, singing more than one hundred twenty-five thousand poems. One day, Shri Krishna appeared to him and said lovingly, “Your wish is fulfilled, Suradasji. Now return to My eternal home.”

Feeling immense bliss, Suradasji went to Parasoli. He lay down and remembered Shri Krishna and Shri Gusainji. Shri Gusainji, sensing what was happening, came to see him. Suradasji opened his eyes and smiled. “I have been waiting for you,” he whispered.

With tears of love, he sang his final song and fixed his mind on Shri Krishna and Shri Radha. Quietly, his soul left his body and merged into the divine lilas forever.

Through humility and service, Suradasji reached the highest state of devotion. His life taught that true joy comes from surrendering to the Lord and helping others find the path of love.

Poem: Suradasji’s Song

Suradasji sang with a heart so bright,
Though his eyes were closed, his soul had sight.
He saw Shri Krishna dance and play,
And sang His glories night and day.
Emperor's gold could not turn his mind,
For Suradasji's love was of the rarest kind.
He lived in the Lord, his songs so sweet,
With every note, Shri Krishna's feet.
When the Lord called him home with grace,
Suradasji smiled and left this place.
His story tells of love so pure,
Serve with humility, and joy is sure.

Story 82 Paramananddasji



84 Vaishnav Story 82 Paramananddasji

Paramanandadas spent a happy childhood in Kanauja. As he grew, his love for Shri Krishna blossomed like a flower. He became a great poet, singing countless beautiful songs about Shri Krishna's pastimes. People lovingly called him "Swami," and he had many followers. Among them were musicians who admired his deep devotion.

One night, as Paramanandadas sang with all his heart, something amazing happened. In a dream, he saw Shri Navanita Priyaji, sitting joyfully on Kapur's lap, listening to his kirtan. Shri Navanita Priyaji laughed and said to him, "Today,

after so many days, I have finally heard your songs. Shri Mahaprabhuji's blessed disciple Kapur came to listen, and I came with him."

When Paramanandadas awoke, the sweet beauty of Shri Krishna's form filled his mind. It shone brighter than a million love gods. His heart longed to see that divine vision again. He thought, "All these years I have sung about Shri Krishna, but only now did I receive such grace. It must be because Kapur came to hear me. I should meet him and thank him."

Later, Paramanandadas traveled to Prayag for the Maha Makar festival. Across the river, in Adel, Shri Mahaprabhuji was staying. People from Adel who had heard Paramanandadas sing told Shri Mahaprabhuji about him. Shri Mahaprabhuji said kindly, "He is surely talented. He must be a divine soul."

Kapur, Shri Mahaprabhuji's disciple, carried water as his service. But he also loved music and longed to hear Paramanandadas. One day, a Vaishnava visiting Adel told Kapur that Paramanandadas sang every night for hours. On the eleventh lunar day, he would sing all night. Kapur was excited and went to listen.

That night, Paramanandadas sang with deep feeling. His first song described the pain of the people of Braja after Shri Krishna left for Mathura. He then sang about the gopis speaking to Uddhava, Shri Krishna's messenger, when he tried teaching them yoga. For the whole night, his songs were filled with longing and separation. As dawn neared, he finished singing. Kapur, moved by the music,

greeted him with, “Jai Shri Krishna” and returned to Adel, convinced that Paramanandadas’s singing was truly divine.

Exhausted, Paramanandadas fell asleep. Again, in his dream, he saw Shri Navanita Priyaji laughing happily, sitting on Kapur’s lap. Shri Navanita Priyaji said, “It was because of Kapur’s visit that I came to hear you.” When he awoke, Paramanandadas felt speechless. He thought, “If Shri Krishna Himself listened to my songs because of Kapur, it must be because Shri Mahaprabhuji is his guru. I wish to become Shri Mahaprabhuji’s disciple too.”

Soon, Paramanandadas went to Adel and saw Shri Mahaprabhuji performing prayers on the Yamuna’s banks. As he watched, Shri Mahaprabhuji’s divine form appeared before his eyes, filling him with awe. Shri Mahaprabhuji looked at him and said, “Paramanandadas, sing something of Shri Krishna’s lilas.”

With folded hands, Paramanandadas bowed low and sang a song about Shri Krishna’s departure from Braja to Mathura. Shri Mahaprabhuji then asked, “Sing about Shri Krishna’s childhood pastimes.”

Paramanandadas humbly replied, “I don’t know about the Lord’s childhood lilas.” Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and said, “Go bathe in the Yamuna. Afterwards, I will explain it to you.”

After his bath, Paramanandadas went with Kapur to Shri Mahaprabhuji's temple. There, Shri Mahaprabhuji had completed decorating Shri Nathji and offering Him food. Paramanandadas bowed deeply. Shri Mahaprabhuji gave him a seat and began to teach him the Tenth Canto of the Shrimad Bhagavatam. As Shri Mahaprabhuji spoke, a wave of divine love and wisdom washed over Paramanandadas. He felt Shri Krishna's lilas and form enter his heart.

From that day on, Paramanandadas began composing sweet songs about Shri Krishna's childhood lilas. His earlier songs had expressed the pain of separation, but now they carried the joy of union. Shri Mahaprabhuji was very pleased and gave him the seva of singing all day for Shri Navanita Priyaji.

One day, as they traveled together, Paramanandadas invited Shri Mahaprabhuji to his home in Kanauja. He prepared offerings for Shri Krishna with great devotion. After Shri Mahaprabhuji offered the food and took prasada, he asked Paramanandadas to sing.

Remembering Shri Mahaprabhuji's deep love for Shri Krishna's Braja lilas, Paramanandadas began a song of separation. But as he sang the first line, Shri Mahaprabhuji became so absorbed in Shri Krishna's pastimes that he lost awareness of the world for three days. The Vaishnavas quietly stayed nearby, understanding the depth of their guru's devotion. When Shri Mahaprabhuji finally opened his eyes, everyone rejoiced. Paramanandadas decided never again

to sing such intense songs of separation in front of his guru, fearing that Shri Mahaprabhuji might leave this world completely absorbed in Shri Krishna's lilas.

Later, in Gokul, Shri Mahaprabhuji taught him the Yamunashtak. As he learned, Shri Yamunaji's divine form shone in his heart, and he sang of her glories with love.

In Govardhan, Shri Mahaprabhuji took Paramanandadas to Shri Nathji's temple and asked him to sing for Shri Nathji. Paramanandadas felt overwhelmed by the infinite lilas but composed a poem praising Shri Krishna's incarnation, his playful pastimes, the beauty of His lotus feet, and the sweetness of His form. Shri Mahaprabhuji was delighted and later offered him prasada milk from the temple. When Paramanandadas found it too hot, Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly told the cooks to offer milk at a perfect drinking temperature in the future.

With Shri Mahaprabhuji's blessings, Paramanandadas composed thousands of poems filled with the tender moods of Shri Krishna's lilas. His songs became a treasure for all devotees, teaching them love, devotion, and the sweetness of Shri Krishna's divine play.

Poem: The Songs of Love

In Kanauja's lanes, a poet sang,
Songs of Shri Krishna, his heart would clang.

Kapur came listening, so pure and true,
Shri Navanita Priyaji smiled at the view.
Shri Mahaprabhuji's grace flowed so wide,
Paramanandadas sat with tears in his eyes.

Childhood lilas began to bloom,
Sweet as flowers in fragrant perfume.
Govardhan echoed with tunes of delight,
Shri Nathji listened with joy so bright.
With Yamunaji's song in his tender heart,
He vowed from his guru to never part.

Sing of love with a heart so free,
Where Krishna's lilas dance endlessly.

Story 83 Kumbhandasji



84 Vaishnav Story 83 Kumbhandasji

Kumbhanadas grew up in a quiet village called Yamuna Vatah. From a young age, he never cared for the busy life of the world. He loved being truthful and stayed away from anything wrong. When he was a young man, he got married. His wife was not deeply connected to Shri Krishna's pastimes, but because of her closeness to Kumbhanadas, she too became pure.

One day, Shri Krishna appeared in a vision to Shri Mahaprabhuji as He stayed in the southern town of Jarakund. Shri Krishna said, "I am now at Govardhan Hill. Come and establish My worship for the world to see."

Hearing this, Shri Mahaprabhuji traveled with five dear disciples to Braj. When they reached Govardhan Hill, he began serving Shri Nathji. Many local people started following him with love and devotion.

When Kumbhanadas heard about the arrival of a great saint, he told his wife, "Let us go to Anyor and take shelter of Shri Mahaprabhuji." His wife agreed and thought to herself, "Perhaps this holy man will bless me so I may have children."

Together they went and bowed before Shri Mahaprabhuji. Kumbhanadas said softly, "I have wandered for so long. Please bless me with Your grace."

Because Kumbhanadas was a divine soul, he could see the true spiritual form of Shri Mahaprabhuji. The guru gave initiation to the couple. His wife humbly asked, "Please bless me to have children."

Shri Mahaprabhuji smiled and said, "Do not worry. You will have seven children."

Later, Kumbhanadas asked his wife gently, "Why did you ask for that? You could have asked for the Lord Himself." She replied, "You ask for what you wish, and I asked for what I desired."

Shri Mahaprabhuji built a small hut for Shri Nathji at the top of Govardhan Hill and gave the service of worship to Ramdasji. The local villagers, including Kumbhanadas, were told, "Shri Nathji is everything to us. Serve Him well. Only take prasad after seeing Him."

Shri Mahaprabhuji knew Kumbhanadas had a sweet voice and asked him to sing every day for Shri Nathji. One morning, after waking Shri Nathji, he asked, "Kumbhanadas, sing something about Shri Krishna's pastimes."

Kumbhanadas sang a song so beautiful that it touched everyone's hearts. He always sang about the intimate play of Shri Radha and Shri Krishna. Every day, he walked from his village to the temple to sing for Shri Nathji. Shri Nathji Himself would reveal His divine form to Kumbhanadas and even speak with him lovingly.

One day, a musician sang one of Kumbhanadas's songs before Emperor Akbar at his palace in Fatehpur Sikri. The emperor was enchanted. "Who has seen the Lord so closely to compose such words?" he asked.

The musician replied, "It was written by Kumbhanadas. He lives near Govardhan Hill."

Akbar sent many men with grand vehicles to bring Kumbhanadas to his court. But Kumbhanadas was working in his fields near Chandra Lake. When the emperor's men found him, they said, "The emperor commands your presence."

Kumbhanadas replied calmly, "I am a simple servant of Shri Krishna. I have no business with kings."

They begged, "Please come, or the emperor may punish us."

Kumbhanadas finally agreed but said firmly, "I will not ride in a chariot or on a horse. I will walk."

So he walked in his torn shirt and ragged shoes to the palace. Akbar greeted him and asked, "Sing some of your poems about the Lord."

Kumbhanadas thought, "I cannot sing of Shri Krishna in front of this man who separated me from my Beloved. I will sing something that shows my heart."

He sang:

What joy is there for me in Sikri? My shoes wore out on this path, And I forgot the name of Hari. I bow before a face that pains my eyes. Says Kumbhanadas, Without Shri Krishna, This whole place is empty.

Hearing the song, Akbar was silent. He felt a mix of anger and awe. But instead of punishing Kumbhanadas, he said, "Ask for any gift."

Kumbhanadas answered, "Never call me here again."

As he walked back to Shri Nathji, he felt an aching longing to see Him. When he finally reached the temple, seeing Shri Krishna's face wiped away all his sorrow. Shri Nathji said with love, "Kumbhanadas, you cannot live without Me, and I too cannot be without you."

One day, great saints from Vrindavan like Shri Hita Harivamshji and Shri Haridasji came to meet Kumbhanadas. They said, "We have heard your songs of Shri Radha and Shri Krishna, but never one about Shri Swaminiji alone. Will you sing for us?"

Kumbhanadas sang a gentle song about Shri Swaminiji's beauty. The saints were amazed. "We have compared her face to the moon, but you have compared it to billions of moons. No one has expressed her beauty like this."

Kumbhanadas once asked Shri Mahaprabhuji about the secrets of the Path of Grace. Shri Mahaprabhuji kindly explained the eighty-four signs of different devotees, how to perform seva throughout the day, and the moods of Shri Krishna's childhood pastimes.

Years passed, and Kumbhanadas grew weak. One day, sitting near Sankarshan Lake below Shri Nathji's temple, his son Chaturbhujadas asked, "Shall I carry you home?"

Kumbhanadas said softly, "Let me rest here. I will leave this body soon."

Chaturbhujadas went to the temple and informed Shri Gusainji. Shri Gusainji hurried to Kumbhanadas and asked, "Where is your mind resting now?"

Kumbhanadas, unable to speak, sang a final heartfelt song. Then, with his mind fixed on Shri Krishna, he left his body and entered the Lord's eternal pastimes.

Shri Gusainji quietly returned to the temple. Ramdasji asked, "What has happened?"

Shri Gusainji said with deep respect, "A great devotee has left this world."

Kumbhanadas's life was truly a shining example of love and surrender.

Poem: The Song of Kumbhanadas

Kumbhanadas sang with a heart so bright, Walking to Shri Nathji from morning
till night. Akbar called him, but he did not stay, For his heart longed for Shri
Krishna each day.

He sang of Swaminiji's beauty divine, Of Shri Radha and Krishna whose love did
shine. In his final hour, he sang once more, And walked into Shri Krishna's loving
shore.

Children, remember this gentle song, Stay close to the Lord, you'll never go
wrong.

Story 84 Krishnadasji



84 Vaishnav Story 84 Krishnadasji

Long ago, in the little town of Chilotara in Gujarat, a boy named Krishnadas was born into a family of caretakers. His father, the leader of the town, invited wise Brahmins from nearby villages to bless his newborn and tell him about his future. The Brahmins, however, gave a surprising prediction. They said, “Your son will grow into a great devotee of Shri Krishna and will leave home to live for Him. You should name him Krishnadas.”

Hearing this, Krishnadas’s father felt sad. He had hoped his son would stay at home and carry on the family name. But little Krishnadas was no ordinary child.

From the tender age of five, he loved hearing stories about Shri Krishna's pastimes. When his parents wouldn't share these tales, he would cry and refuse to eat or drink until they did. His heart belonged to Shri Krishna even as a child.

As Krishnadas grew older, his longing for Shri Krishna became stronger. One day, he left home to go on a holy pilgrimage. He traveled far and wide and finally reached Mathura. There, after bathing in the sacred Yamuna River, he heard that a temple for Shri Nathji was being built near Govardhan Hill. Excited to see Shri Nathji, Krishnadas rushed there.

At the temple, he saw Shri Mahaprabhuji waving lights before Shri Nathji in a beautiful ceremony. Krishnadas felt his heart melt. It was as if Shri Nathji had called him home. Shri Mahaprabhuji looked at him with kind eyes and said softly, "After such a long time, my Krishnadas has come back to me." Krishnadas fell at Shri Mahaprabhuji's feet and asked for initiation. Shri Mahaprabhuji lovingly granted his wish, and from that moment, Krishnadas began experiencing Shri Krishna's divine pastimes in his heart.

On another journey, Krishnadas visited the home of Mirabai, a famous saint. She asked him to stay, but he gently replied, "I only stay where Shri Mahaprabhuji's disciples live." When Mirabai offered gold coins for Shri Nathji's temple, Krishnadas refused. "I cannot accept offerings from someone who is not Shri Mahaprabhuji's follower," he explained. Seeing this, the people around were

amazed. They whispered, “If even Shri Mahaprabhuji’s disciple is so pure-hearted, how great must his guru be?”

Later, Shri Gusainji, Shri Mahaprabhuji’s son, placed Krishnadas in charge of the temple’s daily services. With love and care, Krishnadas oversaw all arrangements. He traveled with a group of 25 men, chariots, and wagons, and people everywhere knew his name.

Once, Krishnadas expressed his wish to visit Vrindavan. Shri Gusainji warned him, “You may face trouble there.” But Krishnadas went anyway. As soon as he arrived, he fell ill with a high fever. He asked for water from a follower of Shri Mahaprabhuji, but the only one nearby was a humble sweeper from Gokul. The sweeper went to the Yamuna to fetch water and met Shri Gusainji on the way. Hearing of Krishnadas’s suffering, Shri Gusainji rushed to Vrindavan and gave Krishnadas some of his own water. Feeling better, Krishnadas admitted, “I should have listened to your advice.” Together, they returned to Govardhan.

One afternoon, a devotee gave Krishnadas 300 rupees to build a well near Govardhan Hill. Krishnadas used 200 rupees to dig the well and planned to use the remaining 100 to line its sides with cement. But when he went to inspect the well, leaning in with his cane, he slipped and fell in. Helpers rushed down with ropes but could not find him.

When news of this reached Shri Gusainji, he calmly said, “Krishnadas’s service and poems about Shri Krishna’s rasa lila are unmatched. Shri Nathji is forever pleased with him. There will never be another like Krishnadas.”

To this day, the story of Krishnadas inspires Vaishnavas everywhere to live with devotion, humility, and love for Shri Krishna.

Poem: Krishnadas the Pure Heart

Krishnadas heard the Lord’s sweet name,
From childhood on, it lit his flame.
He left his home to serve and pray,
And found Shri Nathji on his way.
He stood so firm, his heart so true,
Refused gold coins, though offered too.
He cared for seva, with love so wide,
With Shri Mahaprabhuji as his guide.
He fell one day in a well so deep,
But Shri Nathji’s grace made all hearts weep.
The tale of Krishnadas, shining bright,
Teaches us to walk in dharma’s light.